

THE
MOTHERS FRIEND
EDITED
by
ANN JANE.



LONDON
WARD & CO. PATERNOSTER ROW
AND ALL BOOKSELLERS

VOL. IX.

1843

LONDON:
J. U'WY, GRENHAM STEAM PRESS,
BUCKLESBURY.

PREFACE

TO THE NINTH VOLUME.

WITH the Divine blessing, "THE MOTHERS' FRIEND" has continued through another year, imparting no other instructions—inculcating no other duties—enforcing no other examples on parents and children than those which are derived from the Sacred Scriptures.

Our work is great, and the object we wish to accomplish is of no small importance to the world and the church. Could we prevail on mothers and teachers to go into their work energetically, prayerfully, and with a sincere and earnest desire to impress the great precepts and truths of the Gospel upon the young and tender mind, so that their precious charge might grow up under the influence of those truths, our object would be secured, and we should rejoice that our labours had been graciously owned by Him who alone can render any means and efforts conducive to human happiness and His own glory.

Time is hurrying us forward—the last hours of another year are close at hand, and we feel the import of the solemn admonition, "Work while it is day." Should life and health be granted, we hope to pursue our work with

PREFACE.

all the vigour and energy we can command, and most earnestly do we seek the co-operation of mothers, teachers, and friends.

If our labours are really of any importance, the more widely they are known the more we may hope that their influence will be felt, and the greater the benefit that will be derived from them.

We have had much encouragement from various parts of our own beloved country, as well as from distant lands, which serves to strengthen our hands and to urge us forward in our efforts. We desire to start with fresh vigour and determination with the new year—to do all that is in our power, under the Divine blessing, to aid and encourage mothers and teachers in their important and responsible work; and therefore, to all who feel with us, we say, “Help us—help us!” Much will depend on the energy of our co-workers, whether “THE MOTHERS’ FRIEND” shall perform its mission, and do a good service during the coming year among our poor mothers, who have little time for reading, and little money to buy books. We can say with a favourite author,—

“We canvass not the smile of praise, nor dread the frowns of censure.
Through many themes, in many thoughts, have we held sweet converse.
We have echoed many truths in weakness, yet sincerely;

If thou lovest, help us with thy blessing—if otherwise, ours shall be
for thee;

If thou approvest, heed our words—if otherwise, in kindness be our
teacher.

Rebuke, then, if thou wilt rebuke—but neither hastily nor harshly;
Or, if thou wilt commend, be it honestly of right—we work for God
and good.”

December, 1856.

THE
MOTHERS' FRIEND

NEW HOMES.

"Providence is dark in its permissions; yet one day, when all is known,
The universe of reason shall acknowledge how just and good were they."

MARY RAYFORD was sitting by her Christmas fire, earnestly gazing into it; she was shaking her little foot, making the most gentle "pat-pat" in the world on the edge of the fender. Some one has said, somewhere, that an energetic person cannot sit long, thinking deeply, without shaking the foot—be this as it may, Mary was shaking hers, and the monotonous sound awakened the attention of her husband, who was reading by the curtained window.

Just as he looked round a few tears stole down on Mary's black-silk apron. "Why, Mary mine!" he exclaimed, "what in the world are you weeping about? Why, only just now, you told me how happy you felt in your new home—what can be the matter?" "Nothing, dear Hal, nothing; I am *very* happy—more happy in my new home than I can express." "You are rather paradoxical, Mary." "Am I, love? Well, this is a paradoxical world, and a paradoxical life this is of odds in it; sometimes we weep when we are glad, and smile when we are sorrowful. Do you not remember, Hal, mamma said she was quite sure you had a tear in your eye when you first called me
VOL. II.

your bride? and yet you were glad, and happy too?" "Yes, yes, that was true enough; but I should like to know why those tears are on your apron—see, they are not dry yet!" "I will tell you, dear Hal; I was thinking of old places—the old garden, with its trees, and flowers, and walks—of old parlours; and books, and merry corners where I played—of the dear old rooms upstairs, where we said the last sad 'Farewell,' where the dead were laid in the coffin and shroud; our own beautiful dead!—of the loved faces, too, that used to gather around our Christmas fire. I was listening to voices hushed for ever, and looking into bright eyes nipped now by the dust of death." "No, no, Mary dear, looking brighter still in Heaven." "These anniversary times always have a shade of sorrow on them to me, and I am glad when they are past; I always seem to have some dear friend to think of, gone to a new home since the last.

'Life is like a dream, when I remember
Those I loved are gone for aye.'

"Ah, I understand you, dear Mary, you were thinking of poor John and Emma; well, we hope and believe they are gone to the home of Heaven, and never, dear wife, may we be tempted by the happiness of our earthly home to forget the better country to which we are, I trust, travelling. I was just reading some interesting lines in my favourite book when your little foot gave note of your grave thoughts; listen:—

'How thickly swarms of thought are clustering round to-morrow;

Where art thou, storehouse of the mind; garner of facts and fancies?

In what strange firmament are laid the beams of thine airy chambers?"

Or

indeed, Hal, I should like to know where. Memory is a strange thing, and, I suppose, will never be lost, for

even in hell the rich man was told to "*Remember*" but Hal, dear, I have not told you all I was thinking." "Well, go on." "While I was remembering all the dear friends who made my heart glad in childhood and youth, I was thinking, too, of all the way we are led, by the providence of God; and I was feeling it rather difficult to realize the fact that our heavenly Father does not only notice, but orders all events, condescending to our mean affairs." "Yes, Mary, I can quite understand you; I never seem to doubt the hand of a guiding God in *great* and *important* matters, but in the ten thousand little circumstances which are ever passing around us, it is not so easy to recognise an over-ruling Providence; yet, as I once heard an old divine say, 'The turning into a street, or the entrance into a house, may be of vast importance to a Christian.'" "Oh, yes, Hal, I believe this—I have often seen the truth of it; and then, you see, our heavenly Father notices even the little sparrow alighting on the ground, and numbers even the hairs of our head." "Well, Mary dear, we have reason to be thankful that we are led to this our new and happy home; may we always remember there is still a better and a happier home prepared for all who love and serve the blessed Jesus."

"I was thinking, too, Hal, how many have new homes since last Christmas; there is poor Louisa, how happy she was with Albert, so full of health and strength, but soon cut down to the dust of death, her hopes buried in his early grave, her babes fatherless, and her beautiful new home exchanged for a little mean cottage and a scanty pittance to bring up her precious boys; last year, one home was theirs—now, divided by death, they have two; the one we know is sorrowful and cheerless, but Albert's, we would hope, is perfect and glorious." "Ah, thus it is, dear Mary, some have new and happy homes since last Christmas, others are removed from them by adverse circumstances; others, again, are gone to a home in eternity, and

BEGIN EARLY.

as we know not ^{if} next Christmas may find us in our happy earthly home, may we wake daily meetening for the glorious home of the blessed in the uncorrupted land."

BEGIN EARLY.

How often does it happen, when a mother neglects the religious education of her child in early life, and is herself led to feel the importance of things relating to another world, and the importance, too, of being mactened for that world in this, that her last days are embittered by the recollection of lost time—lost opportunities—lost health and youth—and sometimes, alas! lost children—lost, at least, to every thing good and godlike. And although she prays earnestly, and warns faithfully, she finds the ground she should have sown early with good seed is full of evil weeds, which she cannot pluck up at her will. "Oh," said a son one day to a friend, who was expostulating with him on the sufferings his mother endured on his account, "ah, indeed! why then did she not begin early with this sort of work? I intend to put off religion as long as she did, and I dare say I shall do as well."

"Why are you looking so sad?" asked a friend, as she shook hands with a Christian mother. "I am just returned from the Maternal Meeting," she replied; "and my heart is well-nigh bursting, for I fear some of my children are lost through my neglect. I did not begin in time to lead them into the right path; nor did I seek that path for myself in their early days." Oh! what anguish would mothers save themselves and their children, if they would only begin early to train their household in the road to heaven, and *lead the way*. Begin, with the Bible in your hand, mothers, to instruct your little ones as soon as reason dawns—begin as soon as the first smile meets your delighted gaze—begin before the world or

"Satan occupies your lawful ground. Listen to a mother's lament, as she looks upon her grown-up children, all far from God.

"There they are," said she, "in the broad road. They might have been within the fold of the Saviour, if I had not hindered them. I could have led them to the house of God—I could have sent them to the Sunday school—I could have prayed for them, and with them, and taught them to pray—I could have taught them the truths of the Bible, when they were young and tender, and their spirits yielding, but I did every thing to drive them from God. My want of integrity—my waste of time—my idle talk—my Sabbath working and my Sabbath breaking—my Sunday visiting—my prayerless life and my evil example—will all be brought against me by them at the last great day, when I meet them at the judgment-seat of the Great God. I have hindered them from getting into the kingdom of heaven in early life, and now they are hardened in sin."

Well, what shall we say to such mothers? We often meet with them, and they ask us in bitterness, "What can I do now?" We deeply sympathise with them, and can only say, "Use all the means now in your power, and pray in faith;" and we generally add, "Warn young mothers from following your example. There is still hope that prayer may prevail, and that your son may yet seek the God of his mother."

Listen to an account of one such anxious mother. There was gaiety and noisy mirth in a large town one evening, and the revellers were engaged in dance and song till the blush of morning was already visible, and it seemed as if no heart heaved with any other emotions than those of gaiety and pleasure. There was yet one who participated not in the joyous festivity, whose heart beat not in unison with the high sounds of enjoyment which generally prevailed. She was a lonely, cheerless widow. All night she

had watched, and listened, and prayed, and wept, yet no sound of approaching footsteps, such as she wished to hear, greeted her troubled spirit. The noisy din of the town rose and fell upon her ear. The song and the laugh were heard floating upon the air, but these only added to her sorrow, and made the woe that sat heavy upon her heart thicken still heavier. Her neat and humble cottage was situated a short distance from the town; it might have been called lonely, but it was not really so; for like the favoured family at Bethany, she was honoured with visits from Him who, when on earth, was wont to cheer the abode of Lazarus and his sisters by His bodily presence.

THE STREAM OF LIFE.

LIFE bears us on like the stream of a mighty river—our boat at first glides swiftly down the narrow channel, through the playful murmurings of the little brook, and winding along its grassy borders—the trees shed their blossoms over our young heads, and the flowers on the brink seem to offer themselves to our young hands; we are in hope, and we grasp eagerly at the beauties around us, but the stream hurries us on, and still our hands are empty.

Our course in youth and manhood is along a wider and deeper flood, and amid objects more striking and magnificent. We are animated by the moving picture of enjoyment and industry passing before us—we are excited by short-lived success, or depressed and rendered miserable by some short-lived disappointment. But our energy and dependence are both in vain—the stream bears us on, and our joys and griefs are left behind us. We may be shipwrecked, but we cannot anchor—our voyage may be hastened, but cannot be delayed. Whether rough or smooth the river hastens towards its home—the roaring of the waves is beneath our keel, and the land ~~deceases~~

from our eyes; the spools are lifted up around us, and as we take our last leave of earth and its inhabitants, and begin our future voyage, there is no witness but the Infinite and Eternal.—*Heber.*

THE MATERNAL MEETINGS.

MATERNAL meetings have often proved blessings not only to the mother, as being the means of raising her from a death of sin to a life of righteousness, but by her training she has raised her son to be respected and respectable—in favour with God and man. We will give you an instance.

Look at the mother of that fisherman's boy; she fondles her infant on her knee, and sings to him the song of the storm. She thinks of him, as she has thought of all the rest of her group, only as a little helpless creature, born to toil while life lasts, and then to die as unnoticed as the wave that dashes over his father's path. Soon we behold him a little barefooted urchin, chasing the butterfly; or paddling for the crabs; but the boy has a noble brow, and from within that little body beam forth the rays of a bright mind, only requiring the diligent training of a wise mother to draw it forth; but, alas! the mother is herself ignorant—she has never thought of her boy's destiny in life, much less has she ever thought of his living for ever, in happiness or woe, beyond the grave.

But, while that boy was yet in his infancy, a Maternal Association is commenced in his mother's neighbourhood. A friend invites her to attend; she replies roughly, "I don't want to go there. I know my duties well enough." The Christian neighbour is not discouraged; she sees how matters stand, and she presses the invitation. The fisherman's wife yields; she goes to the meeting—she hears of her great responsibility as a mother—she hears of the dread account she must render to the Judge of the whole earth, when she, with all her family, must stand before

the great white throne. Her heart melts—her tears flow; she never thought of all this before—she trembles when she thinks of the past and the future—she returns to her home, to seek God—she becomes a new creature in Christ Jesus.

The first question she earnestly asks is, "How shall I train my children, that I may meet them without shame on the last great day?" She assembles all her little ones around her; she tells them of Jesus—of heaven—of hell; she still sings to them the song of the storm, but it is of that tempest where Jesus is seen walking on the waves of the sea. The little bright-eyed boy listens, and ponders, and remembers. Time passes; the little boy becomes a fine sailor-lad, reaching towards manhood, under that good mother's teaching. As he goes forth from his childhood's home, to do business in the mighty waters, he carries with him the recollection of his mother's faith and prayers, and a Bible—his mother's gift.

The young sailor's outbound voyage is successful; but on his return, laden with the riches of the East—and while within sight of his own native land, and almost his mother's door—a terrible storm arises—the seamen are at their wits' end—the mountain wave threatens to engulf them in the foaming deep: the sailor-lad calls upon his mother's God; he remembers how she had told him that He rides upon the wings of the wind, and gathers the waters in His fist. Soon the fine vessel is a wreck; the strong, rough, weather-beaten sailors sink, one by one, to the graves of the deep—the howling winds their requiem, and the waves their winding-sheet. The sailor-boy sees all this, while he clings to the top of the mast. Look at him there; he tremblingly holds on; his heart is well-nigh sinking within him; there is but a step between him and death.

But where is his mother? She has heard that a vessel has been in sight; she hears the storm roaring fearfully

around; she flies to the mount of communion with her God; she pleads earnestly for her precious sailor-lad. Ere her prayers are ended, a loud knocking is heard at her door. The life-boat has been out, and her son is brought into her cottage all but dead. When he was restored to consciousness, the first sentences he uttered were:—"Mother! I knew, when clinging to the mast and almost dead, that your prayers would be heard for me. I am the only one saved! Help me to praise your God."

Mothers! shall your sons go forth to the dangers of the sea or of the land with the remembrance of your faith and prayers? will they feel quite sure that, while they are tossing on the sea of life, they leave a mother at home to plead with Heaven, that, after the voyage is over, they may find an abundant entrance into the haven of eternal rest? May you all be found among the number of praying mothers!

In conclusion, allow us to commend two or three thoughts to your attention. First, pray *with* and *for* your dear children. Let your dear ones go forth into the world with the remembrance of a mother's prayers; it may arrest the strong man in his course. Secondly, Be sure you keep holy the Sabbath-day, teaching them to reverence the house of God; send them early to the Sabbath school, and let them be *constant* in their attendance. Remind them every day that they should so live, as though it were the last day they had to spend on earth; impressing on their young hearts, that you and they are soon to meet in judgment.

A FEW WORDS TO CHRISTIAN PARENTS.—No. II.

"We are to bring up our children for God." No doubt, you have often heard these words used. They are very common words; yet they have pressed much upon my mind lately. Let us think of them for a little while.

We constantly hear parents congratulating themselves as to their conduct in reference to their children; no sense of sin or failure seems to trouble them, or even to come into their minds. But what do we really mean, when we speak of bringing up our children *for the Lord*? I do believe, if we fully realize the meaning of these words, we shall find much, very much, to humble us. Certainly, they imply that our one great object, in training our child, has been that he may be a child of God; and, therefore, that everything else has been comparatively of little account in our eyes.

Now, dear friends—Christian parents—fathers and mothers—let us be honest with our own hearts in this matter. When we next go to God, to plead with Him for our children, should we be sincere or hypocritical, were we to say to Him, “Lord, I bring my children to thee; for thee have I trained them—I have ever desired that they may be thine. Every thing which appeared likely to hinder their salvation, I have done my utmost to keep from them. Every worldly advantage, that I thought would interfere with the safety or good of their souls, I have refused for them. The love and approbation of my friends, and the opinions of others, I have set aside, whenever duty required. I have taught them by precept, guided them by example, and pleaded for them with thee. Lord, take them for thine own; sanctify them wholly, for Jesus’ sake. They were given to thee from the birth.”

Dear friends, do not for a moment mistake me. I am far from advising any one to go, just in this way, to God; far less to entertain a single thought of boasting in the matter. I put it simply, and most earnestly, as a test for our self-examination. I do think that we, who are believers, ought to be able to use such language. Let us be candid in the matter, and seek to walk in the light; for, if we hide our motives from ourselves and others, all is known to our Father above.

It is true that our circumstances in this world differ very much, and that some of us can keep our children more under our own influence than others can; and, dear friends, strive for this, if you love your children—if you value their salvation. Let nothing but necessity cause you to send them away from you. If you have a choice in the matter, take heed how you use it; and, for your children, ever “Seek first the kingdom of heaven.”

I shall never forget a Christian mother, once speaking of a public school, to which she had felt obliged to send her boys, and where she feared they would learn much that was wrong: she said to me, “But I cannot think God will let *that* hinder their salvation. Do you think He will?” No, dear friends, I believe that, if we are faithful with respect to our children, our Father will assuredly keep them in all situations of danger and difficulty, when duty or necessity call for their being thus placed; only let us look well to ourselves that we never listen to Satan, or our own deceitful hearts, in the matter. These are not days for a compromise between the church and the world. The distinction is oftentimes hardly to be seen, as it is.

For my own part, I cannot but feel that strict as our forefathers are said to have been in their discipline, and gloomy in their notions, yet God did signally bless them by the conversion of their children. Some of us can go back for many generations, and trace the faith which dwelt first in one and then in another, from whom we rejoice to feel we are descended. Are Christian parents as much blessed in their children now, as they were then; and, if not, what is the reason? Surely, the fear of God seemed to descend like an heirloom. The mantle rested first on one, and then on another; and I can yet remember an aged Christian, who used to pray (as his father had prayed before him)—“Let not the priesthood depart out of my family, until the coming of the Son of Man.” “Kings

and priests" truly there had been in his family, for centuries back. OH! may God grant that our children may be "kings and priests.".. Amen.

Oxford.

A DAY WITH THE COTTAGER'S WIFE AND HER BIBLE. — No. XVII.

UNDRESSING.

"Not for that we would be unclothed, but clothed upon." (2 Cor. v. 4) The Apostle here speaks of death as an unclothing. Our clothes are not ourselves; we put them off, and still we are the same. Our body is but another clothing for our spirit; when we put it off we shall be the same, our spirit will still live on, and love and hope and rejoice. This is an unclothing from which nature shrinks; even the Apostle did not love death for its own sake, "Not for that we would be unclothed." Yet it had lost its terrors, it was but an unclothing, and he knew that when the clothing of the flesh was put on again it would be no weak, suffering body, but the bright and glorious body of the resurrection with which he would be clothed upon.

FALLING ASLEEP.

Sleep, in its dead unconsciousness, is made, in the Bible, an image of sin; but sleep, in its quiet rest, after the weary toils of the day are over, is the common name in the New Testament for a believer's death. "Them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him." (1 Thess. iv. 14.) Of Stephen's death it is said "he fell asleep." Christian cottage-mother, you are often weary with the struggle and conflict of life, remember "There remaineth a rest for the people of God." The sting of death is taken away; it is but falling asleep in Jesus.

EVERY HEART KNOWETH ITS OWN BITTER-
NESS.—No. IV.

"WELL," says a weeping widowed mother, "those were indeed heavy trials, and great support under them; but still the last widow mentioned had some children left. I stand quite alone to meet the world's chilliness—every heart knows its own bitterness." Yes, this is true; but look again at another cloud-covered home. One there was, not long ago—the mother of a household, whose image is before me now. Time had bleached her raven locks, and care had furrowed her brow, and she was fast declining to her last home; her life had been one of peculiar trials; and often, as I noticed the sad yet serene expression of her countenance, I wondered that one so frail could have endured so much without being crushed into the grave.

In very early life her affections had been placed on one who was not worthy of her love. She stood by his side at the altar, and exchanged with him vows of lasting kindness. Alas! that affection so pure, so self-sacrificing—even though misguided and misplaced—should be so requited! He was indeed unworthy, and only a few years had rolled away before she was obliged to bring home the unwelcome truth to her inmost soul; so sorrowful were the days in which she first felt herself alone—for she was alone even when he sat by her side, for no sympathy with her lived in his heart. He sought not to cheer her amid her toil, and when one by one her children were laid in the grave, she could not look to him for consolation—but she uttered no complaint, no reproach, in word or deed, ~~or~~ look, told how little in return she received, for having yielded to him not only her heart's deep treasures, but the love and kindness of her friends. None ever heard a murmuring word from her lips, nor saw the frown of discontent upon her brow: she had learned of Him

who was meek and lowly, and had drunk deeply into the spirit of His dying prayer, "Father, forgive them."

Yet darker and darker days were before her. It was sad—*how* sad, only a mother's heart can feel—to close the eyes of her precious ones, just as they had learned to lisp her name. But more bitter were the dregs of her cup, when the Destroyer laid his unsparing hand upon those who had grown up around her, and upon whom she leaned for support in her declining years. She watched their fading bloom, she ministered to their wants, she closed their eyes in death; and one after another were carried from her sight, until FIVE daughters, taken in youth's bright day, slept side by side in the rest of the grave.

Her husband was next taken, and when she returned to her desolate home, all expected to see her sink beneath these repeated strokes. But still she sang of mercy, and still the smile of resignation lighted up her pale features. She endured, as seeing Him who is invisible; and those who now and then sat with her by her solitary hearth, and heard her speak of the never-failing goodness of her heavenly Father, acknowledged that His hand alone supported her.

At length she lay upon her dying bed; her eye was sunken, and her words were scarcely audible as she answered an inquiry by saying—"No, nothing more can be done for me; a few days will find me laid beside those who are gone before. You will not see me long." She now sleeps beneath the clouds of the valley; her heart feels no more sorrow, her eye has forgotten to weep, earth has no sorrow which heaven cannot heal. Often might she have said, while a pilgrim in this vale of tears,—"*Every heart knoweth its own bitterness;*" but great as *were* her sorrows, they *might* have been *worse*. Yes, *we* may always say of all earthly sorrow, it *might* have been worse.

This bereaved one had the rich consolation of the blessed Gospel, and her *treasure* was not taken away. What

a vale of tears this really is! But while we feel that in our heart's bitterness, *earth* has little comfort to yield us, let us look away to that kind Friend, who alone is able to support us as we pass through the fires, and through the waters.

A STREAK OF LIGHT ACROSS THE GRAVE.

"WELL, Mrs. Combes, how do you do?" said Mrs. King, as she made a morning call. "Thank you, I am tolerable, but there is a deal of sickness about. I heard just now that Mr. Noble is not likely to recover, and poor Mrs. Baines and her husband are both in bed with influenza." "How sad!" "Have you heard that Mr. Crow finished his course this morning?" "No, indeed." "It is true, however; for I met their Jane just now, and she told me he died at half-past two." "He was a very excellent man, and I always liked to hear him talk; he was so serious, and spoke so wisely about the cares and troubles of the world, and endeavoured to lead one to forget them, by directing our thoughts to those mansions which Jesus Christ is gone to prepare for His disciples." I was greatly delighted at the last interview I had with him; he seemed to have a sort of presentiment that he should not long be here."

"Yes, Mrs. King, it is quite true that death is a dreadful and formidable thing in itself, but the grace of Christ makes a blessing of it, and sanctifies it to the advantage of His own people; and nothing shows us so much the emptiness and vanity of all creature-comforts, and the insufficiency of all blessings that are not immortal. This truth stands written in many parts of the Book of God, but perhaps we should never have learned it had not death copied it out for us. Here he has entered and taken away the head of the family, and how sweetly precious the promise in Isaiah becomes—'Thy Maker is thy husband;

the Lord of Hosts is His name, even the God of the whole earth; and how comforting is that other promise, "A Father of the fatherless and a Judge of the widows is God in His holy habitation." Thus the names and relations of God the Father and of our Lord Jesus Christ acquire new sweetness, and appear with greater love to us at the death of friends or relatives; and many of His children are enabled to say, never did I live so much upon my God—I never knew nor loved my Saviour so well, never conversed so much with His word—never did I find such sweetness in His name or His promises, as I have done since the day I lost such a friend or such a dear relation by the stroke of death. I have learned now to put no trust in creatures, 'for their breath goeth forth, and that very day their thoughts of kindness perish.' I say therefore to my God, 'Thou art my refuge,' and Christ seems to be saying to us, 'Lovest thou me more than this creature?' And how often death leads to deep searchings of heart, and awakens the inquiry, whilst our hearts are tender, and soon yield to convictions—Did I pay that duty to a father which he well deserved, and which God required? Did I treat a mother with the filial affection and submissive tenderness that became a child? Did I pay that just deference and honour to the counsels and advice of my parents as I should have done, or has my conduct been undutiful and unkind?—especially if we have this to charge ourselves with, that we took no care for the welfare of the souls of those who are dead. I fear we are all guilty in the matter."

"Well, dear me, Mrs. Combes, if I had any idea there was so much light in such a dark subject as death and the grave; they are very solemn, and I should like to hear a little more, but I cannot stop now. I will soon take an opportunity to look in again—good morning." "Good morning, Mrs. King. I shall always be glad to see you."

YET WILL I TRUST HIM.

“WE SHALL HAVE A REPORTER THERE.”

Thus remarked a young friend, thoughtlessly, as he was about to leave home to attend a social ball given in a country village. My heart responded with deep and solemn interest to his assertion, as I thought of the immortal souls who would gather there, thus to employ the fleeting moments in mercy allotted them, to prepare for eternity. A reporter was there. A report was written which must finally be made. A report of what? Of every thought, word, and deed—of violated vows to live for Christ, and not for the world—of paternal vows solemnly made and now forgotten, as parents with their children measure off time, precious time, to the “sound of the viol?” Where is the report written? On memory—to be traced by conscience, as it shall wake from its slumbers, and recall wasted opportunities, abused mercies, slighted admonitions, loud warnings, when death is at the door. Where will the report be read? At the bar of God.

Mother! you have a reporter in your family every day. All your words, actions, and looks will be reported by those little watchful eyes and thinking minds when you are gone to the grave. Yes, reported to children’s children; and reported, too, by the Recording Angel, when all the sons of earth shall stand together before the great white throne. What report shall be read of your sayings and doings on that dread day? Will there be many there to call you blessed, and join you in the celestial city? Tell us, mother.

“YET WILL I TRUST HIM.”

My times are in Thy hand,
Lord, I would leave them there;
I know thy faithfulness and love,
And firmly trust thy care.

My times are in *Thy* hand,
 My Father and my Friend;
 Thou wert my help in trials past,
 I'll trust thee to the end.

My times are in *Thy* hand,
 My Saviour and my Lord;
 Weary and worn I come to thee,
 And plead thy precious word.

My times are in *Thy* hand,
 Spirit of life and light;
 Thou didst from darkness call my soul,
 Shine now upon my night.

My times are in *Thy* hand,
 O Father—Spirit—Son—
 What'er my future lot may be,
 O Lord! Thy will be done.

BAD EXAMPLE.

A LADY was teaching her eldest girl to read; when the youngest sister saw what was going on, she also came begging to learn. Her mamma gladly taught her little child, who daily made some progress. Unfortunately, however, the elder sister was of a very perverse disposition; and one day when mamma said, "Now, Sarah, come and read," Sarah was sullen, and refused, and it was with difficulty that the mother subdued her naughty temper.

Little Mary was in the room, a silent observer of what was going on. Next morning, when mamma said, "Now, is little Mary coming to read?" Mary began to pout, and said she did not want to pay her letters. As it was only learning in play, her mamma did not enforce the lesson, but she found it the same the next day, and the next. While Sarah learned well, Mary would learn; when Sarah set her the example of perverseness, Mary was but too apt a scholar. "But how came Sarah so perverse?" I asked; "was there none from whom *she* learned the lesson?" I was sure she did not learn it of her gentle

mother. No, a relation had come to live in the house, who gave way to bad temper; from her Sarah learned this evil lesson, and taught it to Mary. When baby grows a little older he will, no doubt, imitate Mary. So, if Sarah's mamma does not find some way of teaching her eldest child obedience and submission, the evil will spread to all the children, and they will probably transmit their naughty tempers to their children after them.

Mother, begin early—begin at once; be mistress in the nursery, if you mean to be mistress in the school-room. Let your children see you are mistress; and then, if evil examples come in, the habit of obedience will, in a great measure, counteract them. Children will imitate their fathers, and aunts, and servants, often to the marring of your work. If your own example is good, and your own rule firm, wise, gentle, and uniform, all will be well in the end; but if you lose your patience, if you give way, if you despond, if you see not the danger, and provide not a remedy, you will hand down to posterity a curse instead of a blessing in your children.

EARTHLY HONOURS ARE PASSING.

THE value of titles and station to a man is graduated by his respect for his fellows, and his love of approbation. A vain man delights in titles, and a proud man in station; but a truly noble man cares more for the possession of the high qualities of character, which are supposed to be indicated by badges and rank. Yet many men, unadorned by either, far outweigh in real solid worth some persons who fill the sounding trumpet of fame. When on the bed of death, who cares for reputation? Who does not care for character? Virtue he will carry with him; the trappings of glory he will leave behind. When in the grave, of what avail to a man is a marble monument, more than a simple upright slab? Yet we are touched to find that a person famous in life has not the becoming tokens of his temporal greatness

in the circumstances of his burial. What more touching commentary upon the misfortunes of Marie Antoinette than the simple cash entry made by the sexton, and yet to be seen in the parish records of the Madeline—"Paid seven francs for a coffin for Widow Capet."

FRAGMENTS FOR SPARE MOMENTS.

MAXIMS FOR MOTHERS.

What you would wish your children to be, you must be yourself.—Do you wish your children to serve God, you must serve Him yourself.—If you would teach your children to pray, you must pray yourself.—If you would wish your children to attend a place of worship, you must attend one yourself.—If you would govern your children, you must govern yourself.—Begin to train your children from the cradle.—Do not say they know no better now, but they will know better soon.—They will only grow worse and worse, if not taught better.—Never punish in a passion.—Never threaten but when it is absolutely necessary.—Always do what you say.—Do not be always scolding and always punishing.—Encourage your children to do well.—Show them you are pleased when they do well.—Love will do more than fear.

Mothers, you have especially the souls of your children committed to your charge. How will you deliver in your solemn account at the last great day, when parents and children will have to stand before the judgment-seat?

J. G. C.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Jubilee Memorial of the Rev. J. A. James. London: Hamilton and Adams.

A beautiful little present for Sunday school children.

Faith's Cloud of Witnesses—Hints to Christian Masters and Mistresses—Excellor. London: J. Groom.

Three little books we cordially recommend.

Maxims for Children, and Maxims for Mothers. London: Groom. Useful handbills for cottage homes.

MOTHER, KEEP HOLD OF YOUR SON.—No. V.

It may be asked; do not wicked mothers, as well as the pious and holy, keep hold of their sons? Yes, truly; they may and do keep firm hold of them, and often drag them all along the broad road down to the regions of eternal death, and hold them even there. Hear the testimony to one such mother from the lips of her son, who was a prisoner for his evil deeds:—

“My mother’s teachings,” said he, “have doomed me; all the enjoyments of religion you may offer, are now quite beyond my hope; her schoolings have made me the morbid, the fierce criminal, from whose association all the gentler virtues must for ever fly. If, in the doom that must finish my wicked life, I have any one person to accuse, it is my *mother*! I say, that person is my *MOTHER*! And this we may see in every family where such mothers as mine are found; she is the cause of all my sorrow. She did not *TELL* me to *lie*, or to *swindle*, or to *steal*—No, oh no!—she would have *told* me that all these things were bad—but *SHE TAUGHT* me to perform them all. She roused my passions, and not my *principles*, into activity; she provoked the one, and suppressed the other. If my father reproved my improprieties, she petted me and denounced him. She crossed his better purposes and defeated all his designs, until at last she made my passions too strong for my government, not less than hers, and left me knowing the *true*, yet the victim of the *false*! What is more—while my intellect, in its calmer hours, taught me that virtue was the only source of true felicity, my ungovernable passions set the otherwise sovereign reason at defiance, and trampled it under foot. Yes, in that last hour of eternal retribution, if called upon to denounce or accuse, I can point; but to *one*, as the author of all—the

weak, fond, misjudging, misguiding woman who gave me birth!

"I was cursed in childhood by one who surely loved me beyond all other things beside. I can remember how sedulously she encouraged and prompted my infant passions, uncontrolled by her reason, and since utterly unrestrainable by my own; how my mother stimulated me to artifices, and set me the example herself by frequently deceiving my father, and teaching me to disobey and deceive him. She *told* me not to lie, and she *lied* all day to him on my account, and to screen me from his anger. She taught me the Catechism to say on Sunday, while during the week she schooled me, in almost every possible form of ingenuity, to violate all its precepts; she bribed me to do my duty, and hence my duty could only be done under the stimulating promise of a reward. She taught me that God was superior to all, and that He required obedience to certain laws, yet as she hourly violated those laws herself, in my behalf, I was taught to regard myself as far superior to Him! Had she not done all this, I had not been here; and thus I had been, what now I dare not think on. It is *all her work*. THE GREATEST ENEMY MY LIFE HAS EVER KNOWN HAS BEEN MY MOTHER! This is a horrible thought, but it is true.

"I have analysed my own history, and the causes of my character and fortunes now, and I charge it upon my mother. From one influence I have traced another, until I have the sweeping amount of twenty years of crime and sorrow, a life of hate, and probably a death of ignominy, all owing to the first ten years of my infant education, when the only teacher that I knew was my mother!"

Mother! would you like to keep hold of your son *thus*?—in prison—in misery—in death—in eternity! We think not. Then bind him to you now, by the recollection

tions of good training in early days; by precept, by example, by prayer; by leading his young heart to the cross of Him who died to redeem the sons of men.

BEGIN EARLY.—No. II.

SOME years had elapsed since Mrs. B. had been called to pass through almost the first deep sorrow she had ever known, in the loss of the husband of her youth. This painful dispensation at once gave a check to her natural volatility, and threw a deep seriousness over her feelings. The pleasures in which she had revelled, and the gay parties in which she had taken the lead, lost for her their charms, and were abandoned. Reflection followed, and evidence which admitted not a question was soon furnished, that in very mercy she had been afflicted. The defencelessness of widowhood she painfully experienced, by those who bore the name and address of friends defrauding her of her property; so that, from circumstances of ease and respectability, she was reduced to comparative indigence. Still the elasticity of her mind rose above the depressing influence of her condition. The energy of female character shone out in her conspicuously, and as riches made to themselves wings and flew away, unearthly treasures opened to her awakened mind their inviting, satisfying charms; grace gently led her to their possession, and religion's tried and never-failing consolations supported her mind and cheered her soul; hence, she struggled on with heroism, such as genuine piety alone could have produced.

One child—an only son—was left to her. He had now passed boyhood, but still for him she toiled and laboured; in him all her earthly cares centred—over him she watched with the fondness which a mother only knows. If pious example could have influenced him now, exhortations have

prevailed, or prayers have succeeded, the desires of her heart would have been realised; but all this had been commenced *too late*. Now, for him, prayer had no attraction—religion no pleasure—holiness no charms. The heart of the widowed mother suffered agony, such as description fails to portray, as she beheld her son fast approaching to manhood, having no fear of God before his eyes, and no preparation for heaven in his heart.

PAPER READ AT THE FORMATION OF A MATERNAL ASSOCIATION.

* * * * *

SOME of you have never heard until lately of Maternal Meetings. It is necessary, therefore, that I should tell you something about them.

The first Maternal Association was formed in America, occasioned by a young mother feeling her great responsibility. She longed for the experience of older mothers to aid her. Not long after this pious young mother's individual effort, ten thousand mothers were united together in America by these interesting associations. One of them wrote a letter to a mother in London, telling her of the blessing attending them, and pressing on her attention the importance of establishing them in England. This good mother laid the case before some of the London mothers; but none of them had the courage to commence the great and good work. The friend who received the letter from America then wrote to Reading, and a YOUNG LADY THERE had the honour to be the means of establishing them first in our own beloved land;—and now we are united with many, many thousands, who are rejoicing together that our God put it into the heart of mothers thus to meet.

I could tell you of those who once were living without God and without hope in the world, who are now sitting at the feet of Jesus, learning of Him; and are guiding the

dear immortal creatures committed to their care in the narrow road leading to a blessed immortality, and *going before them* themselves. May many who meet with us here have reason to thank God, when they stand before the judgment-seat of Christ, that a Maternal Meeting was formed among you ! Glad shall we fear to help you in the work of training your children for this life and the life to come, feeling, as we do, that when the world, with all its busy scenes, are passed away, our dear children *must* live in happiness and glory, or sink with rebel spirits to the dark regions of the lost, there to live for ever and for ever.

Now these are meetings where mothers learn together the best mode of training their dear children, and where they implore the Divine blessing on themselves and their families ;—and we can say more : it is a place where Jesus condescends to meet with the assembled waiting mothers, and where they obtain strength to proceed in their important work. Here, too, we are enabled to help those who have little time and perhaps little opportunity to gather knowledge for themselves, and little money to spare for books. Here such mothers may meet with the maternal band, and learn with them, as to the best mode of training their families, more perhaps in the sacred hour of their assembling than they would by reading *alone* many books. Nor is this all. The united prayer of mothers has brought down many a blessing on themselves and on the young heads of their households, and encouraged them to press on amidst their many and arduous duties. And then, too, when sickness and bereavement cast their shadows over the home-circle, how soothing is the voice of Christian friendship coming forth from the mothers' band, and how cheering to know that her case is taken to the throne of God by the assembled mothers ! And when the dark-winged angel calls the mother away from the scenes and duties of earth, how it comforts the departing spirit to know that her

motherless babes will be noticed and cared for, and carried to the throne of the Eternal by the maternal band.

Nor are we a poor feeble company, who thus meet to help mothers in their momentous duties. We number thousands in England, Scotland, Ireland, India, and the South Sea Islands: Yes, it is our glory that heathen mothers in far-distant lands are united with us: and often our hearts are cheered by letters from the good missionaries' wives, telling us that those mothers, who could once present their precious children as a sacrifice to gods of wood and stone, are now seen bringing them to the foot of the cross. We could tell you of hundreds who through the means of Maternal Associations are now praying women, who once were among the most wretched of our sex. These associations are like the pebble thrown into the sea; it forms a vortex where it falls, and the waters continue to whirl round and round, one ring succeeding another, and again another, till the whole series of these eddying movements are lost in the wide waste of waters, still moving all in turn. So onward, and still onward will these associations make their way, and mother after mother be led to see her responsibility through their means,—their silent influence telling on the generations yet unborn,—while the tale of their usefulness shall be heard in eternity.

Allow me to remind you of the importance of united effort in this good work. Oh, bear in mind that the soul of one little child is of more value than ten thousand worlds. A little child!—who does not love little children? We pity the heart that does not beat warmly in sight of a little child.

“ Ah! who has not felt, when the world has seemed cold,
 Or the heart has been weary while waiting for gold,
 That *childhood* has come with its freshness and bloom,
 Like morn after midnight to scatter its gloom.
 Sweet innocent childhood! thy claim is the same,
 Whatever thy lineage, thy land, or thy name;

Thy gladness brings wealth to the cottager's door,
 And without it the hall of the palace is poor.
 O beautiful childhood! what promise is thine!
 What sunbeams surround thee! what garlands entwine.
 No blight in thy blossom—no cloud in thy sky—
 But joy in thy laughter, and hope in thine eye.
 Thou hast in thy treasury silver and gold,
 Ten thousand times richer than ever was told;
 With power like a talisman—mightier still—
 Transforming to goodness whatever it will.
 Then keep the bright gifts to thy infancy given,
 Thou knowest not how dear is thy welfare to heaven;
 Thou knowest not what rapture thy smile can impart,
 When they fall like fresh dew on a sorrowful heart.
 The prince and the peasant one portion must share—
 One lot held in common—a birthright of CARE;
 But thou, happy childhood! thy sweetness canst throw
 O'er the pathway of joy, and the cottage of woe.
 But brighter and sweeter thine influence will be,
 IF LED TO THAT SAVIOUR WHO CARETH FOR THEE.”

To lead a little child to Jesus is a work which angels would rejoice to be engaged in; and it requires an angel's tongue to tell how many have been led to Him through the instrumentality of these associations. Some mother may perhaps say, “I am too humble and too obscure a mother to be of any use.” Say not so. The effort must be individual as well as united. You may accomplish much to help forward the good cause by prayer, and by influencing others to accompany you where the maternal band assemble.

Was not that Hebrew mother, poor and humble and obscure, who laid her precious boy by the side of the river in the frail basket, appointing her little daughter to hide and watch him there? Did she know that she had nursed the mighty lawgiver of Israel?—the adopted son of a king's daughter? Do you sometimes read the history of the praying Hannah? Did she imagine that her boy would be the great Prophet of the Lord? Ah, we

sometimes think of the sacrifice she made with peculiar feelings. We think *that* day of the year, when she went up to the Temple with the little *coat* for her precious Samuel, must have been the brightest day of the year to her maternal heart—to look again upon that lovely boy, and to hear from Eli of his holy walk and conduct.

We, too, dear friends, are sometimes called to give up our dear ones to the Lord—we may not go up to the Temple where *they* dwell, bearing a little *coat*—but they need it not now, for they wear a robe so glorious and bright, that a mortal mother's vision could not bear to look upon its brightness! But we shall see them yet again, when the dreams of life are fled—we shall go to them, but they will not return to us. And time is short. If we would do good, we must dare to be singular, keeping an eye upon Him who has put this work into our hands. We expect not our reward here, though we sometimes get a large portion in seeing blessings descending upon mothers and children; but when the pillars of the earth are knocked away, and we meet before the great white throne—oh, then, if that blessed voice that was hushed on Calvary should say of each of us, “She hath done what she could,” it will be cause of praise through eternity.

THE PRAYER OF PARENTS TO JESUS OF NAZARETH.

SCRIPTURE is a mine of never-failing treasure. Each separate incident of our Redeemer's life is rich in lessons of heavenly truth; but when we combine together varied scenes of His history, so as to trace His dealings with different characters, still fresh lessons open to our view. Let us for a while study those portions of the Gospel history which present to us parents personally applying to the Great Physician for the healing of their suffering children. Four such cases are brought before us. The nobleman of

Capernaum — the Syrophenician mother — the father of the lunatic child — and Jairus, the ruler of the synagogue.

In each case the application for relief was made in circumstances of urgent need, by a suppliant truly in earnest, and to One fully able to deliver; yet, in each case, the suppliant met at first with some circumstance of discouragement. In each case, too, the length of the delay, the trial of faith, was proportioned with tenderest skill to the strength of the disciple, while each received at last a full and complete deliverance.

“There was a nobleman at Capernaum, whose son was sick nigh unto death.” He was a nobleman, his home probably stood not far from the beautiful lake on the shores of which Capernaum stood. All that love could devise, or money command, was within reach for the suffering child, but in vain; no earthly physician could help. He was nigh unto death; a few hours, and all might be over. At this moment the sorrowing father was told that Jesus, the prophet of Nazareth, of whose deeds of healing he had heard, was now returned into Galilee. There might be time to fetch him before the child died. “My child is dying; it is possible I may yet have time to call in one who can deliver.” These two thoughts filled his own soul, as he besought the Lord to come down and heal him.

The rich are wont to be waited upon; this man had neither the humility which led the centurion to say, “Lord, I am not worthy thou shouldest come under my roof,” nor as yet the faith to believe that a word spoken by the Lord at a distance was sufficient to heal his child. His passionate entreaties met, however, with an apparent repulse instead of promised healing. Here is a reproach for unbelief — “Except ye see signs and wonders, ye will not believe.” The father deserved it: till his child’s sickness drove him in anguish to Jesus, he seems to have had no thought of being His disciple. It was reasonable, that before granting the earthly blessing, the Lord should

awaken him to a sense of his own spiritual need. It was reasonable, and had the man known the Lord Jesus better, this would have been no repulse; he would have resigned himself to the lessons of the Great Teacher, and trusting to Him to answer the prayer for his child, he would have received a double blessing.

A TRUE STORY FOR OUR YOUNG FRIENDS.

GENTLE JOHN, THE HAPPY YOUNG VILLAGER.

"Oh! listen, listen, mamma, there is the funeral knell," exclaimed Mary, as she sat at breakfast; "that is for poor John, I know it is;" and the little girl burst into tears. All were silent for a few minutes; at length Miss G., a young lady who had just arrived on a visit to the family, asked Mrs. Ormsby; "Who is to be buried to-day?" "Mary's friend," answered Robert—"poor John." Little Edwin looked at his mamma, and asked:—"Can he hear me say farewell, mamma? and will he see his mother cry? and does he hear the bell? and won't he ever again say, 'Come along, come along,' to Mary, when he wants to nurse her? and won't his mother have any son now?" All this was uttered as fast as the little fellow could speak, and his breakfast was quite forgotten in his earnestness; for he had moved from his high chair, and was standing by his mother's side, anxiously gazing on her countenance.

"As soon as Mrs. Ormsby had recovered herself, she replied to her little son's questions by saying, — "John's body, that you used to look upon, and which is to be laid in the grave to-day, is quite cold and motionless, like a lump of clay; and those eyes and ears, with which he used to see and listen to you and Mary, are closed, and will soon return to dust; but the spirit that lived in that body lives still, and will one day be united again to its old companion, the body, which will be made very beautiful, like the

Saviour's body, and then we shall see him again." "Is John in heaven now, papa?" asked James. "We have no doubt he is," replied his father, "because we believe he was a youth who loved God; and the Bible tells us, when such characters are absent from the body, they are present with the Lord." "If I were to die, papa, would you think I went to heaven?" "That is a very solemn question, my boy," said his father, "and makes me feel very sad to tell you I should not feel sure of it, because I have not as yet seen any evidence that you are a holy boy, that you love Jesus Christ, that you hate sin, and desire to obey the commands of God, and you know the Saviour said, 'By their fruits ye shall know them.'" "I hope, then," continued James, while his eyes filled with tears, "that I shall not die yet; for I should not like to stand at the left hand of the Judge, and see you and mamma on the right." He could say no more, but covered his face with his hands, and wept. More about John next month.

PARENTAL INFLUENCE.

BY MRS. WINSLOW.

HOW necessary it is to bring up children in the nurture and fear of the Lord! Without this, even in a worldly point of view, they and others are often miserable. No children are so happy as those who have been early taught implicit and immediate obedience to a parent's wishes, or will, or command. Would that parents more universally felt that, when they suffer their children to disobey them, they are absolutely teaching them to sin against God, by breaking one of His commandments, and one to which the promise of long life is given. No wonder if God, in just displeasure, remove the children from such tuition. Remember what a solemn and instructive lesson the Holy Ghost has given in the history of Eli.

There is much danger, from an amiable wish to gratify a child, of counter-ordering our own orders. If you once direct a child to do a thing, however unpleasant it may be to yourself or the child, insist in firmness upon immediate and full obedience. There should be no demur, nor delay. Prompt obedience is as lovely in a child as its enforcement is dignified in a parent. The firm and gentle constraint of parental authority commands respect, and even inspires reverence and love in the child towards the parent. Thus, then, if you desire your children should grow up cherishing for you profound esteem and affection, insist upon this filial duty—the duty of implicit obedience—and commence early. “To begin right is the way to end right.”—(*From “Life in Jesus; a Memoir of Mrs. Winslow, by her Son,”* p. 209.)

A STREAK OF LIGHT ACROSS THE GRAVE.

No. II.

“I WAS so interested; Mrs. Coombes, in our late conversation about light in the grave, that I could not get it out of my mind; and thought much of my poor dear mother, and those kind warnings she so often gave me, and how carelessly I received them. It grieves me very much now. I wish I had it to do over again.” “Oh, yes, Mrs. King, that is the complaint of many a one when it is too late; but it ought to have this good effect—to make us more patient with our own children in their waywardness and folly.” “Now, that is very true indeed—but it never struck me.”

“Yes, Mrs. King; the Scriptures are very solemn and emphatic upon the subject. They say, ‘Be sure your sin will find you out;’ and, ‘What a man soweth that must he also reap.’ Those who have been undutiful to their parents may generally read their punishment in the

conduct of their own children. We should try to remember our parents' peculiar virtues, and the remarkable graces that adorned them, and think we hear them saying to us, 'Be ye followers of us, as dear children, so far as we followed Christ;' but, alas! many of us may say, 'I was regardless of the wise and weighty sayings of my poor father—they now return upon my thoughts with a powerful influence. I have been too ready to neglect what a kind mother taught me, but the instruction that I received from her dying lips had such a tenderness in them, and made such a deep impression upon my heart; I hope I shall never forget them; but now I shall hear them speak no more—I shall see their holy examples no more. O that by the grace of God I may be enabled to tread in their steps, till I arrive at those blessed regions where I hope to meet them!' This is, indeed, a streak of light across the grave, and it raises our pious wishes to the upper world, and we are ready to say, as Thomas did at the death of Lazarus, 'Let us go that we may die with him,'—let us go to our God and our holy kindred—let us not sorrow for the dead, as those that mourn without hope, but look upward, to things unseen; and forward, to the great rising day; and rejoice in the promised and future glories that are beyond life and time."

Every dear relative that dies, and leaves us, gives us one motive more to be willing to die. Their death furnishes us with one new allurements towards heaven, and breaks off one of the fetters and bonds that tied us down to earth; it is good to live more loose, that we may be ready for the parting hour, and learn to say, "How long, O Lord! how long?" And it is well to ask, as our thoughts have thus followed our departed parents to the world of blessed spirits, Do our souls seem to fix our hope and joy there? Are our thoughts become more spiritual and heavenly? Do we live more as bordering on the other world, and are we ready for the

summons, if it should come before to-morrow? If so, then death itself is ours.

"Let us be weaned from all below,
Let hope out grief dispel;
Death will invite our souls to go
Where our best kindred dwell."

M. B.

"I DON'T WANT TO BE NAUGHTY."

It was a cold March day. We were travelling by a second-class train, and had had a peaceful journey hitherto, when, on the train stopping at S——, I heard, behind me, a child roaring at the top of his voice. "This is a comfortable prospect," said I to myself, "if we are to have a crying baby all the afternoon." Presently I heard a voice behind me saying, "Will you have him, Sir? Please take him away." The gentleman thus addressed said, "Why, what's all this about?" And I looked round and saw a sweet, lovely little fellow, of four years' old, with dark hazel eyes and glowing cheeks, struggling in the arms of his little nursemaid, a girl of about fourteen. "What's the matter?" repeated the gentleman. "O, he's very naughty," said the girl, "please to take him, Sir." "O no, I don't want to be naughty, I won't be naughty," sobbed the child, looking piteously around. "Indeed, I don't want to be naughty, but I have lost my mamma, she has gone away from me."

I took hold of the child's little hands, and tried to soothe him, but he was thoroughly frightened, and could not understand that his mother was not far off, that she was only gone to look after her luggage, and would soon return. The young mother presently entered, whose absence had caused such dismay, and she reproved the boy for crying after her. "O, mamma, I thought I had lost you! I'm not naughty, indeed I am not." His mother took him on her knee, and he was soon full of life and spirits again.

But I felt too indignant to be quite silent, so I turned to the girl, who sat just behind me, and expostulated with her on the impropriety of treating a little child in the manner she had done. The mother turned quickly round, saying, "What's all this about?" and the girl, in an undertone, gave her own explanation of the facts, which seemed to satisfy her mistress, so the matter ended.

"Thus," said I to myself, "do little ignorant girls mismanage little boys, and do more mischief in an hour than can be repaired in a month." Young mothers! beware with whom you trust your little pets when they are out of your sight, and if you must leave them with young girls, do what you can to teach their little nurses what to do and what to avoid in the way of discipline. Try to find out how the little girls have been trained themselves; for those who have never witnessed anything but mismanagement can only practise what they have learned. E. G.

TREASURES IN HEAVEN.

A MOTHER died, and the home where once
 The light of her love had smiled,
 Held nought to gladden the widowed heart,
 Save the care of a motherless child.
 And that care grew into a doting love,
 For his gentle, fair-faced boy,
 Who brightened again that cheerless home
 With the voice and smile of joy.
 But a shadow fell on the child's glad brow,
 And a light gleamed in his eye;
 'Twas pure and mild as the blue that breaks
 Through the clouds of a summer sky.
 'Twas his mother's eye, and like her he grew,
 More beautiful in decay;
 While the shadow of heaven deeper fell,
 As he drooped and pined away.

And the father tended his fading flower,
 With more than a father's care ;
 And night by night at his pillow watched
 In silence, with tears and prayer.

One night, when softly the slumbering boy
 Lay folded to his fond breast,
 Sleep fell on the weary watcher's eyes,
 And long was his peaceful rest.

In a dream of that night a vision came,
 And hovered around his bed ;
 'Twas the face of the dead, but an angel form
 With a glory round its head.

And o'er him it bent its angel-face,
 And the boy from his bosom took,
 With a smile like that which had beamed on him
 With her latest word and look.

Then a strain of music, heavenly sweet,
 Through the stillness softly broke ;
 And a voice like an angel's whispering
 From the lips of the spirit spoke.

"Thy treasures are all in heaven," it said,
 "Let thy heart be also there ;"
 He strove to grasp the receding form,
 And clasped but the empty air.

He woke, and the cheek his hand had touched
 Was clammy, and cold, and chill ;
 The little arm, half round him thrown,
 Was lifeless, and stiff, and still.

He thought of the vision, and o'er his soul
 A hallowing calm he felt ;
 Yet he bowed his head o'er his child and wept,
 Ere down by the couch he knelt.

He cried—"O God, thou hast taken back,
 What but for a time was given ;
 Teach me to bow to thy will on earth,
 "My treasures are safe in heaven &c."

ENCOURAGEMENT TO MOTHERS.

"God will take care of us." o o

THE following little incident is narrated, with a view to induce mothers to the *early* instruction of their children in principles conducive to their present comfort and future interest, among which that of making them aware of the overruling care of a kind Father in heaven, all-powerful to protect, is considered by the writer not the last in importance.

A mother, who was seated at needlework, her little ones playing in the same room, observed the sky suddenly overcast; shortly after, a vivid flash of lightning gleamed across the room; it was unnoticed by the children, who were intent on their play. The mother, thinking it prudent to *advise* them of what would follow, then addressed the eldest, who had just attained her fourth year:—"My dear Ellen, you will hear thunder directly," and before the child could inquire "Why?" the peal commenced, as loud as any the mother ever remembered to have heard, and as long continued, causing the foundation of the house to tremble. Were the children affrighted, and clinging to their mother? Did they hide their faces, and scream for terror? Oh, no! they were perfectly silent. The eldest rose from the floor, went to the window, and remained looking upwards until it ceased; and then, with a face beaming with a calm assurance, she turned to the mother exclaiming, "Mother, God will take care of us." A thrill of no common joy passed through that mother's heart, and the prayer was not withheld that that confidence might increase with her growth.

The above is not sent forth as the saying and doing of a prodigy, far from it; for the mother has often grieved over the perverseness of this very child; but it is sent forth to encourage mothers to be *early* with right ideas; for, depend upon it, they will have ideas of some kind of all that surrounds them. We would, therefore, say, "*Be first in the field, mothers!*"

KIND WORDS TO THE ERRING.

‘THERE came to reside in our village a poor aged widow, her daughter, and her two nieces (helpless little children), just at the time that I needed a washerwoman. On making inquiry I was told a sad tale of the daughter’s past life, who, nevertheless, was now anxious to procure work, in order to support the helpless ones cast upon her care.

“ You cannot employ her,” said my informant, “ she is so dishonest ; nothing is safe within her reach.” “ Poor thing, has she then in her despair been driven to this method of sustaining that trembling old woman, and those children of misery ? I think I will venture to try her.”

“ Well, yes, my if you please ; but I advise you to lock up your stores, and even your cellar. She is a cunning creature, and I would count every article you give her.”

That day M. was sent for, and the next morning she made her appearance, looking strong, and able to do a good day’s work. At the customary hour the bell for prayers summoned the family. M. was particularly invited to be present. She sunk into a corner of the room ; the Bible was read, and in the prayer that followed, her case was distinctly and tenderly remembered. The stores were not locked up that day, nor the cellar-door fastened, nor even the clothes counted. At night she was well paid, and had a bundle extra to take home to the old mother. Week after week she came. Nothing was lost. We left her alone in the kitchen hour after hour. She went down to the cellar for her soap when she pleased. She saw the well-filled barrels of meat, and sometimes a good large piece found its way into her bundle at night ; but it was never stolen !

One day, as M. stood washing, I said, “ Do you never go to the house of God ? ” “ No, ma’am.” “ And why not, M. ? ” “ Because I have nothing to wear.” “ What do you need ? ” “ Oh ! only a cloak. I could go if I had

one. I have the materials, but can get no one to make it for me." "Bring it to me, M., and you shall have it made." The next Sabbath, in the pew nearest the door, sat the poor girl, in a warm cloak and hood.

Not long after this I drew near to her one day, and inquired into the welfare of her soul; for if the soul has cost the blood of the Son of God, is it not worth a *few poor words*? So I said, "M., do you ever think that you must die, and are you prepared for eternity?" The poor creature stopped her washing, and burst into a flood of tears. "Oh! I am so wretched—I am such a sinner." "And how long have you felt wretched, M.?" "Ever since I first entered this house, ma'am. That prayer which your husband offered up for me went to my heart. I thought, well, if the minister thinks I am worth praying for, I ought and will pray for myself."

It was true that the Holy Spirit had found a way to the heart of this child of sin, awaking hope in despair. It was not in vain that she had come to pitch her tent so near the droppings of the sanctuary; that she had entered it, and listened to the voice of mercy, which reaches from heaven to earth, which now extended its hand to her, removing her heavy load of sin, as "far as the east is from the west." It was not long before M. found rest and peace in Christ. Oh! yes; poor M. found it as easily as the Christian friends around her, who now looked kindly upon her, assisting her to bear the ills of life. Just as easy for M. to lay her burden at His feet, and bear a song away, as for any of us. A little more about poor M. next month.

FRAGMENTS FOR SPARE MOMENTS.

• WORK ON.

• MOTHERS labour not in vain. They may drop into the grave, but they have left behind them influences that will

work for them. The bow is broken, but the arrow is sped and will do its office.

THOU ART IN THE LAND THAT IS AFAR OFF.

Thou dweller with the unseen, who hast explored
The immense unknown—thou, to whom death and heaven
Are mysteries, no more—whose soul is stored
With knowledge, for which man has vainly striven—
Beloved one! oh, when shall I lie down
With thee beneath fair trees that cannot fade?
When from the immortal rivers quench my thirst?
Life's journey speedeth on;
Yet for a little while we walk in shade:
By death the cloud is all dispersed,
Then o'er the hills of heaven the eternal day doth burst.

"I AM GOING TO JESUS TO-DAY, PAPA."

"I am going to Jesus to-day, papa," said a fair young child, as he lay dying, to his Ungodly father. "I am going to Jesus to-day, papa, and what shall I say to him is the reason *you* don't love him?" What a question, from a little, loving, dying child! Ah! that question was an arrow in God's hand to pierce that father's heart. The child is with Jesus, and that father lives, and is now a follower of the meek and loving Saviour; and, in a few years, parent and child will be reunited, in the presence of Him who said, "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

MILDNESS.

Be always as mild as you can; a spoonful of honey attracts more flies than a barrel of vinegar. A mild word quenches anger, as water quenches the raging of fire, and by benignity any soil may be rendered fruitful.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Only One Life. London: Groom.

A beautiful and useful book, for the young or the aged, the rich or the poor.

SYMPATHY OF JESUS WITH MOTHERS.

Do you ever think, for your encouragement, of the compassion of the Saviour for our sex, and particularly for mothers, while a pilgrim on Judea's plains? Did you ever pause amidst the world's bustle to think of that interesting scene which took place under the hill Hermon? Perhaps, as mothers, we cannot look upon the blessed and compassionate Saviour in a more tender situation than when he stood by the dead son of a sorrowing widow. See him entering at the gate of the little city of Naim, attended by a large train, not for state, but for the mere evidence of His work—His providence had so contrived His journey, that He enters just in time to meet with the sad procession of a funeral.

They were accustomed to sing as they carried their dead to their last resting-place, and a poet gives us what, in his imaginings, he thought they might have sung just at this moment.

Dear as thou wert, and justly dear,
 We will not weep for thee;
 One thought shall check the starting tear—
 It is, that thou art free.
 And thus shall faith's consoling power .
 The tears of love restrain;
 Oh, who that saw thy parting, now
 Could wish thee here again?
 Triumphant in thy closing eye
 The hope of glory shone;
 Joy breathed in thy expiring sigh,
 To think the fight was done.
 Gently the passing spirit fled,
 Sustained by grace divine;
 Oh, may such joy on me be shed,
 And make my end like thine!

It may be that the sound of words like these fell on the ear of the sympathizing Saviour as he entered the gate of the walled city. Certain it is, it was marked with compassion as he was met by an afflicted mother, threaded by her weeping neighbourhood, following her only son to the grave—a young man, cut down in the flower of his age—but more, the dear son—the *only child* of a widowed mother! Who has not felt the touching pathos of these few words? When we see the helpless form of an *only son* stretched upon the bier, our sympathies are all called forth for her who in this sad blow loses heretofore her only earthly comfort. Around the *only son* of a widowed mother we know that the tenderest affections of the human heart have twined themselves. We associate with the image of an *only son*, all that is self-sacrificing, respectful and kind, and we indulge the expectation that he is the comfort and support in his manhood of her who has been the faithful nurse of his infancy, the guide of his youth, and the counsellor of his maturer years, and we marvel not to find the bereaved heart sick with sorrow in mourning such a loss. Among many children we may still hope the surviving ones may supply in some degree the place of the dead; but when all our hopes and joys must live or die in one, the loss of that one must be deeply felt, even by a Christian mother who is looking for a better home above the azure sky. When the inspired writer would describe the most passionate grief that can be felt, he can but say, “O, daughter of thy people, gird thee with sackcloth, and wallow thyself in the ashes, make lamentation and bitter mourning as for *thine only son*.”

Such was the loss, such was the sorrow of this disconsolate mother—whether words are that can suffice to discover it—all the way of her life seems gone, and now, when she gives herself up as a labourer with all expectancy of return, the loss of her only son has given her sorrow her wings, and asked that she be no longer upon her, the

tenderness of his own spirit, when he was taken to the other
world, he had a great deal of time to spend in the
a servant, the living and the dead, the living and the
neighborhood for a moment, but he had time to spend in
and the world of the living and the dead, the living and the
His heart was happy—his heart was happy—his heart was
his feet were in the air—his feet were in the air—his
power of the living and the dead—his power of the living
truth and love the power of the living and the dead—his
truth, arise! The Lord of Life and Death speaks with com-
mand—no false power could have said so without suc-
cession, or with success.

Can you not imagine you are this only son of his mother,
who was thus miraculously awakened from his earthly sleep,
wise and open his eyes, those eyes that had been shut up
in death—watch him descending from the lofty mansion
his winding sheet about his loins, and standing himself in
passionate thankfulness at the feet of his almighty
Redeemer, adoring that Divine power which had com-
manded his soul back again to her forsaken lodging.
Although we hear not what he says, doubtless they were
words of praise and wonder which his lips first uttered.

It was the women whom our Saviour first parted in this
act, not the son, who, very soon, found his quiet rest, and
fades pass through the gates of death; as for the wife,
therefore, he has raised all to her side he was delivered.
Who cannot feel the amazement and return of joy at the
heart, and look and words of this delighted mother, when
her son now relates her from out of another world? How
suddenly were all the tears of that mournful night dried up
with a joyful exclamation. How soon is that fearful lan-
guage turned into a new language of joy? What words and
admiring looks will not arise that I feel of the power of
the gift of men work done by the power of the living and the
hopeful and the living and the dead, the living and the
were that yet remained with the living and the dead.

We almost wish sometimes, as we see and feel the agony of the bereaved mother's sorrow, and the desolateness of the widow's heart, that we could apply to Him for aid as in the days of his flesh—but it may not be; our precious ones will never return to us to die again, but this same Jesus shall one day call both them and us to meet in judgment; this very same voice shall call our bodies from those elements into which they are resolved, and raise them out of their dust—neither sea, nor death, nor hell can detain their dead, when this mighty One commands them to be delivered.

We do not see the Saviour stretching himself upon the corpse, as Elias and Elisha upon the sons of the Shunamite and Sareptan; nor kneeling down and praying by the bier, as Peter did by Dorcas. The God-man *speaks* only, and the dead youth revives. Death had no power to bid the only son be still and silent, although he held him in his domain. Now, the same power that can raise *one* man can raise a thousand—a *world*—no power can raise the dead but that which is *infinite*, and that which is infinite admits of no limitation.

Under the Old Testament, God raised one by Elias, another by Elisha *living*, a third by Elisha *dead*; but Jesus by his voice raises the daughter of Jairus from her *bed*, this widow's son from his *coffin*, Lazarus from his *grave*, and the dead saints of Jerusalem from the *very dust of death*, that it might appear that death in no form is able to hinder the efficacy of His overruling command. He who keeps the keys of death can not only make room for himself through the common hall and outer ruins, but through the darkest recesses of the long-forgotten grave; and He shall raise every one of His flock from death to life, from dust to glory. Then let us take comfort when we think of those who sleep in Jesus, that while we have to shrink beneath the stormy blasts of life's tempestuous ocean, they are now in that blessed haven where no wave of

sorrow can pass across the peaceful breast, and listen while they say,

When these dark hours of earthly love
And earthly pangs are o'er,
These lips shall bless, these hands shall
These eyes shall look no more.

Oh, let no tear thine eyelids dim,
O'er this pale form of clay;
But think I rest at peace with Him
Who wipes all tears away.

These lips have formed—resound the words
“Hosanna to the Lamb!”
These hands transfigured sweep the choir
That praise the great “I AM.”

These hollow eyes but seem to sleep,
For ah! to them 'tis given
One endless watch of bliss to keep,
For they have waked in heaven!

We travel down to the gate of the dark valley with our dear ones, but they enter alone, and return not to tell us of the path. Mothers! you, too, must pass *alone* this same way—are you ready? Have you an interest in Him who raised the widow's son? Oh, if you have not, fly to the Cross at once—to-morrow it may be too late, the door may be closed, and you remain outside the pearly gates.

BEGIN EARLY.—No. III.

A few years passed on, and no change was seen in the mind, spirit, or practice of Mrs. B.'s son, except indeed from bad to worse. Still the praying widow fainted not, the yearning affections of her soul seemed to gain fresh energy as the depravity of the child was developed—like another Syro-phenician matron she became pressingly importunate, and with the spirit of the “father of the faithful” she believed in hope against hope. With the *hard* of faith she

drew aside the shadowy veil which interposes between the present and the future, and with a strong mental vision, invigorated and cleared by the book of inspiration, gazed over the scenes of the last day—that day of dread decision and despair—that day for which all other days were made! She heard, in imagination, the decree go forth from the lips of the Judge, “Let him that is filthy be filthy still,” and seemed to listen to the appalling sentence, “Depart, ye cursed, into everlasting fire.” She knew her son would be among the number of the condemned, unless an act of sovereign grace were now passed in his favour. The thought was crushingly oppressive—feeling appeared to have arisen to its utmost height, and in an agony bordering on wildness, she implored the Father of mercies, “Save, O save my son, through Him who died to bring sinners unto God.”

Such were the feelings, and such the employment of this mother when the gay and thoughtless were carousing within the town—and among the giddy crowd was her only son. At length, as the fourth hour of day was proclaimed by the announcer of time’s flight, her son entered the humble abode of his mother in a state of intoxication. The worn-out watcher, overcome by anxiety and fatigue, had sunk into a state of partial forgetfulness, and therefore until late the next morning he encountered not the pleading eye and grief-worn countenance of that pious, widowed mother. To follow the prodigal through all the labyrinthine wilds of folly which he continued to tread, or to exhibit the scenes of profanity in which he revelled, would be to unclothe a catalogue at which morality would turn pale, and which credulity might call in question—it will be sufficient to state that he ran the length and breadth of wickedness, and appeared to have reached the height and fathomed the depths of depravity. He seemed madly bent on his own ruin, caring for nothing—neither mercy, nor law, nor gospel influenced the reckless young man. We shall see how his mother’s prayers succeeded, another time.

A FEW WORDS TO CHRISTIAN PARENTS.

No. III.

My dear friends, when we are perplexed or disheartened by finding many difficulties in the way of our parental duties, surely it would help us much to remember how kindly God himself condescends to be our pattern in this as well as in other relationships of life. We are to bring up our children in the nurture of the Lord—as the Lord brings us up. Now, we stand in somewhat the same relation to our children as God does to us. May He enable us to take Him for our pattern. Let us consider how God our Father trains up his children, and what He seeks to produce in us. This will help us with our little ones.

“God is Love,” and all His dealings are in love. Let us seek thus to act; never yielding to caprice, or forbidding things from mere ill-humour, but acting from that principle of true love which always seeks the good of its object. “God is Light.” May He teach us to “walk in the light” before our children; never deceiving them, and, as far as possible, avoiding all concealment from them.

What fruits, dear friends, does our Father seek to produce in us? To what end does He train and discipline us? He desires that we should *love, trust, and obey Him*. Obey, not tardily or unwillingly, but readily, happily, with our wills in submission to His will. Yes, that we may thus obey Him and work in His vineyard. These are some of the fruits which God would see in *His* children. We would fain see them in *our own*. Let us do our part in the matter, and I hesitate not to say, that in seeking to produce in our children the conduct and feelings towards us which we desire to act and feel towards God, we are doing not a little towards their conversion.

Let us gain and keep as a treasure the *love and trust* of

our children; showing them how really, even in small things, we desire their happiness; entering into all their little joys and sorrows, so that when their hearts are overcharged with some trifling grief, they may know at once where to look for sympathy and kindness. "The disciples took up the body and buried it, and went and told Jesus." Again, let our promises to them be faithfully kept, that they may, in some measure, believe us as we believe "our Father." How sad it is in real life to see boys and girls, growing up into manhood and womanhood, making friends—confidential friends—of the most unsuitable persons; telling them all that is in their hearts, seeking their advice, and too often acting upon it; placing no confidence in their parents—seeking no counsel from them.

We are obliged to divide our dear friend's paper here, on account of its length. More next month.

THE DYING CHILD AND HER MOTHER.

(A recent occurrence.)

THE maiden lay on her dying bed,
With bleached cheek and languid eye;
"Oh! raise me, mother," she calmly said,
"Now I think I am going to die."

Upheld by God, the mother replied,
"If so, you'll be for ever blest;
But speak, if you can, of Him who died,
As you pass to your heavenly rest."

The mother listened—no sound came back:
The maiden in beauty lay:
Angels had marked her spirit's track,
O'er the path to an endless day.

Thus the anguish of grief, and the anguish of death,
Were stilled by Omnipotent love;
And while the loved form in calm beauty lay there,
The young spirit was wafted above.

To that glorious land where the Lord is their light,
 And Jesus their centre of joy;
 Bright seraphs and angels, companions and friends,
 And praise their ecstatic employ.

Great Father! blest Jesus! sweet Spirit! descend,
 Our path through life's journey sustain,
 Till, our pilgrimage past, with its duties and cares,
 An entrance to glory we gain.

A TRUE STORY FOR OUR YOUNG FRIENDS.

GENTLE JOHN, THE HAPPY YOUNG VILLAGER.—NO. II.

THERE were few dry eyes in the party, and there was silence for some time; at length Miss G., addressing herself to Mrs. Ormsby, asked, "Did you know this young man in his childhood?" "Yes, he was but a little lad when I first saw him. If you would like to know a little of his history, I will read a short account I have written of him after breakfast." "Oh! do let us all be there, Ma," said Mary, "for I should like to hear all about him." "And I, too, should like to be there," said James, in a low voice. "And I, too,—may I come?" asked little Edwin. "Yes, you may all come if you wish, and we will wait until your studies are over before we read the account of poor John."

When the school hours were past, and the whole party were assembled in the parlour, Mrs. Ormsby took some papers from her desk, and began:—"Gentle John, or as he was sometimes called, 'the little parson,' was a very intelligent-looking boy, with a bright blue eye and rosy cheeks, with fair hair. He was the only child of his parents, who loved him very tenderly, and tried to train him up for God. In his earliest days, John was fond of hearing interesting stories from the Bible read to him, and he was most obedient to those who were placed over

him. When he was a very little fellow, a pious aunt, who resided with his parents, was accustomed to put him to bed at night, and then she would tell him some pretty stories; but when prayer was over she would say, 'Now John must go to sleep, as little children should never play after they have said their prayers and are in bed.' He then remained quite still, seldom saying anything but 'good night,' before he went to sleep. At three years of age he went to a day school, but he was so remarkably timid and fearful that the governess placed a little stool for him close by her side. All the young people in the school liked gentle John, for he never did what was mischievous to any of them. A year after this he entered the Sabbath school, where he was greatly beloved by teachers and children. John always felt anxious to be the first in the class, and would sometimes weep if he thought he should be later than usual, and often left home with only half a breakfast, lest he should be behind time. So very attentive was gentle John to all that was said to him, that it was never known that any of his teachers either scolded or found fault with him. From John's earliest infancy he manifested a singular delight in learning everything he was capable of, and, when quite a little boy, he could repeat all the hymns in the Sunday-school hymn-book, and was much more delighted to have a pretty book than a pretty toy. Sometimes he would get some of his mother's pocket handkerchiefs and pin them on his sleeves, taking them his 'gown,' and saying he was 'going to preach,' generally adding, 'when I am a man I shall go and preach to the heathen far away.'"

(To be continued next month.)

It is better to accomplish perfectly a very small amount of work, than to half do ten times as much.

Begin your web properly and God will supply you with thread.
By learning to obey we know how to command.

THE PRAYERS OF PARENTS TO JESUS OF NAZARETH.—No. II.

BUT the nobleman was, at the time we mentioned last month, a stranger to the Lord; his heart was full only of his dying child; a moment's delay might be fatal, and every other feeling gave way. "Sir, come down," he interrupts, "ere my child die." Here was little knowledge, little faith, but intense earnestness of desire; and notice how the Lord condescends to his weakness. There is no further delay, no trial beyond his strength. Instantly the voice of love is heard—"Go thy way, thy son liveth." "Go thy way." The Lord did not answer his petition in his own way, by coming down with him, but there was a tenderness and a dignity in his assurance—"Thy son liveth,"—which encouraged the father to believe the word of power had been spoken. He went on his way in confidence, and soon his servants met him with the joyful intelligence, that at that very hour the fever left his child, and himself believed, and his whole house.

What lessons of hope and encouragement we may draw from this short and simple history! There may be some parents like the nobleman of Capernaum, who have little knowledge, little faith, and who yet, like the nobleman, are awakened to the consciousness of two great truths, that their children are in danger, imminent danger of eternal death, and that Jesus is able to deliver. This awakens earnest prayer, prayer mingled perhaps with much weakness and folly; they are ready to dictate to the Lord when and how their children must be converted, to expect the blessing only in their own way, to overlook their own personal unbelief, their own long neglect of Jesus, which should mingle much humility with every prayer. Still there is a parent's agonised cry to a Saviour for help. How will it be met? Not, perhaps, by an instant answer.

Faith must be somewhat tried; the humbled parent must see the obstacles his own unbelief have placed in the way. He, too, may hear the words, "Except ye see signs and wonders, ye will not believe." This is a trial, but remember it is no repulse.

Then the answer may come in a very different form from that which he sought—some special privilege, like the Lord's own presence at the nobleman's house, may be refused, and yet in an unlooked-for manner the words of power and healing may be spoken. The Lord will not be dictated to as to His own dealings. The prayer itself is acceptable—and remember, He who tries his people, knows exactly how much their faith can bear. The delay shall not be too long, nor the repulse too stern; importunate prayer, though mingled with rashness and infirmity, is answered not according to its own merits, but according to the infinite love of the Great High Priest; and the joyful assurance, "thy son liveth," has been sealed on the heart of many a parent since the day when it was believed by the nobleman of Capernaum.

"I WILL HAVE MY OWN WAY."

VERY well—try it; we will give you an example or two; see if you can succeed better. There was once a king seated upon his throne, in the enjoyment of all that royalty could bestow—everything ministered to his comfort, and all were ready to do his bidding; still, he was not happy, and he was determined to have his own way in order to be so, and caused a worthy man to be put to death that he might take possession of his vineyard, which he wickedly coveted. But no sooner did he and his guilty queen get it, than God came down and fixed the price, and said,—“It shall be the blood both of the king and queen, and the blood of all the seed-royal.” The price was obliged to be

punctually paid; on the very day which the Lord appointed full payment was demanded, and not one drop of that blood would He excuse. So much for a king having his own way!

Let us now turn and look at a wilful prophet, who was also bent upon having his own way, and try he would. The Lord commanded him to go to Nineveh, but he was determined to go to Tarshish, and for that purpose he set sail; but a storm soon overtook him, and in the midst of it he was thrown into the sea, and would have miserably perished, had not his offended but merciful God provided for his safety. One would have thought he would now have had enough of his own way; but not so. We find him soon after leaving Nineveh, and going to the top of a hill to see what would become of the city. Here the sun scorched him terribly, and the east wind dried him up. Why did he not remain in the city, where he might have had every convenience and comfort? Had Jonah moved on quietly in the way of the Lord, he would have enjoyed more and suffered less; but for wandering and rebelling the Lord commands both the roaring sea and the burning sun to afflict him.

Thus, many are determined to have their own way, in order to better their condition; but they no sooner begin to possess than they quarrel with the price they have to pay for it. Not a few, by having their own way, have been great losers. He is truly great who will deny himself to do the will of God, and who will do what the Lord commands in the face of all discouragements, and quietly abide the consequences. He who will act thus is always safe. Nothing but the grace of God can teach such an important lesson, or form such a self-denying character. Mothers—rich mothers! poor mothers! are you such self-denying characters; or are you among those who will have their own way, cost what it may? Think of the king and queen—think of the prophet; and may the Lord humble

you, and enable you to say, "Not my will, but the will of God be done;" and remember Him who said, "I came down from heaven not to do mine own will, but the will of Him that sent me." M. B.

KIND WORDS TO THE ERRING.

(Continued from page 39.)

M. HAD now enough employment. There was food enough, and clothing enough, for all. The old grandmother had a nice rocking-chair, which a kind neighbour supplied, and a warm rug to sit upon, and such a "lovely comfortable," she said, it kept her so warm. The little girls were sent to school; one of them proving a fine scholar, M. determined to educate her. Yes; her money, earned by daily labour, would pay for the child at the school; and so to the school she went, and there she continued, year after year, pursuing the same course with the best scholars in the village. Anna grew up to be a tall, slender girl, and M. looked upon her with delight and gratitude. She was to be the pride and blessing of her old age, and repay her love and care. Every year added to the promise and prospects of the young girl, who was so nobly urging her way forward to usefulness and respectability. But God had other purposes. Anna was cut down like a flower in the very bloom. A typhus fever laid her low; she lingered a week or two, and died. It was a dreadful stroke to poor M. She was the next victim. She took the fever, and followed the child of her adoption and hard labour. The poor aged mother did not long survive, and left the world in peaceful hope of a better, through the redemption of Christ Jesus. The little tenement is now tenanted up; but what riches of grace had visited its inhabitants! It is easy to perceive that the instrumentalities in this case were very small. They cost nothing. A kind word,

a prayer, a little risk, a little trust! No labours or watchings, no hunger, or, thirst, or cold, or nakedness. Kind words to the erring—how easy! Punctual payments to the poor labourer—how necessary! A watchful tenderness for the immortal soul for which Christ died. Let us not forget, *a soul is worth a word!*—*a soul is worth a prayer!* This story is not even garnished; every syllable is true. The time is short. Let us to-day look over our neighbourhood, to see if beneath the shadow of the church, the school, the rich mansion, there may not be a lonely outcast for whom Christ died.

BRIBES.

DEAR friends, as secretary to an Infant School, I am often both grieved and annoyed at habits, apparently trifles, but which hinder our usefulness to your children, and are injurious to themselves. One of these is the habit many mothers have of *bribing* their children. In the morning the child has had its breakfast, and is washed and made neat, but it cries at being sent to school. "Never mind, mother will give it something, if it is good." "I want some bread—a piece o' bread." Then a slice is cut, and, perhaps, spread with treacle or dripping, and off goes Tommy, loitering all the way to eat his piece, or, what is often the case, dropping it by the way. If the former, he arrives at school with mouth and hands smeared and sticky, and dull and stupid from having crammed himself; if the latter, he cries when he reaches school and finds his loss. If you bribe at home, your little ones will expect it at school, and as they grow up will act and speak, not from a sense of duty but from a hope of expected reward.

Another bad effect of *bribing* is to injure the health. Children should have regular meals, and nothing between them. Only think how very small a child's stomach is,

and the digestive organs are so delicate, that they will soon be injured by constant employment; then follow pale faces, aching heads, and general ill health.

Some mothers promise bribes, which they never mean to give. "Mother will give you something good." But the *something good* ends in—"I can't now, child; don't tease me." This is positively sinful; a promise to a child should be strictly kept, else the parent is lowered in his eyes, and the impression made, perhaps never to be effaced, "My mother does not keep her word." Once let your child find you untruthful, and you may reap lesson on lesson, *in words*, about truth, but it will be in vain.

Now, dear friends, teach them, it is a good and blessed thing to be instructed; make it a cheerful thing to go to school; and make the favour of God and your love the motive to your children. Always connect the idea of *happiness* with *duty*; a child soon takes a given bent, particularly from a mother:

We watch for the souls of your little ones, as they that must give account. Work and watch with us, and then, with God's blessing, we shall give that account with joy and not with grief.

L. T. Y.

A HINT TO THE TIRED AND WEARY MOTHER.

ART thou tired, young mother, with the noisy prattle of thy offspring? Art thou apt to utter a hasty reproof to those little ones, who so often intersect thy path and retard thy eager step to promote their comfort? Dost thou sometimes wish them for a time absent, that thou mightest do the bidding of thy own will without let or hindrance? Knowest thou not that in little things thy heavenly Father doeth all things well? that these trials of patience are for the good of thy soul? The trial of thy faith is much more precious than gold, though it be tried with fire."

Let us see the wisdom of our Father in suffering us to be often in the school-room of endurance; it is that we may be able to say, like Paul of old, "None of these things move me?" and this can only be uttered aright, while the mother's eye is fixed on Jesus. Let us see how meekly He bore without upbraiding the careless inquirer, who asked "What is truth?" and then, without waiting for a reply, turned from the only wise teacher to serve a blood-thirsty rabble, that thereby he might retain the mammon of his own soul.

Thou art now surrounded with the boisterous laugh of childish sport; let but thy half-conceived wish for quiet be answered by the well-directed shaft from the arrow of the gaunt figure of disease—let thy little ones be laid low, and then what mental agony wouldst thou feel at the dread of separation! Let the thought of what might be lead thee to listen to their prattle with sympathy, and, when thou canst, tune their strains to the praise of Jesus, by telling them of his dying love to them, of his loud and bitter cry, as well as of his loving look, when He said, "Let the little ones come unto me."

E. T.

A CHILD'S LETTER.

To the Editor of the "Mothers' Friend."

MY DEAR MADAM,—I thought the enclosed letter, in its primitive form, might well fill a corner of your valuable little work; it was addressed by a poor boy, nine years of age, to his teacher, and might serve to encourage both parents and teachers to begin early in the work of religious instruction, and they will doubtless soon reap "good fruit." "In the lips of him that hath understanding, wisdom is found." Hoping that increased prosperity attends our "Mothers' Friend," I remain, dear madam, yours sincerely,

R. J. C.

DEAR SIR,—I am now about to tell you what I feel in my heart. I feel how much I should like to go to heaven; oh, it

must be a very happy place. But "there shall in nowise enter into it anything that defileth, neither whatsoever worketh abomination or maketh a lie, but they who are written in the Lamb's book of life." Dear Sir, I pray, night and morning, for God to give me his Holy Spirit and to make me a good child, and to make me kind and obedient to my parents, and I pray for my schoolmaster. Dear Sir, how much that word HELL does strike me when I think about it—it seems it must be awful—"there shall be wailing and gnashing of teeth." I very often think upon what you told us a little while ago, "And there shall be no release of pain, and it shall be for ever and ever." I cannot think what some people will be imagining, and what they will say in that great day of judgment. O Lord, grant that they may be ready in time, "now is the day of salvation." May the Lord add his blessing. Amen.

G D.

THE-PIECE OF BLUE CAMBRIC.

ONE day, when I was a very little girl, I remember giving my teacher much trouble by my inattention and carelessness at school. Throughout the day I was a naughty child—I do not think I meant to be so; but I had a new doll at home, and was thinking of it all along, and reckoning of making it fine clothes when my school duties were over. At last the time for leaving arrived, and glad enough I was; never did I put by my books and work more gladly. Scarcely had I done so than my teacher's sad, earnest gaze met me, and the remembrance of my thoughtlessness dawned upon me. I did not, however, feel so sorry as I ought to have done; my doll filled all my thoughts, and as quickly as possible I got to my work. But soon a difficulty arose; among all my treasures I could find nothing large enough to make my idol a frock. My teacher resided with us, and I sought her room to solicit her help.

All the way I went, conscience was speaking to me; I knew I deserved no favour that evening; but I presented

myself and urged my request." My kind teacher did not deny me, but taking my hand, said tenderly, while her face wore a sorrowful expression, "Now I have found out the secret of my little girl's inattention to-day." Then telling me it was wrong to allow my toys to divert my attention from duty, and bidding me be watchful in future, she gave me a large piece of blue cambric. In my estimation it was a splendid gift, and far exceeded any idea I had formed as to the size and value of the material I desired. I was overcome, melted to tears, and really sorry on account of my misbehaviour; and as I walked away, said to myself, "I never will be naughty again." And I do believe this little circumstance has, to a certain extent, influenced my life ever since.

Had I met with a stern refusal, probably no feeling of prudence would have been awakened, nor any good desires kindled, nor would my teacher have gained any influence over me; as it was, I received a very dignified impression of her character—I loved and respected her more than ever: and for a long time afterwards she had no reason to complain of me; and when unfavourable symptoms appeared, a look from her was enough to recall me to duty.

If parents and teachers would only study the different dispositions of the children under their care, make some allowance for their temptations and childish weakness, and be not too hasty and severe in their censures, but let the law of kindness dwell on their lips, they would see far greater and happier results follow their labours.

M. S. E.

FRAGMENTS FOR SPARE MOMENTS.

KNOWLEDGE.

We want not so much means of knowing what we ought to do, as will to do that which we may know.

A GOOD NAME.

Socrates was asked by a man how he might obtain a good name; the philosopher replied, "By being what you wish to be thought."

TRUE ENJOYMENT.

A Roman emperor once said, "I cannot relish a happiness which no one shares in but myself." The way to increase our own happiness is to share it with others.

GOD OF MY MOTHER.

The Rev. C. Morgan, of East-Troy, in giving an account of a religious revival in that place, says, an infidel of talent and respectability, under the power of truth, bowed upon his knees and cried in agony, "God of my mother, have mercy on me!" His mother is a devoted Christian woman. "God of my mother!" How much is revealed in that single exclamation! How conclusively it proves that this man had a mother whose faithfulness left its impression on his soul too deep to be obliterated by time and sin.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Wings and Stings; or, Lessons from Insect Life. By A. L. O. E.
London: Nelson.

An amusing story for the little ones.

The Teacher's Offering for 1855. London: Ward.

A beautiful little volume; suitable for presentation to our young friends.

Mamma's Poems. London: Ward.

Little tales in rhyme for little folks.

Jesus only. By J. O. JACKSON. London: Ward.

Some earnest thoughts on tholentous subjects.

Filial Affection; or, what Little Hands may do. London: Ward.

Good hints to fathers, mothers, and little maidens.

Youth, its Powers and Possibilities. A Sermon by Rev. J. R. LEITCHIE.

A suitable present for our young people.

The Book and its Mission. No. 1. London: Bagster.

Information very interesting to every right-minded person. We cordially recommend it to the attention of our young friends.

THE SHADOW OF A LIFE.

There is a fragrant blossom that maketh glad the garner of the heart ;
Its root lieth deep : it is delicate yet lasting, as the lilac crocus of
autumn ;

Loneliness and thought are the dews that water it morn and even :
Memory and absence cherish it as the balmy breathings of the south :
Its sun is the brightness of affection, and it bloometh in the borders
of hope.

I saw and asked not its name ; I knew no language was so wealthy, .
Though every heart of every clime findeth its echo within.

And yet what shall I say ? Is a sordid man capable of love ?—
Or he that changeth often can he know its truth ?

Lasting and knowing not change—it walketh with Truth and Sincerity,
Love is a sweet idolatry enslaving all the soul.

" You look rather dull this morning, Lucy," said
Mrs. Angus, as she entered the parlour, and gazed upon
her daughter, who was looking thoughtfully into the fire.

" Yes, mamma, I am rather dull ; I cannot throw off an
oppression on my mind that will now and then obtrude
itself." " Dear me, child, how ridiculous ! why, at your

age, Lucy, I was the life and soul of every young party ;
and as to dull care, why I danced and sang it away ; but
young people now-a-days are mopish and lifeless, more
like old folks than young ones." " Are they, Ma ?"

" Yes, indeed they are, Lucy. What did Maurice say to
you last evening ? You look as if you had been keeping
watch in a churchyard all night." " I did not sleep well
last night, mamma."

" I wish, with all my heart, Lucy," rejoined Mrs. Angus,
" this marriage affair were ended. You will be happy
enough in your new home, I have no doubt ; but I see
plainly that all the time you are allowed to think about it
you are miserable. I cannot understand it. Why, the
thought of my marriage made me as gay as the lark. The
bridal dress, the orange flowers, and the company, with
all the attention a bride attracts, quite bewildered my

brain, and kept me always alive." "Did it, mamma? I do not care about those things—they are only for a day; but the solemn engagement lasts for ever."

"I tell you what, Lucy, I am very sorry I ever allowed you to be so much with your cousin Marian in her last illness. I am quite sure those scenes there had an influence on you." "Yes, mamma, I hope the illness and happy death of dear Marian *did* have an influence on me. I often wish Maurice had been there too—perhaps then we should think more alike than we do now. I should like to die just as Marian did, rejoicing in the thought of being with Jesus; and yet, mamma, you know Marian had even more to attach her to this life than I have, when she said 'to depart is far better.' Full well I know now that those who would die the death of the Christian must first live the life the Bible enjoins. I never knew anything about religion before I lived in my cousin's sick room." "Ah, that is just what I say; you never had such dull and gloomy views of things before, as you now have. I can see that Maurice thinks so too; but I tell him you will be gay enough when he calls you his bride."

"Oh, mamma, did you tell him so!" exclaimed Lucy; "only think what I shall feel at leaving the home of my childhood, to enter upon new and untried duties without your help or advice; and then, mamma, I sometimes think we are not very suitable, and that you did not allow me to grow old enough to judge for myself before you introduced Maurice to me as one who could make me happy. Yet when I reflect that I love Maurice so very—*very* much, I hope I may be able to act as the Bible requires in my new home; and, indeed, mamma, the recollection of what I saw, and heard and learned at the side of my cousin's deathbed, and which you fear is now clouding my present days, is the very thing that cheers me; for I feel sure, from all I there witnessed, that our heavenly Father does hear and answer prayer. But then——"

"You *there* witnessed, indeed!" interrupted the mother—"Lucy, surely you did not need to go to your aunt's to learn this, I think. I have taken all that trouble long ago for you. Bless me, what will the world come to! children, indeed, are to teach mothers, I suppose!" "Oh, no, mamma; but I was going to say, I fear sometimes that Maurice thinks about the fortune my uncle left me, for he said one day, 'A man must be a fool in these times to marry for love.' Oh, it sent such a chill through my heart; and I have often wished since, either that I did not love Maurice, or that my uncle had never left me anything in his will—then I should know if I am really loved for myself." "What folly you have in your head, Lucy—of course, the speech only proved Maurice to be a prudent man. No wonder you look as dull as a November day. Do, child, cheer up, and look at life's pathway with a light face. I am sometimes afraid Maurice will think that you are not suitable for him. Do pray cheer up, and don't be mopish. Life is all brightness, or ought to be at your time of life." "Ah, mamma, I fear I shall have a shadow over my pathway."

WHAT A CHILD MAY DO.—A FACT.

As twilight was casting its deep shadows over the face of nature, and clothing all things as it were in its sober livery, a young man might be seen walking in his garden, holding by one hand a little sprightly girl of three years of age. The young man was indulging in thoughts of a pensive nature, while his little child was gazing around upon the beauties of nature everywhere visible. At length they came to a bed of flowers, which, on account of its peculiar beauty, proved very attractive to the little child. After gazing on the flower-bed for some time with looks evincing no small delight and admiration at the choice flowers, she pointed to one of transcendent beauty, and

said, in tones peculiarly mild and attractive, "Oh! Pa, do pick that little flower; it is so pretty, I should like to have it." The fond father immediately complied with the wishes of his engaging child—plucked the flower, she so much desired, and gave it to his sweet little one. The child, with parted lips and sparkling eyes, seized the gift and smiled. She then exclaimed, "Oh! Pa, who made this little lovely violet?—who gave it such a fragrant smell?"

The father was a confirmed atheist, and therefore this remark of his prating innocent was one well calculated to pierce his very soul. A change immediately passed over his manly brow—his eye now assumed a strangely wild appearance—his thoughts had been roused within him, and all in a moment. How was it? What occasioned it? All was the effect of that sweet artless child's remark. The truth now flashed on the mind of that father—the truth in all its power. He now exclaimed, in earnest and emphatic tones, "There is a God who made that flower, my dearest child." Is it wonderful that from this time the atheistical father threw off the chains that bound him to the erroneous dogmas of infidelity, and became a true lover and follower of that very God whose existence he had formerly denied? And who was it that effected this mighty change? It was the Holy Spirit of God, working by the instrumentality of a feeble child. Truly, "God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things that are mighty," and "out of the mouths of babes and sucklings He hath perfected praise." A. B. L.

THE PRAYERS OF PARENTS TO JESUS OF NAZARETH.—No. III.

We considered last month the history of the
of Capernaum, and we noted the tender mercy which

yielded so soon to his impatient cry of distress, "Sir, come down ere my child die." A very different scene now presents itself. Jesus is on the border-land of Israel, on the coasts of Tyre and Sidon, and a Canaanitish woman, one of the accursed race, presents herself to him. This is not the place where we should have expected one of the strongest displays of faith struggling with discouragement, but here the promise was fulfilled, "the first shall be last, and the last first." This woman, a mother, was in deep distress. The power which evil spirits now possess over the souls of our children, leading them to destroy themselves and ruin those around, was then permitted to be exercised over the body as well as the soul. It showed itself often in strange and wild madness, the sufferer throwing himself into the fire, or the water—being fierce and dangerous to all around, and under the manifest power of the evil, the cruel enemy of man.

Mother, can you imagine what it would be to see a beloved daughter thus tormented, led captive, degraded? Can you imagine how you would shudder at that dark and hidden power of evil so terrible, and yet from which you were so unable to deliver her? Dwell on it a little, and you will realize in some measure the sorrows of this Canaanitish mother, and be able to sympathize with the hope which thrilled her bosom when she heard that the Jewish prophet, Jesus of Nazareth, was within their coasts. Was it not He who had rescued so many in Israel from the power of evil spirits? He was able to deliver. Did not all tell that He never sent any unhelped away? He would not turn from her. She follows him; she cries, "Have mercy on me, O Lord, thou son of David! my daughter is grievously vexed with a devil." But he answered her not a word. That blank silence—what a chill to every hope!

Christian mother, have you ever felt this chill? You have seen your children under the power of the enemy, you

have laid their case before the Lord; you have earnestly sought that the bands of some sin might be broken, and for a time there has seemed no answer; all has gone on as though you had not prayed. It is a hard struggle to faith. Have the words of faith indeed been spent upon the empty air? Is there none in heaven that hears them? or is there something so specially hopeless in my case, that the others may get a blessing and I must cry in vain? What dark thoughts crowd in while faith sickens before fruitless prayer! Yet where desire is very earnest, faith will struggle on. 1

"I WONDER WHETHER MY FATHER AND MOTHER ARE IN HEAVEN?"

WE believe this is a question often pondered by many, and a deeply solemn and interesting question it is. Let us hear what one or two have to say upon it.

"My father was a working man, and in his day superior to the generality of his class; but from what I have heard him say, I have reason to believe he was a godless man, and for many years lived without hope in the world. Still, I thought my father was all a man ought to be, and the discovery was not made until he was suddenly taken ill, and thought himself dying; then terror and distress overtook him, and he called so loud and anxiously for mercy as quite alarmed me, and, young as I was, I began to reason upon his conduct, and notice the change which followed. He was clearly another man; I could see it in all things; in his reading—his conversation—in his daily habits. Family prayer was established. He would speak of the privileges of the hours of prayer, and the preciousness of the Bible. My mother was a thoughtful but very quiet person; she saw the change, gradually fell into it, and if she did not greatly help, never hindered. They walked

together marvellously happy. This was consistently maintained the few years I remained at home, and I know it continued to the end of their days. More than thirty years have passed since they went down to the grave. I often think of them, and I do firmly believe they are gone to heaven."

"My father and my mother," says another, "were both born of religious parents, and from their youth up were in the habit of attending a place of worship. Their connexions and friendships were all amongst professing people. Their natural habits preserved them from the temptations which have been the ruin of many. They had a good report of all men, and passed on the even tenor of their way. They never became what is called "decided for God." None were faster or better friends to their minister; indeed, their hospitality and kindness to ministers in general was abundant; they took pleasure in ministering to the necessities of the saints, and few timed their benevolence with greater skill and promptitude. They tolerated family prayer—let us hope, enjoyed it—yet seldom read their Bible. This negative and undecided course continued all their days. They have long since gone to their account, and I have many anxious thoughts concerning them; there are pleasing reminiscences upon which I delight to dwell—sayings and doings which give wings to hope. It is quite certain they were well acquainted with the way of salvation for a poor sinner through faith in Christ Jesus. With respect to their everlasting happiness, alas! I am in doubt. I dare not—I cannot say." Another instance, and I have done.

"My father and mother were plain, honest, hardworking people, and having several children, they had often much ado to make both ends meet; but my mother had a great dread of getting into debt, and would much sooner tax her ingenuity to make things do by mending and altering, rather than by getting new involve herself in difficulties she

knew not how to meet, and seemed to satisfy all by saying, 'Out of debt out of danger ; it is all very pretty to give your orders and wear the fine things, but when the bills come in, what then ? Who is to pay them ?' We thus got a name for honest, industrious folks, and were always neat and clean on the Sunday. My father sometimes went to a place of worship, and would take one of us with him ; but more commonly we took a walk in the fields, always taking good care to be home in time for dinner, which came hot from the baker's. I can remember standing anxiously watching for his appearance round the corner, and running to open the door for him. In the evening, my mother would sometimes go to a meeting close by ; upon her return, the young ones were pretty well tired and sent off to bed. Reading the Bible and prayer were never once thought of—at least, never practised. Thus we lived without God in the world, but comforted ourselves with the thought that we owed no man anything, and were at peace with all men ; that God was merciful, and we hoped it would be all right at last. In this vague uncertainty my father and my mother lived and died. As to the question, 'Are they now in heaven ?' which often presses heavily upon me, I confess I am very unwilling to entertain it—I had rather not decide." Compare it then, reader, with that solemn declaration of our Lord, and then judge for yourself. "Verily, verily, I say unto you, except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God."

M. B.

A FEW WORDS TO CHRISTIAN PARENTS.

No. IV.

How sad, again, to find parents—yes, Christian parents, —entirely ignorant of the spiritual state of their children ! An illness coming suddenly on a child, and the agonized

father and mother dwelling with intense anxiety on the few parting words of their darling (if, indeed, the fatal disease allowed him to give them any), ignorant—totally ignorant—of his previous state. Dear friends, something must be wrong here. These are mournful facts, and we wonder and grieve over them. At any rate, God has not been the pattern in such cases. Between Him and His children there is blessed and holy intercourse. He tells them their very hairs are numbered, and invites them to come to Him, cast their burdens upon Him, and tell Him all their joys and sorrows.

Besides loving and trusting Him, God will have His children obey and serve Him, submitting in all things to His will. Here is a practical direction for us. Our little ones must be accustomed from infancy to prompt, unquestioning obedience. Self-will must be conquered; and they must learn to yield in all things to the wishes of their parents. In these days it is the custom (perhaps the fashion) to act otherwise. To request obedience from a child quite as a favour—to give him his own way—to consult his own choice in almost everything, and not to treat him, more than can be helped, in any respect as a child.

Dear friends,—I can only say, God is our pattern, and it is not thus He deals with us. By-and-by, in a perfect state, we shall put away childish things; but now (ah, happy thought!) He condescends to treat us as children. Once more, let us seek to cultivate in our children habits of constant, untiring industry. God says to us, "Go, work to-day in my vineyard;" "work, while it is called to-day." Let us not be disheartened with little children, if their efforts be nothing after all but busy idleness. As they grow older they will seek more useful occupation. The habit of constant employment will be a blessing to them in all their after life, and if they belong to the family of Christ, will make it easier for them to labour for Him.

Dear friends, God himself has said,—"Be not deceived; God is not mocked; for whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap." Let us not listen for a moment to those who are contented with waiting till God shall convert their children, taking but little heed to them themselves. We would be earnest in prayer, but earnest also in training them aright, and assuredly we shall reap if we "faint not."

Oxford.

MARY.

THE CRUEL FATHER.

"Oh! pray Sir, stop whipping that child," said a white-haired old man to a rough red-faced labourer, who was laying on, with unmerciful force, a large stick over the back of a lad. "He's *my* boy," said the man savagely; "what is it to *you* what I do to him?" "And if he is your child, is that a good reason for half killing him, as you seem to be doing? What has the poor lad done?" "He's done about enough for one day, I should think. He's stole a box of cigars, and told more'n twenty lies about 'em, and he's the most impudent boy anywheres about. I'll beat the wickedness out of him, if I have to crack all his bones. I'll give him something this time that he'll remember." "Wait a moment, my friend; you'll be much more likely to beat fresh wickedness into him than to beat the old out. Your boy has certainly done very wrong, and deserves punishment if he has stolen and lied; but I think your method of administration is not the best." "He deserves all he gets. No danger of my thrashing him too much. He torments my life out of me, Sir. I don't know what to do with him." "Do you suppose he is a more undutiful son to you than you are to your Maker? Does he appear more wicked in your eyes than you do in the eyes of God? Have you reasoned and preached and warned him more frequently or tenderly, or

have you provided for his wants more carefully and generously than God has done with and for you? Is he more ungrateful to you, an imperfect and unholy parent, than you are to your perfect and holy Creator?"

The labourer seemed to be somewhat moved. He gave the lad a shove, and stood looking at him as he wept. "Poor little wretched boy," said the good old man, "how he has been abused, and by those who are bound by the most sacred ties to befriend him!" "I don't know how to get along with him," said the red-faced man. "I see you do not," said the gentleman; and as the boy had gone a short distance from them, he added in a lower voice,—"The child can never respect or love a parent who can treat him so brutally. You are raising that boy to wring your heart and bring your grey hairs with sorrow to the grave, unless you change your course. Will you let him come and live with me a year?" "Yes, Sir,—or ten years; but you'll get sick of him in a week; you can't do him any good; 'tis no use to try." "When he or you either are past the help of God and man, the word will go forth against you, 'Cut him down; why cumbereth he the ground?' but it has not been uttered yet. I will take the lad home with me."

There was not much trouble in inducing the child to go. All places were pretty much alike to him. Trouble enough had that kind old man to uproot the tares which neglect and abuse had planted in poor Jemmy's heart; but labour and faith, and love, firmness, kindness, and perseverance did the work at last; and the true and large-souled charity of the noble Christian was rewarded by seeing the good seed that he had sown in that unpromising soil spring up and bear fruit to the glory of God and for the good of men, for the poor little thief of other days is now a Christian missionary.

A TRUE STORY FOR OUR YOUNG FRIENDS.

GENTLE JOHN, THE HAPPY YOUNG VILLAGER.—NO. III.

"THERE were," continued Mrs. Ormsby, "two things especially in the character of Gentle John, which little boys and girls would do well to imitate:—one was, *his love for prayer*; and the other, *his desire to keep holy the Sabbath day*. John's mother was in the habit of praying with him every day, and when she had finished her prayer, he would take his turn and pray for himself and for all who were dear to him, and for many things that he felt he needed to make him a happy and holy boy. One day his grandfather happened to open the door of a room where this praying boy was kneeling alone, but he quietly went back and closed the door, and then mentioned the circumstance to his mother, who, after some little time, asked John what he was doing: 'I was trying to pray as you do,' said the little fellow.

"On one occasion his mother was conversing with him about the value of his soul, and the sad state of those who live without loving and serving God, and about the awful judgment, when the righteous will stand at the right-hand of the Saviour, who will be the Judge, and the wicked at the left. After a conversation of this kind, to which he had been very attentive, she, added, 'I hope, my boy, you pray for those who are not in the narrow road?' Bursting into tears, he replied: 'I do, mother, I do; but I am afraid it is of no use, for I see people just as far from God as ever.'

"On another occasion, when John's mother was very ill and not expected to recover, he was exceedingly distressed, and used to shut himself up in a little room and pray to the Saviour most fervently that she might be spared. He had so much faith in prayer, that after a little time, although his mother continued very ill, he felt sure she would not die; and when others were almost in despair as

to her recovery, he would say, "Oh! she will not die—I know she will not die;" then he would go into his closet to pray again."

"Well, he was a praying little boy, mamma!" remarked little Edwin? "I wish I was like him. He was glad when Sunday came too, Ma, wasn't he? so am I!" "Yes, he was!" "I dare say, mamma," said Mary, "John knew that little hymn—

I must neither work nor play,
Because it is the Sabbath day."

"Yes, and he could say that pretty hymn you learned, beginning—

Welcome, sweet day of rest.

Gentle John was on a visit with his mother to a lady, who made him a present of a bat and ball on a Saturday evening; the following morning, as she did not see him playing with it as she expected, she asked him where it was. John felt very sorry to be asked such a question on the Sabbath. He hung down his head and blushed, but he could not say a word; so his mother, who was standing by, answered for him by saying, 'He never plays on a Sunday, ~~more~~.' John would often sit very silent on the Sabbath day when he was not engaged in reading, as he used to say he was afraid he should say things that were not right. One Sabbath, his mother remarked, 'My dear John, your hair is very rough, it wants to be cut.' He looked at her with his bright blue eyes, saying, 'Oh! my dear mother, is that right conversation for a Sunday? Never mind to-day, mother!'

(To be continued next month.)

BEGIN EARLY.—No. IV.

EVERY motive which ingenuity could devise, and every argument which wisdom, love and zeal could supply, were

employed by Widow B., to induce her son to turn from his evil ways and live. There was one feature in this young man's character, which seemed to be a redeeming quality to save the whole from execration and abhorrence—it was, the strong affection which he bore towards his mother. This did not, indeed, always operate—passion led him frequently to do what his informed judgment reprobated. There were seasons, however, when no pleasure of which he was capable could bear comparison with what he experienced on beholding his *mother* happy. It was during one of these periods of rationality, that the pious widow besought her wandering son to accompany her to the place of worship which she constantly attended. For a few moments he treated the request—as he had often done before—with heartless raillery, but at length, won by the earnestness of his mother's entreaties, he consented to accompany her.

° That a Christian mother should feel emotions such as cold calculating theorists cannot even imagine, at beholding the sole object of her earthly affections and anxious solicitude brought within the sound of those truths which are declared to be the power of God unto salvation, is not surprising even on natural principles; powerful and deep indeed were the feelings of the mother, as she gazed upon her son, when he took his seat in the temple of God; every strong appeal to the conscience, every alarming display of the evil and tendency of sin, and every touching exhibition of the love of God which fell from the preacher's lips, fixed the anxious eye of the watchful mother upon her son, while she raised her heart in unuttered supplication to the Spirit of truth, that He would enlighten the eyes of the understanding, and take away the enmity of the heart of her son. Still no pleasing indications were afforded that her petitions had been granted, or that ignorance and depravity had been superseded by knowledge and a desire for purity; thus the service closed, and the

mother and son retired again to their dwelling—the widow to weep and pray, and the son to act as if given up to the hardness of his heart. • More next month. •

A LAMB OF THE MISSIONARY FIELD.

*New Amsterdam, Berbice,
July 23rd, 1855.*

MY DEAR MADAM,—When I had the pleasure of meeting you in London, I promised to write to you on my return to this country. Death has again entered our dwelling, and our first-born, a dear little girl of eleven years of age, has been taken away from this world of sin and sorrow, and gone home, we trust, to our Father's house above. I have just been reminded again of my promise by the arrival of the monthly supply of your valuable little periodical, and it has occurred to me that some little account of our dear child would not be uninteresting to you. She is taken from us—but what is loss to us, we doubt not, is gain to her; and we sorrow not as those who have no hope, for she gave all the evidence we could expect from one of her years that she belonged to the Saviour's little flock. From the time she was five years of age, she was subject to fits, at first slight and occasional, but latterly more frequent and violent, so that her sufferings were often great; but she bore them with the greatest patience and resignation, never murmuring or repining, but often remarking how thankful she ought to be that she had a mamma to take care of her when she was ill. One day a friend asked her how she felt in the prospect of probably remaining a sufferer through life; her reply was, that she had been taught to say, "not my will but thine be done." She was very fond of singing hymns; one day, whilst singing that beautiful one which was one of her great favourites—

" 'Tis my happiness below,
• Not to live without the cross;
But the Saviour's power to know
• Sanctifying every loss."—

she was in a moment prostrated on the floor in a sudden fit. So

soon as it was over, it was touching to hear her composedly resume her singing—

"Trials must and will befall,
But with humble faith to see
Love inscribed upon them all,
• This is happiness to me."

Her confidence in God was simple and childlike, she seemed to have a realizing sense of His presence and providential care. On one occasion, as we were returning from one of the Mission Stations, we were in some danger of being overturned in the gig, but she showed no alarm, and when I gave expression to my fears, she said, quite calmly, "Mamma, God will take care of us;" and when we got into a little canoe to cross the river, she remarked, "God is with us here too."

At another time, when we had had a safe and pleasant journey from another Station, she told me, when she came back after retiring for prayer, that she had thanked God for journeying mercies. The birth of an infant brother a few months before her death greatly delighted her, and she would often say, how kind it was in God to send us a baby, and, I believe, in her prayers regularly thanked God for giving her a little brother; and when the infant was very ill for some weeks, she would say, whilst the tears stood in her eyes, "Oh, I hope God is not going to take the baby from us," and often begged God, if he pleased, to spare the life of her dear little brother. She loved the Sabbath day very much; it was to her truly "the best of all the seven;" she often expressed her delight when it returned, and when asked why she loved that day, she replied, "Because I go to God's house and to Sunday school." She was greatly attached to her teacher, and on Sunday mornings would watch for her from the window, ready to run and meet her and accompany her to school; and when in the class, her teacher always found her very attentive and anxious to understand the lessons. She was also very eager to commit to memory the prescribed passages of Scripture, regularly adding a hymn of her own selecting; and if at any time, from the state of her health, she was prevented from committing her passage to memory, it quite distressed her.

She often asked her papa or me to pray with her, and never seemed happier than when we did so; and there was no surer way of giving her pleasure, than by reading and talking with

her on religious subjects. During her short illness, she asked me several times to pray with her, and on the morning of the day she died, when her papa came into her room, she asked him to pray with her, and had me called from the adjoining room, saying, "I wish mamma to come too;"—little did we then think that it was the last time she would ask us to approach the

(To be concluded next month.)

IDLE PERSONS.

IDLERS are an annoyance—a nuisance. They are of no benefit to anybody—they are intruders in the busy thoroughfare of every-day life—they stand in our path, and we push them contemptuously aside—they are of no advantage to anybody—they annoy those who are busy—they make them unhappy—they are units in society—they may have an income to support them in idleness, or they may "sponge" on their good-natured friends, but, in either case, they are despised. Young people, do something in this busy, bustling, wide-awake world! Move about for the benefit of mankind, if not for yourselves. Do not be idle. God's law is, that by the sweat of our brow we shall earn our bread; that law is a good one, and the bread we eat is sweet. Do not be idle. Minutes are too precious to be squandered thoughtlessly. Every man and every woman, however exalted, or however humble, can do good in this short life, if so inclined; therefore, do not be idle.

"THEY NEVER READ THE BIBLE."

SUCH was the exclamation of a little girl, who was spending a few days at my house. One morning, after we had been uniting in family worship, speaking to me of a visit lately paid at the house of a friend, she remarked, "But they never read the Bible at that house." Mothers,

can your children say this of their homes? Do you read the Word of God with them? Do they see that you love it, and that you are living up to its sacred precepts? Oh, ye who have little immortal beings committed to your charge, seek to impress their young minds with the value of the Scriptures! What law so fitted to be the guide of their young hearts through the sorrows and temptations of life? May it indeed be to us, as mothers, a lamp to our feet, and a light to our path.

HOW TO TREAT SLANDER.

NEVER you fear, but go a-head,
In self-relying strength;
What matters it that malice said,
"I've found it out at length!"
Found out! found what? An honest man
Is open as the light;
So search as keenly as you can,
You'll only find—all right.

Yes, blot him black with slander's ink,
He stands as fair as snow!
You serve him better than you think,
And kinder than you know.
What! is it not some credit, then,
That he provokes your blame?
This merely with all better men
Is quite a sort of fame!

Through good report and ill report
The good man goes his way,
Nor condescends to pay his court
To what the vile may say.
Ah, be the scandal what you will,
And whisper what you please,
You do but fan his glory still,
By whistling up a breeze.

The little spark becomes a flame,
 If you don't hold your tongue;
 Nobody pays you for your blame,
 Nor cares to prove you wrong;
 But if you will so kindly aid,
 And prop a good man's peace,
 Why really one is half afraid
 Your ill-reports should cease!

Look you! two children playing there,
 With battledores in hand;
 To keep the shuttle in the air,
 Must strike it as they stand;
 It flags and falls if both should stop
 To look admiring on,
 And so fame's shuttlecock would drop
 Without a *pro* and *con*.—*Tupper.*

FRAGMENTS FOR SPARE MOMENTS

"I WANT TO HEAR THE CUCKOO FIRST."

A dear little boy of three years old, sitting on his mamma's knee, one day said, with much earnestness, "Mamma dear, when do you think God will fetch me to Heaven?" His mamma replied, "I do not know, dear, but when He thinks best; He knows what is best for us, and although mamma does not know the time, God does. You must be a good little boy, then you will be ready when God calls you." He said, with tears in his eyes, and with child-like simplicity, "I hope God will not fetch me this summer time,—I want to hear the cuckoo first; then I should like to go."

HOW DOES GOD MAKE FLIES?

The same little boy is very fond of talking about Heaven. On one occasion, when his mamma had been reproving his little sister for killing a fly, telling her "God made the little flies, and she must not hurt them, he said,

"How does God make the little flies, mamma? but, never mind, I shall go to Heaven soon, then I shall see God make them." His mamma could not refrain from weeping as she thought, "Ah! my boy, perhaps you will soon go to Heaven;" but she quickly dried her tears, and thought how delightful it would be to meet her beloved boy in that happy land about which he is now so fond of speaking.

A LITTLE GIRL'S PRAYER.

A little girl, who was quite delirious from brain-fever, and who died when seven years of age, thus expressed herself in an interval of ease from her agony, "Oh! Jesus, do thou bless me; oh! save me, and take away all my sin, that I may be for ever with thee in Heaven." Then, turning to her beloved mamma, she exclaimed, "Oh! I want to go to peace,—take me, dear mother; oh! take me away."

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Holidays at the Cottage; or, a Visit to Aunt Susan. Edinburgh: Shepherd. London: Hamilton.

An amusing history for young readers, blended with instruction.

Kitty Brown beginning to Think. By the Author of *The Manse of Sunny Side.* Edinburgh: Shepherd. London: Hamilton.

A beautiful little book for our daughters.

Henrietta's History. London: Hamilton.

An amusing little baby-girl's diary.

The Three-legged Penny. London: Hamilton.

A nice little book, worth buying and circulating.

Look before you Leap. By W. B. THOMSON. Edinburgh: Shepherd.

A capital little book for boys; cheap and useful.

Little Jessie; or, the Death-bed of a Young Believer. Edinburgh: Shepherd.

True to its title, and useful in its tendency.

Spots upon the Sun. By Rev. J. NAYTON. Edinburgh: Shepherd.

Worthy the name of the writer. A book for everybody.

Friendly Counsels to Female Servants. By Rev. A. THOMSON. London: Hamilton.

valuable little book to give or lend a young servant.

LEAVING HOME.

"Oceans have been crossed, foreign lands travelled o'er, silver threads have mingled in dark tresses, but for ever will that dear old house be treasured in our hearts as a beloved and sacred thing."

"Now then, mother mine," said John Aldis, "I am all ready. Oh dear, dear! I am very sad, though I am ashamed to say so. How I shall miss you, and my father, and everything else in this dear old house. Do write often to me; I am really ashamed of my weakness." "Love for your home is not a weakness, boy; if you left the home of your childhood without a regret, I certainly should think I had been a very bad mother." "Oh, mother, if your goodness is to be estimated by my regret at leaving you, I should like to swell the Atlantic with my tears; you will write often, will you not, my mother?" "Yes, my son, we will, but do not forget your mother's God; He will always be near you, a very present help, and a very powerful friend." One last kiss, and a pressure of the hand, and John was gone to battle with the world.

What a crisis in the history of the youth is the hour when he leaves home! Who can measure the anxiety of the pious mother, as her son passes away from her sight and the comforts of her dwelling to mingle among strangers in a strange place? We have seen some mothers send their children away one after the other without much regret, and caring very little as to where their future home might be. They have reminded us of the little birds pushing out their nestlings, reckless and careless as to their future weal or woe. But not so the God-fearing mother. No, no—she goes, with streaming eyes and beating heart, to commend her boy fervently and earnestly to her God. All day long she sends up the ejaculatory prayer, "Let, oh let my Ishmael live before thee; keep my son from the snares of the world and the temptations that ever surround the young."

The youth goes forth from the sacred shelter of a parent's dwelling; no more the loving voice of the mother and the judgment of the father will counsel him; he enters a stranger's home, perhaps not a very congenial place; he has sad forebodings as to the future, and a wretched feeling of loneliness comes over his hitherto buoyant spirit; he must now act for himself in a world where the wisest have often found themselves perplexed; where the knowledge of the best taught has proved inadequate to meet the emergencies of life. He cannot read the future by the light of the past; he has to find things are not what they seem, nor men what they appear! He goes into a world where moral strength is needed; where the path is beset with various dangers and innumerable enemies. How much now depends on the good principles his father and his mother have moulded into his very nature by right training and good example! How much, too, now depends on the associates he chooses; the tempter will assail him, in the form of gay and thoughtless, and wicked companions. Here a turning point may come in the history of the guileless boy. It is like the crisis of a fever; if he passes through that he may live; but, alas! how many a lovely youth falls a victim to the fever of sin; falls, too, on the very threshold of his course.

Sometimes mothers are called to give up their sons to the service of the church in foreign lands, never, no never, to behold them again till the resurrection morning. This is indeed a trying, and yet an honourable sacrifice. To train a son for the missionary field is an honour, a great honour; but the mother's heart must feel very deeply when she bids a long, a last adieu to a pious, a dutiful, an affectionate son. One such young man, not long ago, left his fatherland, to bear the Gospel to the perishing heathen. He gave up his home-comforts and his country to tell them of Christ and His cross. The father's heart was well-nigh broken. The mother found it very difficult to

part with her boy, her only child. He sailed for India. After a short time, a fatal disease seized him, and, as he drew near the shadowy vale, he asked, "Who will bear the tidings to my mother? Tell her it was not in vain I came out here; God has given me His blessing on my labours. Tell her I feel now her last kisses, and my father's embrace." And so he died, in a foreign land, among people of a strange language; but his record is on high.

A friend, writing to us lately on this subject, told us of an aged mother who related to him her conduct when her children left home. "Alone with my child," she said, "I took the family Bible, and, turning to the 35th chapter of Jeremiah, read concerning the obedience of the Rechabites, and God's blessing; now, said I, you have heard how God blessed them for obedience to their father's commandment; you are leaving home—I am about to give you three commandments, and I know God will bless you if you keep them. 1. Never go into a theatre. 2. Never play cards. 3. Never read a novel."

This good woman's daughter now speaks of her mother's charge, and states that she observed it. In the time of temptation, by the remembrance of the season alone with her mother, and the promised blessing, she was enabled to resist, and with thankfulness she talks of it. And now that all her own children are gone, the old lady likes to get young people by her side, when she reads this chapter to them, and charges them as she did her sons and daughters long ago.

Mother! what has your son or your daughter to remember of the counsels, the prayers, the example of their early days? You have watched over them; you have sought to shield them from harm; your affection has guided them; but do they go forth bearing the remembrance of Bible lessons, of truths which may keep them in the midst of infidel companions and world-loving youths, who often laugh at honesty, integrity, and truth. The pestilence of sin may walk by them

in the light of noonday, and the darkness of midnight ; have you taught them to look to the strong for strength ? Have they heard from your lips the description of the road that leads to eternal life, or have you sent the frail bark out on the untried sea of life, without ballast or a pilot ? Oh ! if this is the case, the chance is that you will hear they have experienced a fearful wreck on the shores of time, and it may be for eternity too.

Mother ! young mother ! you have the little immortal creatures yet around your path ; care you not what they shall be, and where they shall dwell for ever ? Will you not begin now to teach the young heart to pray, and lead the little feet towards the heavenly home ? All you are doing now will give shape and colour to your child's future character, impressing the lineaments of a pious family, or leaving the stamp of a prayerless, a godless mother ! You are not working only for time, young mother ; we entreat you to bear this in mind. All along the path of life, your children will speak your words, and again your example step in your foot-prints, and you will find them again, in all human probability, just what you made them, with the assembled multitude before the Judge of all the earth. Care you not whether they hear the gracious words "Come, ye blessed !" or, filled with remorse, and heaping curses on your guilty head, they are dragged away to languish in the fire that never kills, suffering the agonizing torture of the worm that dieth not. Do you really care ? Well, now is the working time ; working, we repeat, for ETERNITY. What ye are now sowing, that shall ye surely reap.

But, mother ! allow us to ask, what port are you going to ? What direction are you taking yourself ? How are you provided for your last voyage ? You and your children are now mariners on life's ocean. Oh ! hasten to Him who alone can pilot you and them safely down the stream of time ; kneel, then, and pray ; loosen not a cable, spread

not a sail, before you implore Jesus to pilot you safely by every rock, and shoal, and quicksand. He is ready. He is willing to bear you company, even until you raise your shout of joy in the haven of everlasting peace.

A LAMB OF THE MISSIONARY FIELD.

(Continued from page 77.)

THE morning of her death, at her own request, I read to our dear child some portions of Scripture, and, as I finished reading the 28th of Matthew, she remarked, "I am so fond of that chapter;" and when I had read the 23rd Psalm, "that's a pretty Psalm; I am so fond of it." I then asked her, though not supposing her in any danger, "if she thought God would take her to heaven to be with himself, if He should not see good to make her better again?" She answered, at once, "that she thought so;" and when I asked "what reason she had for thinking so?" her unhesitating reply was, "Jesus died for my sins." She had no fears of death; she often talked of it when she was well, and would ask if we would come and visit her grave when she was laid beside her sweet sister. She wished to go down stairs to family worship on the morning of her death, but, as she was too poorly, we had it in her room. She was in the habit of repeating a text every morning at prayer time, and when she did not feel well, she generally said either "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble;" or, "The Lord God is a sun and shield," &c. On that morning she said, "God is our refuge," &c., and also read her verses in turn, as is our usual custom. She died the same evening, about nine o'clock. Her death was sudden and unexpected. She had had a severe attack of fits, and had been confined to bed for three days; but, up to within an hour of her death, we did not apprehend danger, and during that hour, if sensible, she was quite unable to talk. But that was comparatively of little importance, as her preparation for death had not been put off till the last hour, and we have every reason to believe that, Absent from the body, she is present with the Lord.

We are bereaved, but it is, "well with the child." And whilst we thank God for the good hopes we have regarding her, we would say, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken

away; blessed be the name of the Lord." I feel more than ever the importance of early training, and am trying to stir up the mothers connected with the congregation to some sense of the great responsibility resting upon them. I have a monthly meeting of mothers in town. I had also one a short way in the country, which was unavoidably given up. I hope, however, soon to resume it. We have also a Maternal Association, which meets quarterly, designed especially for the benefit of the Missionaries' wives. Earnestly hoping that your labours for the good of mothers may be more and more abundantly blessed,

Believe me, my dear Madam,

Yours very sincerely,

H. D.

THE SHADOW OF A LIFE.—No. II.

Bride and bridegroom, pilgrims of life, henceforward to travel together, In this, the beginning of your journey, neglect not the favour of heaven; Let the day of hopes fulfilled be blest by many prayers.

The wicked turneth good into evil, for his mind is warped within him, But the heart of the righteous is chaste, his conscience casteth off sin. If thou wilt be loved, render implicit confidence;

If thou wouldst not suspect, receive full confidence in turn;

For where trust is not reciprocal, the love that trusted withereth.

GARLANDS were growing beautiful and fragrant beneath maidens' fingers, in the early morning that ushered in the marriage day of Lucy Angus with Maurice Ward. The bridegroom was rather late in his attendance, and bustled into the room where the guests were assembled with all the air of a man of business. "Where is Lucy?" he asked, in rather a loud voice. "Of course she is ready. I have been detained by a letter." While he was speaking, Mrs. Angus glided out of the room, and returned leading her pale and trembling Lucy by the hand. "Here is the bride elect," said the proud, worldly mother; "looking like a white rose-bud; does she not, Maurice?" "Good morning, Lucy; we must try to get up a little sunshine to-day, to dry the dew on my rose-bud," he continued, as he observed the tears standing on the fair young cheek of the anxious maiden.

Many a poor mother, with her group of little ones, stood straining their eyes to get a glimpse of Lucy as she entered the carriage to convey her away, and many a blessing was breathed forth on her young head from hearts that had been cheered by her kindness and benevolence. "Bless her! bless her!" exclaimed a silver-haired matron, as Lucy stepped into the carriage. "I hope the one she is going to marry will prove himself worthy of her. She would be rich enough for any sensible man if all her money were gone to the bottom of the sea; and maybe 'twould have been a good thing for her if it had gone down when the old uncle came sailing home with it from India."

"Ah! well-a-day!" rejoined a lame grandmother; "we shall miss her, that's a sure thing, the sweet little diamond; but 'tis always the way here, if one springs up in the thorny path to do more good than the rest of the world, they are sure enough to be gone soon. Bless her! bless her!" continued the old lady, as she glided into her cottage, brushing a tear from her furrowed cheek with the corner of her apron.

Generally speaking, one feels very deeply for the mother on the morning of a daughter's marriage, particularly if that daughter be an only one. She looks upon her beloved child, now consigned to the care of another, with an anxious heart and tearful cheek, and she asks herself, as she thinks of her loving attentions and cheerful companionship, what shall I do without her? The folded leaves of her daughter's eventful history she may not open, but the pious mother can leave all to Him who has said, "I will be a God to thee and thine." But the mother's love is not selfish; she can give up her own pleasure to increase her child's happiness, and while she hopes and prays, as she casts a look on the bridegroom, that he will by kindness and love supply the place of herself, in some measure, she says, in the fulness of her heart, "The Lord bless thee, and keep thee, my precious one." But Mrs. Angus knew no feelings

of this kind. She was the gayest and most light-hearted of the circle, and when the trying moment came to take Lucy from her childhood's home, the last words she heard from a mother's lips were, "Look up and be cheerful, Lucy; enjoy life while you may; nobody likes to see a young bride gloomy and downcast." As the word was spoken, Lucy felt a kiss imprinted on her flushed cheek, and soon she was conveyed far beyond the sound of her mother's voice and her childhood's home.

HOW TO PAY FOR A NEW GOWN.

"Honesty hath many gains, and well the wise have known,
This will prosper to the end, and fill their house with gold."

"I am just run in, Mrs. Grant, to show you my beautiful gown. I do think, as I said to Mr. Snap, that you will be very likely to have a deal with him when he comes back this way—look! isn't it beautiful?" Saying this, Mrs. Winsome exhibited a showy piece of goods to her neighbour, Mrs. Grant. "Why, dear me," she continued, "you don't seem to admire it!" "Why, the truth is, Mrs. Winsome, the very sight of it makes me feel queer. You had it from the tally-man, had you not?" "Why yes, I certainly did—what of that?" "Oh, dear me, Mrs. Grant, you make me quite nervous, for the only deep sorrow I have ever known in life arose from my dealings with a man of this kind. You see, he coaxed me into having some things—indeed, he would leave them with me, for all my objections, and I was very foolishly led by him into one expense after another, by his saying I could just pay him when I liked, that at last the bill was too large for me to pay it, for I seemed always in debt. He then became dissatisfied with the small payments that I was able to make from my little savings in housekeeping, and

the deceitful fellow troubled my husband for it. This caused the first frown I ever saw on John's brow, and I received a warning against tally-men that I shall remember to my dying day; and if you will take my advice, Mrs. Winsome, you will have nothing to do with the system."

"Oh, as to that, Mrs. Grant, I don't see with you; for I find it very pleasant to have a nice new gown, and pay for it when I like!" "Ah, I tell you, the man will very likely use of your slow payments, and if he sends your husband a threatening letter, you will find your home-peace broken, and I am sure that is worth more than a gown!" "Goodness me! I believe it is, too; but I don't think these kind of men ever do things like that, they are so kind." "Ah, don't they, though? Why I have just been reading in the newspaper a case to the point. A poor man had to pay a world of money for his wife, who would run him in debt in this way, and he had no help for it—and in the same page there is an account of a young husband who received a threatening letter by the post from a tally-man about his wife's debt, as he was sitting at breakfast on a Sunday morning, and the peace of that home fled for ever, for the husband became a drunkard!" "Bless me, Mrs. Grant, you quite frighten me!"

"Ah, indeed; it is a frightful thing, Mrs. Winsome, and I should be glad to frighten every wife out of the system; I am sure I should not like the worst enemy I have to be coaxed into debt by these men. I have found a far better way to get a new gown, and pay for it too. I will let you into my secret, and it will never cause your husband to frown upon you, nor make you tremble when the postman knocks at your door." "Dear me, do tell me!" "Well, I just put by a little at a time, as I can spare it—say only a penny or so sometimes—husband and I both know where the old teapot stands containing it—so maybe he gets a shilling now and then, for a little extra job, so in the

pops it—and when he wants a new waistcoat, or I want a new gown, we go and see how rich we are, and then you see we cut our garment according to our cloth; and I can always wear my new gown with more pleasure for having paid for it before I put it on. You see I feel now, out of debt out of danger.” “Well, really, Mrs. Grant, I do think I shall take your advice, and roll up my fine new gown, and give it back to the tally-man when he next calls round. I shall not soon forget your words—out of debt out of danger.” “Stop, Mrs. Winsome, let me tell you of more important words than mine. The Bible says, ‘Owe no man anything.’ This settles the matter with all who care to please Him to whom we are soon to render in our account.”

BEGIN EARLY.—No. V.

WIDOW B. was perplexed, but not in despair; she would not circumscribe either the mercy or the power of God. Her spirit was cast down, but hope was not destroyed; she remembered the cheering promise, “I will contend with him that contendeth with thee, and I will save thy children.” Her faith was encouraged—she remembered that promise had been accomplished in many instances, and she was strengthened still to believe. Once more the constraining influence of a mother’s love was poured forth as she besought her child again to listen to the offers of mercy. She was unable to attend the house of God herself at this time, for she had long been the subject of disease of the heart, but “To-night, my son,” she continued entreatingly, as she pressed one of his hands between her own, “to-night go and unite with those who worship in spirit and in truth; I regret I cannot now accompany you, but at your return you can tell me something of the sermon—you will go, will you not, my son?”

A tear started into her eye as the request was urged—it was irresistible; the powerful feelings of the prodigal had as yet been only numbed, not eradicated. He returned the pressure of the hand and replied, “Well, mother, as you *wish* it, I will go this once, although I had promised to spend this evening another way; yet,” and he hesitated, “will not some other time do as well? I promise you——” The quick-speaking eye of the widow kindled with instant anxiety, and in a tone solemn yet affectionate she observed, before he had finished the sentence, “Procrastination is the thief of time. Be wise to-day—’tis madness to defer.” The son promised, half reluctantly, that for *once* it should be as his mother wished, and departed. There are periods when the mind, for want of external objects, turns in upon itself; during which time neither the sophistry of fallen nature, nor the objecting depravity of the heart, can furnish satisfactory apology for past conduct, or deprive the unwelcome intruder, *thought*, of its inquisitive and annoying influence;—thus the widow’s son felt as he walked forward. We will follow him farther next month.

WOMAN'S MISSION.

To sit beside the sufferer’s bed,
 To pillow oft the aching head,
 To soothe, to comfort, and to bless,
 With all a woman’s tenderness;
 To cheer man’s heart, to soothe his woe,
 Is woman’s mission here below.

To lead the youthful heart aright,
 Truth to instil and error blight;
 To guard from sin’s delusive way
 The unwary steps that else might stray,
 And, with a mother’s tenderest care,
 Attune the infant lips to prayer.

Yes, such is woman's mission here,
 And objects of her tender care
 Have oft, when on the wide world thrown,
 Wandered in thought to childhood's home;
 While some loved truth her lips have taught,
 Has come with power and blessings fraught.

'Tis here man's character to mould,
 To purge the dross, bring forth the gold;
 And if that mission is fulfilled,
 Its precious fruits to her will yield;
 For Heaven blessings will bestow
 On woman's mission here below.

M. A. E.

A STREAK OF LIGHT ACROSS THE GRAVE.

No. III.

DEATH is a solemn and awful event; how dismal are its attendants to flesh and blood! what languishings of the body! what painful agonies! It divides asunder those two most intimate friends—the soul and the body; sends one of them to the grave, the other to unknown regions. But the sun paints the fairest colours upon the blackest cloud, and whilst the shower is descending, our eyes are gratified with the beauties of the rainbow. So the religion of Jesus Christ spreads light and pleasure over the darksome grave. Death finishes our state of labour and trial, and puts us in possession of the crown and the kingdom. Paul was appointed to die by the sword of Nero, yet he triumphed in view of the glorious recompence, and said, "I have fought the good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness;" and the voice from heaven proclaims the dead happy—"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord, for they rest from their labours; and their works do follow

them." So the weary traveller counts the last hour of the day the best, for it finishes his fatigue and toil. Death makes an utter end of sin, delivers us from a state of temptation, and conveys us to a state of perfect holiness and peace. "The spirits of the just are made perfect in holiness, their robes are washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb, and they serve Him without sin day and night in his temple." Pride and haughtiness of spirit have no room in that blessed world, and the nearer the saints approach to the perfect image of Christ, the more intense and diffusive is their love; in heaven we shall see God in the fulness of His glory, and shall have such a sense of His saving grace, that a creature rescued from hell cannot be proud there.

Rejoice, then, ye feeble Christians, who have long wrestled with the infirmities of the flesh; "lift up your heads at the thought of death, for the day of your redemption draws nigh." Is it not something like the angel whom Christ sent to Peter to knock off his chains and release him from prison? It may smite and surprise you, and have a dark and chilling aspect, but its message is light, and praise, and salvation. Whilst we are in life, there are many threatenings in the Bible that belong to saints as well as to sinners. Hear what the Psalmist says, "If the children of Christ forsake my law, and walk not in my judgments, then will I visit their transgressions with a rod, and their iniquity with stripes;" but when death has conveyed them into the presence of their heavenly Father, they shall forsake His law no more, and although the best part of the promises is fulfilled when the soul gets to heaven, the promise of the resurrection of the body remains indeed unaccomplished; but the holy soul will say, "I have found so many rich promises already fulfilled, that I can wait, with full assurance, its accomplishment; I am satisfied my God is faithful, and what He has promised He will also perform." And happy and glorious still that day be

when body and soul shall be once more reunited. Then the streak of light will be a glorious flood, and we shall be together and for ever with the Lord. M. B.

A MELANCHOLY SIGHT.

Not long ago we saw a respectable-looking youth with handcuffs on, and attached by the arm to an officer of justice. On inquiring the cause, we were told that he had attempted to stab his mother! Oh, what a rush of feeling and horror passed over us! We imagined we saw the lad stand before the judge of his country, and the jurymen deliberating on his case—then there was the mother obliged to appear in the witness-box, with streaming eyes and a beating heart, giving testimony against her son! Then from the judgment-seat of earth imagination carried us away to the throne of Jehovah—the great white throne—with all the mothers and sons of earth standing before Him who will be Judge of quick and dead; then we asked, how many mothers will be there to witness against sons? and how many sons to witness against mothers? Young mother! you will be there. Mother! with sons gone beyond your influence, you and THEY will be there.

THE WORKING MAN'S HOME.—No. II.

LISTEN! there is the father's knock, and Jane lays down her work and runs to open the door. When they enter the kitchen the gravechild is in advance, her little hand firmly grasping one of those great fingers, and leading the strong man in. "Father's come," says little Jane, looking round like a small senator upon the household; and "Father's come," echoes little Rachel, springing into the strong hands which hold her up in mid-air like a toy; and Johnnie crows and mounts up, leaning on the

grandmother's shoulder, and stretching out his plump arms to be noticed too; and the mother smiles, and says John spoils the children, as she places the teapot on the tray and sits down in her own presiding place. And now they have all gathered about the table—Jane on a high chair by her mother's side, Rachel is standing by her father's knee, bending down her curls in a momentary lull, and with both her little hands buried in one of his; while the grandmother hushes the boy on her knee, the father lifts his other hand, and asks a blessing with the daily bread given them of God.

And it is very pleasant, very happy, with its outbursts of childish mirth, its admixture of sweet, earnest gravity, this evening meal of the working man. And by-and-by, as the night draws on, the little ones kneel down at their mother's knee and say sweet childish prayers—prayers wherein one feels it is good to be remembered by name, as they remember their friends; and then, so watched and tended that the mother's guardian presence goes with them into their dreams among the angels, they go to sleep fearlessly, with their arms folded as if still in prayer. And the household is hushed that night with psalms and thanksgivings; and the parents remember their children before God, name by name, as the children remembered them; and looking up, all of them, up to the heavens, the Father's country, they lie down to sleep—as He gives his beloved—unfearing and in peace.—*Extracted from "J. D.," for the "Mothers' Friend," by A. A. C. C.*

"THE OLD WOMAN."

SUCH was the coarse epithet which I heard a young man apply to his mother. It sunk into my heart, and as I passed on I thought how unfeeling was such language. Once that youth was a babe in his mother's arms. Then

whose voice beguiled him to slumber by lullabies as sweet as love could make them? Whose hand passed softly over his heated brow when fever flushed his features? Who wet the parched lips and folded him close to her beating heart? Who in after years taught him to kneel by her side, and say, "Our Father who art in heaven?" Who led him out at eventide to gaze on the stars, and told him the simple story of the Saviour, his birth, his sufferings, his death and resurrection, and tried to ~~impart~~ ^{impress} into his mind the truth that He had gone before to prepare mansions for those who loved Him, far beyond those twinkling orbs of light? Who was the first to warn if danger threatened, to encourage if difficulties presented themselves, to cheer if a weight pressed down the spirit? Who taught him to come to her with all his childish griefs, assuring him of her sympathy? Who was it, when sickness was on him, that shaded the curtains so that no sunbeams could touch that restless head and aching brow? Who smoothed down the coverlid and allowed no heavy tread to disturb his repose? Who watched him through the long, long night, when life seemed suspended on a single throb, and whose voice was lifted up to the Allwise Disposer in the prayer, "If it be possible let this cup pass from me?" When the bloom of health had again mantled the cheek of the boy, who whispered hopefully of the glad future yet to come? Was it "the old woman?" Is this the gratitude of one whose every thought should be to scatter roses down her declining path?

I looked forward a few years, and the rude disrespectful boy had become a coarse and brutal man. Then I heard him use to his mother words sharper than a sword, and that descended into her soul. I marked the cold look, the scornful repulse, theathing expressions, and I felt that her cup of anguish was running over. Yet a little further and her hairs were white, but more with sorrow than with age; and soon she sank into the grave, with a

broken heart. If the eye of any young reader falls upon this page, let me whisper to the noble boy, "Be kind and gentle to thy mother. Love her as she loved you, and do not wound her heart by calling her lightly, 'the old

A TRUE STORY FOR OUR YOUNG FRIENDS.

GENTLE JOHN, THE HAPPY YOUNG VILLAGER.—NO. IV.

"ONLY think, children," said Mrs. Ormsby, as she laid down her paper, "how many excellent points there were in young John's character. He was *delighted to gain knowledge*, and was so very fond of his books that the idle boys, who had observed him constantly reading, gave him the name of 'The Little Parson;' and they would often make fun of him, as they called it, just because he would not join them in their wicked ways. The simple truth was, they were walking in the broad road, leading to everlasting death, and John desired to be found in the narrow way, which leads to life everlasting. In the next place, gentle John was a *boy of prayer*; he very often conversed with the great God of heaven and earth in this way, while a young pilgrim below. Then, observe how he desired to *keep holy the Sabbath day*, according to the command of God. Again, he was a most obedient boy; and so very careful was he never to do anything that his parents did not approve, that while walking in the garden, if he felt inclined to pluck a flower, or some nice ripe fruit, he would never touch anything until he had asked leave. It did not matter whether his parents were absent or not; he acted just the same, for he remembered that God's eye was always upon him." "Yes, mamma," said Robert, "you often say, though we cannot see God, He can see us; and I dare say John learned from the Saviour to be obedient to his mother." "No doubt, my son; but you have the same

lovely example, if you will but follow it." "Do, please ma, go on," said little Mary, who was deeply interested in the account her mother was reading.

"There were now," continued Mrs. Ormsby, resuming her paper, "marks of thoughtfulness seen in gentle John above other boys of his age, while his knowledge exceeded that of his village teacher. To his great joy, his parents sent him to a superior school, a short distance from his home, to which he was accompanied by another lad of the village. The two schoolfellows became devotedly attached to each other, and over this young companion, who had not enjoyed such religious advantages as he had, John kept a diligent watch, and, like a true friend, he would reprove him in the spirit of kindness when he knew of him doing anything wrong, and then talk to him about God and eternity. The young friend, who is still alive, and pious, tells us these things made a deep impression on his mind. These young lads continued friends to the end of John's life." We will follow John's history a little farther next month.

PASSIONATE CHILDREN.

I HAD been to market one morning, and was returning home, when I heard a child's voice crying. I listened, and finding it proceeded from the opposite side of the street, I crossed over saying, "I do think it is one of the children at number nine. I fear Mrs. Jones has gone out and left them with the servant, and some accident has happened; perhaps the maid has gone out and left them all alone." I crossed over and knocked; the servant and the mother were both in, the latter looking much agitated.

"I suppose you came in because you heard such a noise," said she. "Yes; indeed; I feared something was the matter." "It is only James; he is such a naughty boy, I don't know what to do with him; he throws him-

self into such passions when he does not have his own way. 'He is the plague of my life,' I said, 'This will not do; you must conquer him now, or you will both be miserable for life.' 'What to do, I don't know. I do punish him, but it does no good. All this crying was because I sent him upstairs to fetch me a book. There were several books on the bedroom table, and by mistake he brought the wrong one. I sent him up again; he ran up, and again brought the wrong one. I sent him up a third time; he did not return. I went up myself, and found him sobbing because he could not find it. I had promised him to go out for a walk, but when I found him making this noise, I said he should not go; so he cried more, and I shut him up till he should leave off, instead of which he cried the more that I would forgive him.' What to do with such a child I know not. 'He will break my heart. And yet he is very affectionate; nothing makes him so unhappy as to think I will not forgive him.'

I tried to persuade my friend, that if her child had grown to the age of eight or nine years, and she had not yet control over him, she ought to think she had not used the right means, and that she ought no more to tease and excite an irritable child needlessly, than she ought to expose a sickly child to inclement weather. The child had no intention to be naughty, and his mother, knowing his infirmity, ought to have shielded him from a trial that she knew would overcome him. The duty of a mother is not merely to punish naughtiness, but to ward it off, if possible, and seek to form habits of obedience and self-control in the child's own mind. . It is the duty, also, of all parents, to search their own hearts and ways, and see if the evil tempers, the pride, irritability, and other failings of their children, are not to be traced to a rude imitation of the infirmities of one or both of them. If the mother sees in her children a transcript of herself, let her begin at home; if it is the father they imitate, let her efforts be unceasing

to counteract an influence she cannot altogether shield them from. In either case, the throne of grace is her only resource; grace and wisdom, according to their need, shall be given to those who ask, seek, knock earnestly, and use the power God has already given them.

FRAGMENTS FOR SPARE MOMENTS.

THE DUTIES OF A MOTHER.

She must be firm, gentle, kind; always ready to attend to her children. She should never laugh at what they do that is cunning; teach them to be neat and orderly always; she should teach them to obey a look; to respect those older than themselves. She should never give a command without seeing it is performed in the right manner. She should try to inspire love, not dread; respect, not fear. She should teach her children to wait upon themselves; to put everything in its place. She must sympathise with them in their little troubles—they are great for them; the griefs of little ones are too often neglected. She must bear patiently with them, and never arouse their anger if it can be avoided. She must teach them to be useful and kind to all, and try not to forget she was once a child. She must remember ever that she is training and educating souls for ETERNITY.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Holiday House. By CATHERINE SINCLAIR. London: Simpkin and Co.

An amusing book for the young.

Picture Lessons for Boys and Girls. By CHARLES BAKER. London: Wertheim & Co.

A pretty and attractive first book for the little ones.

Preston Tower. By Rev. R. COBBOLD, A.M. London: Simpkin and Co.

A very interesting tale of the times of Cardinal Wolsey.
The Monk. By Mrs. SHERWOOD. London: Simpkin & Co.
 A tale revealing dark places and darker characters.

TEACH THE LITTLE CHILDREN HYMNS.

"A child's eye is quick to observe; his memory storeth in secret, His ear is greedy of knowledge, and his mind is plastic, as soft as wax.

Beware, then, that he heareth what is good, that he feedeth not on evil maxims,

For the seeds of first instructions are dropt into the deepest furrows."

THERE is a chord in every human soul which is touched by poetry; hence the magical power of ballads, national songs, and religious hymns. Listen to the snatches of popular ditties which you hear in the streets after you have retired to rest, and you will own that metre and music have avenues to human souls; then how important that they should be largely employed in the early training of children, by storing the young mind with religious poetry. There is every reason to believe that versified truth has *peculiar* force upon the mind, and affords aid to memory. How often we hear fathers and mothers say, as they listen to the hymns of Dr. Watts,—“Oh, I remember all those, for I learned them when a mere babe.”

We know a lady who every night, for a number of years, repeated to herself, ere she went to sleep, the verse of a little hymn committed to memory at her mother's knee. The verse was this:—

“With thoughts of Christ and things divine,
Fill up this foolish heart of mine;
That, hoping pardon through His blood,
I may lie down and wake with God.”

Teach these lines to your little ones, mother! It is an error to confine children to children's hymns only, because when they become older these will have lost much of their fitness. Why should we not fill our children's minds with the choicest evangelical hymns in the language? These they will remember when we are sleeping in the grave. They should not merely be committed to memory, but

repeated again and again, and, if possible, *sung over*, that they may remain as a basis for the most lasting associations. The old words and the old tunes of hymns, heard in life's first years, come back to us with indescribable tenderness; and in years to come, when we are gone up to join in singing the new song of Moses and the Lamb, our dear children will remember the saving truths they were taught in the hymns they said and sung with their mothers.

INDUSTRY.

"WHY stand ye here all the day idle?" was a question asked by the Saviour when on earth; and if He were personally to visit some of earth's domestic circles now, perhaps there are many to whom He would address the same question. It is most important that mothers—all mothers, should be examples of industry to their children. The indolent mother can neither be happy herself, nor does she make a happy home for her household. Industry is a moral duty; and the effect of cultivating or neglecting it must be very considerable on the personal enjoyments of mothers, husbands, and children. But we have sometimes thought that there is as much discomfort in the house of the everlastingly over-busy mother, as in the abode of the mother who is indolent. We have seen as much unrest and muddle in the home of the mother who would have all the bed-room carpets taken up *every day*, and the rooms all washed, and dusters laid round all the crevices of the doors while the passage and the stairs were swept, as in the house where everybody *would leave every thing in everybody's way*.

Have you never observed and marvelled at that nearest but most unsatisfactory approach to perpetual motion, seen in some families, where they are for ever washing, cooking, baking, sweeping, rubbing, cleaning, scrubbing, folding.

scolding, fretting, sighing, calling, bawling, from morning to night?—where, notwithstanding the united efforts of mother, maid, and children, thus indefatigably employed, nothing was ready, nothing was comfortable, and at the close of the day every thing was left in as much dirt and disorder, as if the whole family had been sitting for four-and-twenty hours with their hands before them? Still, we say, industry is a moral duty, and all children should be early taught to be doing something for

“Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do.”

God has made our very life depend on human labour. The fruits of the earth are given in return for diligent toil, and the fruits of love and holiness will be yielded to those mothers who shall diligently sow the good seed, and keep it watered by calling down the heavenly shower. If we are not helping our children to acquire industrious habits, and setting them an example by our diligence, we are opposing the very law of nature which has constituted us for active useful employment.

“If we observe the habits of animals, and the busy life of insects, how instinctively they provide for themselves by their own incessant industry, we shall find that *man* is almost the only idler in God’s creation. Activity and happiness are twin sisters, generally found walking hand in hand. Solomon says, “the rest of the labouring man is sweet, whether he eat little or much;” and this not only applies to the rest of sleep, but is equally applicable to a temporary rest from toil. This is to the industrious a sweeter solace than any which the idler ever knows, for “labour sweetens holiday.”

The really kind mother will encourage in her children habits of useful employment, and as soon as they are able will allow them to help her in her daily domestic duties, rather than wear out her spirits and her strength in

waiting upon those who might be taught to feel pleasure in waiting upon her. Children should be early trained to employ their time in doing something useful. We knew a mother in humble life, who told us she had seen great evil result from allowing children to mingle among those who were constantly playing in the street; she wisely determined to guard her own from temptation, by selecting a place for them to play under her own eye, and giving them plenty of time to have a fine romping game. As a means of employing their leisure time, she encouraged them to learn the art of making buttons; and in this way they formed habits of usefulness, and helped the wise mother to make better provision for them. The whole family are now respectable mothers and fathers, and are training their own children in the same useful path.

THE SHADOW OF A LIFE.—No. III.

"In the joy of a well-ordered home be warned that this is not your rest;

For the substance to come may be forgotten in the present beauty of the shadow."

AFTER a very short and inexpensive journey, Maurice brought his bride to her new home. An old housekeeper, who had well guarded the stores of Maurice's bachelor life, was the only person to welcome Lucy, as she entered her husband's house. With her sharp, grey, lack-lustre eyes, old Susan scanned the young wife from her bonnet to her boots, saying, "Master's house, ma'am, is all in order; I don't care who sees it. Maybe it's as nice, too, as any other may like to keep it; though I say it myself, I always have had my house as clean as a palace." The old lady then led Lucy into a neat parlour, very scantily furnished. "Where shall your trunks be put, ma'am?" she asked; "I guess there is not room for them all in any single place, but maybe some of the package will be for the linen chest, for, bless me, sure all can't be full of wearing clothes?"

Poor Lucy was silent while she continued to follow her talkative companion to a small upper room, and closing the door as the time-worn woman left, she implored help from Heaven to enable her to live and act in accordance with her Bible, and the lessons she had learned from a dying bed; but particularly that she might still live on in love with all who surrounded her path. While Lucy was brushing her hair, and making herself ready to attend her husband at the tea-table, old Susan rushed into the room, without even the ceremony of knocking, and placing a large bunch of keys on the table, she said, in a trembling voice, "There, ma'am, I deliver up my office; I hope you will find everything right and straight; and, what's more, I hope you will please master in your housekeeping better than I have, for it's little praise anybody gets in this house; but I am rather hardened to it now, and take things as they come, good and bad together." Poor Lucy felt a strange wild beating at her heart, while she gently replied, "Thank you, Mrs. Susan; I dare say we shall get on very well together." "Maybe we may, and maybe we may'nt, ma'am," said the old lady, as she trotted off to her own domain.

"Your new home, Lucy, is very different from the one you have left," said Maurice, as they sat at tea. "My views do not accord with your mother's as to grandeur and show. I am a plain man, and more inclined to save than to spend." "Love makes home happy, dear Maurice," Lucy replied; "and if we have the blessing of Heaven we shall live in sunshine anywhere." "Oh, as to that, Lucy, Heaven sends sunshine on everybody who acts properly, I suppose! I don't believe in particular favourites."

On the evening of the day, when the old housekeeper came, as she was wont, to bid her master "good night," and ask if he needed anything more, Lucy felt she must dare to speak on a subject which her conscience would not allow her to pass over. "Do you not have family worship, dear,

in your house?" she asked, looking lovingly into the face of her husband. "Family worship! no, indeed, not I. I am no saint, never was—never mean to be—let everybody pray for themselves, I say, that like it; I hate cant, wherever I find it, so we won't have any here, please."

Gently and very affectionately did Lucy reason the matter with her husband, of the duty of asking God's blessing and care upon their household; but all was vain. A few short and rough sentences were all she could get from him she had chosen as her guide, and whom she loved as only woman can love. After waiting and watching in vain for a change in her husband's views, she saw plainly that if the household were blessed she must dare to ask that blessing.

One morning, when Maurice was gone to his employment in the city, Lucy rang the bell, and requested a young servant she had procured to call the housekeeper, and to return with her, bringing their Bibles. "Goodness me!" exclaimed Susan, when she heard the message; "what a wonderful turn about will come here, to be sure! Why, master will think we are all wasting our time finely to be a praying and reading up in the parlour; it's well enough for me, an old creature just going into the grave, but for a beautiful young thing like our missus to be like that way, I can't understand it no how in the world." Firm to her purpose, Lucy went quietly on, daily asking for the light of life to shine upon her path, and affectionately but earnestly trying to lead those over whom she had influence to the foot of the cross, both by teaching and example.

DO NOT FRIGHTEN YOUR CHILD, MOTHER.

Mrs. ROBINS was an active, bustling, good-tempered woman; her baby was in the cradle; two chubby-faced little ones were leaning over it, and keeping it quiet while

mother scrubbed and brushed little Robert, and made him ready for school. "There, that will do; now run along, and mind, be a good boy;" and with a pat and a kiss, she sent him off. Then suddenly recollecting herself, she called after him, "Robert, don't go down Brook Lane; go by the field; don't go near Brook Lane, whatever you do—if you should——" and she stopped and looked very mysterious. "Why, mother, what is there in Brook Lane?" "Ah!" said she, with another long breath and ominous shake of the head, "*I know what will happen.*" "What, mother?" "Ah! *I know, so take care and be sure you don't go near Brook Lane;*" so saying, she came in to her work, while Robert walked away at a very slow pace to school.

"Good morning, Mrs. Robins," said Dr. Scott; "busy as usual." "Yes, Sir; I don't find much idle time, I can tell you." "No, I should think not," replied the Doctor; "the mother of such a clean-faced little group cannot be an idle woman; but, my good friend, will you take an old man's advice?—never fill your child's mind with undefined terror." "Dear Sir," said Mrs. Robins, looking up in amazement, "fill my child's mind with terror? I never frighten my children." "Yes, you have done so just now; there is your little Robert, I'll answer for it he is racking his little brains to discover what that *something* is that he would encounter, should he venture into Brook Lane." "Why, Sir, there was some talk of a fight to be in the meadow at the bottom of the lane, and so I thought it safer for the child to go the other way." "You did quite right in that; it was very proper to desire him to go by the field, nor was it at all necessary to explain to the child your reasons for so doing; but what I object to is, your filling the child's mind with undefined alarm and needless fears." "I do not think I quite understand what you mean, Sir; would you please to take a chair and explain it to me?" "With all my heart;" and, while she

dusted a chair and took his hat and stick, the kind old man turned to the cradle with his merry little noises. "Well, my little girl, and what is your name?" "Jenny, Sir," dropping a curtsy, "and this is Tommy." "Well, Jenny, there is a cherry for you, and one for Tommy; and when you bring me back the stones, I will give you some more cherries." "Thank you, Sir," and the two little hands were quickly stretched out. "Now mind, if you swallow the stones you will have no more cherries. Now, Mrs. Robins, go on with your ironing, and I will explain to you my meaning. Undefined means something not clearly seen, not plain to the mind; when we know there is danger, without knowing exactly what that danger is, we are apt to fancy something much worse than the reality. If a neighbour were to come running in, 'Oh, Mrs. Robins, such a dreadful thing has happened!'—you would directly cry out, 'What is it? Is my husband killed—my child run over—my house on fire?' Your mind is filled immediately with a thousand undefined images of terror, and you would in all probability imagine something far worse than the reality. Now, your little boy's mind is filled with dread of this undefined, this mysterious danger, and the fear will remain with him so long as the matter remains unexplained.

"I will tell you what happened to me when I was a boy. My mother was talking with a friend, and telling her of something very bad that had taken place in a field near her house. She did not wish me to hear or understand it, that was very evident; and that fact made me ten times more anxious to know what they were talking about. I believe it was some robbery, which had been committed, and attended with circumstances of more than usual atrocity; but the story was told with so many shrugs and nods, and half words, and mysterious shakes of the head, that my childish curiosity was awakened to find out by any possible means what they could be talking about. My

childish imagination was filled with terror. I never found out the real facts of the case, but I can truly say, that for years I never heard that field mentioned without a feeling of terror. The remembrance of what I suffered from foolish fears, always makes me anxious to save other little simpletons from the same; had the story been told out plainly before me, with no attempt at concealment, I, very likely, should have paid no attention to it, and soon have forgotten all about it. So, my good friend, let me give you two short rules—

“1st. Never excite a child’s curiosity about anything you wish him to avoid.

“2ndly. Never speak before him of that which you do not wish him to hear, or, if you *must* speak before him, speak plainly—your effort to conceal your meaning will only excite his curiosity and attract his attention.

“Now, Jenny, reach me my hat and stick, and I will wish you good morning.” “Good morning, Sir,” said Mrs. Robins, “and thank you for your kind advice;” but she could not help thinking that good Dr. Scott was making a great fuss about nothing, as folks say.

In the evening, Robert did not want to go out to play; but climbed up in the high chair, and resting both elbows on the ironing board, seemed intently watching the smoothing process. The mother could not help seeing that her little boy was not so merry as usual. “Well, Rob, did you say your lesson well to-day?” “Yes, mother.” “Are you tired of play, or is anything the matter?” “No, mother.” Then, after a pause, “I wish father was come home; do you think he will come down Brook Lane?” “I don’t know, I am sure; I desired you not to go for I heard say there was to be a fight in the meadow, and I did not want you to get into the mob.” “A fight! was *that* all, mother?” “Yes, that was all, and enough too; but what did you think it was?” “Oh, I don’t know—I did not think anything;” then hesitating

a little, "why, George White last week was telling the boys there was a ghost had been seen somewhere near the old church lately, and—and—I know there a'nt any such things; but—I did not know—and so—I thought perhaps that was it. Only a fight after all," muttered little Rob, as he got down from the table and went off to his play; "how could I be so stupid to frighten myself so for nothing!"

"Humph!" said Mrs. Robins, "perhaps Dr. Scott was right after all. How could I be so stupid as to frighten my child so for nothing!"

A. H.

"BEGIN EARLY."—No. VI.

DAYLIGHT had for a full hour receded, and darkness had wrapped its impervious mantle round the recent objects of vision—he was *alone*, too. He had shunned, rather than courted, the unwelcome companionship of those who went to the house of God with joy, and hence he became a prey to reflections personal and confounding. The peculiar anxiety of his mother on his account, in connexion with a strong something within which he could not explain, led him into a reverie which, by the time he had reached the sanctuary, prepared him to give so much attention to the service, as might enable him to judge concerning the claims of religion upon his attention and reason. The devotional exercises preceding the address were attended to by him with little more than external propriety; but the pathos, the vigour of thought, and adaptation of the discourse to the character of the audience displayed by the preacher, rivetted his attention; conviction followed the light which was imparted. Gradually he yielded up his prejudices, one by one, until the wounded spirit groaned its agony in prayer, "God be merciful to me a sinner." The tears rolled down his cheeks—a tremor, powerful as

new, possessed him—destruction seemed to yawn at his feet, while no way of escape as yet appeared to him.

At the close of the sermon, several remained behind to unite in prayer. The meeting was protracted, and the widow's son was with them; his heart was touched by the Spirit of God—he was led to cry earnestly for mercy, and to yield at length to the claims of that Saviour which he had before despised. The hour grew late; the widow had waited with the utmost longing her son's return, as she expected, at the close of the sermon. At length, her heart sank within her, as her fears led her to believe, with sickening confidence, that her son—her loved, her unhappy son—was again revelling in some haunt of vice, when a footstep fell on her ear. She listened, but it was not her son. It drew near—some one approached the door of the cottage. A gentle knock was heard, and the well-known voice of a friend saluted her ear. He had just left the house of prayer, and had come to congratulate her on the change which had been wrought in her son, and explained all the anxious mother required to know. Claspings her hands, she exclaimed, "Father, I thank thee, my prayer is answered—my son was lost and is found—was dead, and is alive again."

Doubt would have mingled with her confidence and blighted her joy, had not the character of her informant silenced it. Her heart beat wildly—she experienced a delirium of pleasure, and wept like an infant, while her gratitude surpassed every attempt to give it utterance. The sound of her son's tread was heard, and he entered. His countenance, as he held out his arms to receive his mother, proclaimed the correctness of all that had been told her. She advanced to meet him; but the tide of joy was too powerful—she might have exclaimed, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace;" but before the arms of her son could embrace her, she sank down at his feet and with one short sigh passed to heaven where her

prayers were turned to praise. To you, mothers, who have still unconverted sons, we say, pray earnestly and fervently till the blessing comes.

"TOO LATE."

A physician had been hastily summoned to the sick-bed of an only son, upon whose forehead lay the dews of death. He had been suddenly stricken, and the fond parents could not give him up. How like the sound of fresh earth upon a coffin-lid fell the words—"Too late," from the physician's lips upon the distressed parent's ear! An aged mother once remarked to us, "Oh! if I had only known my duty and responsibility when my children were young, they would not be where they are now; some are living in wickedness—some are dead—and, I fear, one lost: none are in the right way. Oh! I now see my folly, but it is too late."

Mother! this will be your case soon, if you are yet careless as to the proper training of your children. Perhaps you are only seeking for them earthly happiness. Death will come to *you* and *them*—perhaps neither you nor they will be prepared for the stern messenger; he may come without any voice of warning and summon you before the Judge. Then the thought of misspent time, neglected children, and eternity bursting upon your vision, you will exclaim, "Oh, that I had thought of this time and prepared for it; but now it is too late—eternally too late!" "Too late!"—what words of anguish!—too late to warn my children of their danger of everlasting woe!—too late to lead them into the path to heaven!—too late to prepare my own never-dying spirit for everlasting happiness!—too late to recover lost time! Yes, mother, it will be too late when death comes to do his dread work! But, mother, it is not too late now; no,—

"While the lamp holds out to burn,
The greatest sinner may return."

To-morrow it *may* be too late. You may then have to exclaim in bitterness, "It is too late; for the harvest is past, the summer is ended, but I am not saved." You will then "remember" that you have been warned of being too late!

HOME TRAINING.

"WHEN you talk of the rising generation, it is very well to institute schools, and to send children to schools during the day, and oftentimes to school during the night; but, depend upon it, there never has been any system, and there never will be, so long as the world lasts, which can be taken as a substitute for domestic education—for that training which a child receives in the house of its parents—for that religion which it learns on the knees and from the lips of a pious mother. All the rest may be taken as accomplishment; but there lies the principle; and, depend upon it, then is the seed sown—then is the time when the heart is impressible. A parent is able to infuse that which no master can instil. We know, from the records of various biographers, that hundreds and hundreds of persons, in the latter periods of their lives, have been recalled to a sense of religion by the recollection of words they heard in infancy from the lips of a pious and kind parent."—*From a Speech of the Earl of Shaftesbury, vide "Times," Nov. 22, 1851.*

A STREAK OF LIGHT ACROSS THE GRAVE.

NO. IV.

THE grave is dark and drear, yet it is an abiding place from many of the woes of life; but, alas! how many seek its shelter who will be awfully disappointed, and find the

promise to be true, "there is no peace to the wicked," either in life or death; but to the weary, way-worn Christian it is, indeed, often a place of rest. There the wicked cease from troubling; there malice and rage cannot follow; "there we shall hunger no more, we shall thirst no more, neither shall the scorching heat of the sun light upon us; the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed us."

What is death to the Christian? It gives possession of the promised blessings, banishes all our fears and doubts for ever; we not only at once enter into the temple of God, but shall go no more out of it. We shall be satisfied when we awake in the likeness of God. It is indeed true that the wages of sin is death, for so hath God appointed; yet this very death is constrained to serve the purposes of our dear Redeemer, for it brings us into the possession of that eternal life which is the gift of God through Jesus Christ our Lord; there is thus a streak of light across the grave, inasmuch as death breaks down the great partition-wall. And with what surprising joy shall the poor humble Christian, who has long battled with the cares and afflictions of life, enter into the blessed society of heaven! Instead of scorn and contempt, he shall have the smile of angels; Abraham, Moses, and David will delight to do him honour; above all, he shall be cheered and made happy with the "Well done, good and faithful servant, thou hast entered into thy rest, and shall go no more out for ever," from the lips of that Saviour whom he hath long loved and served.

Nevertheless, some are all their lifetime subject to bondage through the fear of death; they cannot contemplate his approach without fear and terror; there is a mistiness about their state; they cannot read their title clear to mansions in the skies. Their faith is weak. This may be permitted, but it is far from a desirable state, and ought to be struggled against. Oh, Christian! it is dis-

honouring to thy Lord. He would not have thee hang down thy head like a bulrush, and go comfortless; He would have thee go on thy way rejoicing; and if thy poor body decay by slow degrees, He will give thee a precious opportunity for the exercise of a lively faith, and converse with death as it were beforehand, and give you daily to grow in preparation for thy departure. Let us, therefore, maintain a blessed assurance of the gracious designs of our Lord in all the circumstances which attend the death of His people, being assured we shall have dying grace in dying moments; nor must we expect it before.

How great is the difference between the death of a saint and that of a sinner—a soul that is in Christ, and a soul that has no interest in Him! When conscience is awakened upon the borders of the grave, it beholds death in its utmost horror, as the threatenings of an angry God are about to be fulfilled, and the guilty conscience beholds Death riding towards him on a pale horse, and Hell following at his heels. But the Christian reads the name of death in the promises of the Gospel, and calls it a glorious blessing, a release from sin and sorrow, and an entrance into everlasting joy. There is a streak of light across the grave.

M. B.

BE GENTLE

ANXIOUS mother, wearied with thy many cares, busied continually with thy manifold duties, scarcely having time or opportunity for quiet intercourse with thy God, doth it not seem almost impossible to possess a spirit of meekness?—to be able continually to speak to thy little ones with gentleness? Still, if mothers do not attain this spirit, do they not lose a power which nothing else can gain?

What a powerful weapon to a mother is love! Nothing acts with children like “the gentle word and loving smile.” Gain a strong hold on the heart of your child, and you

may mould it as you like. Oh, strive to make the early life of your little ones happy by your love!

“Perchance they’ll have enough to bear;
For pass through life as best they may,
’Tis full of anxious care.”

Some reader of this may, perhaps, be a poor mother with a large family, occupied every moment in the day with providing for their temporal wants; scarcely knowing how to meet them all. Is it possible, under such circumstances, to be gentle at all times? It is not, in your own strength. Often will you be tempted to let the angry expression escape your lip; then, no other, fly to the throne of grace, lift up your heart to that Friend, whose ear is ever open to the regards of His people; He will help you. How often have you grieved Him, and how gently has He used the rod. He is a loving parent, and gently deals with His children. Oh, let mothers pray for the “meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price.”

EMMA.

NATURE AND FAITH.

WE wept—’twas *Nature* wept; but *Faith*
Can pierce beyond the gloom of death;
And in yon world so fair and bright,
Behold thee in refulgent light!
We miss thee here; yet *Faith* would rather
Know thou wert with thy Heavenly Father.
Nature sees the body dead;
Faith beholds the spirit fled.
Nature stops at Jordan’s side;
Faith beholds the other side.
That but hears farewells and sighs
This thy welcome in the skies.
Nature mourns a cruel blow;
Faith assures it is not so.
Nature never sees thee more;
Faith but sees thee gone before.

Nature tells a dismal story;
Faith has visions full of glory.
Nature views the change with sadness;
Faith contemplates it with gladness.
Nature murmurs; *Faith* gives meekness—
 “*Strength* is perfected in weakness.”
Nature writhes, and hates the rod;
Faith looks up and blesses God.
Sense looks downward; *Faith*, above;
That sees harshness; *this* sees love.
 Oh! let *Faith* victorious be,
 Let it reign triumphantly!
 But thou art gone!—not lost, but flown,
 Shall I then ask thee back, my own?
Back—and leave thy spirit’s brightness?
Back—and leave thy robes of whiteness?
Back—and leave thine angel mould?
Back—and leave those streets of gold?
Back—and leave the Lamb who finds thee?
Back—from founts to which He leads thee?
Back—and leave thy Heavenly Father?
Back—to earth and sin? Nay, rather
 Would I live in solitude!
 I would not ask thee if I could;
 But patient wait the high decree
 That calls my spirit home to thee.

A TRUE STORY FOR OUR YOUNG FRIENDS.

No. V.

GENTLE JOHN, THE HAPPY YOUNG VILLAGER.

“THERE was,” said Mrs. Ormsby, “one feeling this amiable boy had, which continued to the end of his life, and often surprised those who were acquainted with the extent of his knowledge, and the strength of his fine mind—this was, a dread of all kinds of insects; and when he was grown up quite a young man, it was seen, by his flushed cheeks and anxious eye, if a poor spider came travelling near, that it was disagreeable, almost distressing

to him." "Yes, I remember," said Mary. "John did not like spiders, and I don't like spiders." "Then you are a very silly little girl," said Robert, hastily, "for they are very clever and amusing little things. Why, Mary, do you know that some spiders can catch birds, and make silk stockings, and teach lessons to kings, and that they have a great deal of wisdom?" "Oh, Robert!" exclaimed little Edwin, "how can you talk such nonsense! Who ever heard of spiders making stockings?—it can't be true."

Mrs. Ormsby smiled, and laid down her manuscript, and Miss G. asked Robert to explain himself. "Yes, that I will," said he, "in a moment;" and running off he soon returned, holding a book in his hand, from which he read as follows:—"The bird-catching spider is the most gigantic and powerful of all the genus. It is about three inches long, and by some is said to be as large as a man's fist. Its body is covered with hair; it has two fangs, an inch and a-half long, and very thick, which are black as jet, smooth as glass, and as sharp as a thorn. It spins its web between trees standing a long distance from each other; it then spirits it into the air, where the wind carries it from tree to tree; and those webs are so strong, that the spiders can easily snare in them a bird as large as a thrush. A short time ago, a gentleman saw a bird in one of these traps, half devoured, and a spider in the act of sucking its juices." There, you see, Mary, they can catch birds," said Robert, exultingly. "Ah! but you never saw them," replied the incredulous Mary. "No; because they are not English spiders; but if I go to the West Indies, which I hope to do, I shall get one, and dry it, then send it home, to make you believe, little Miss Polly!" "And is this the great spider that is the stocking maker?" asked James. "Oh! no; that little creature you may see every day making its net-work in the garden: here it is," continued Robert, turning over his

book. "Now listen:—A gentleman collected a number of the egg-bags or cocoons of the garden spider, and having prepared and washed them, they were steeped in a solution of soap, nitre, and gum arabic; afterwards they were boiled in it, and laid out for some days to dry. They were then loosened with the fingers and carded; by this process a beautiful ash-coloured silk was obtained, easily to be spun, and three ounces of this silk make a pair of stockings. There you see, Mary, the poor little things you hate so much are clever and useful. I could find you a great deal more about them—how clever they are in making their houses or dens; how patient and industrious they are, and I could read to you how quarrelsome they are among themselves when they grow old, and how the mother-spider will defend her young ones, even with her life; how King Robert Bruce learnt a lesson from one of them, and many other things; but I know you want mamma to go on." "Yes, I do," said Mary; "so I am glad you have done with the spiders, though I did not think they were such clever, useful things." We will resume John's history next month.

ENCOURAGEMENT TO TRACT DISTRIBUTORS.

A LADY who was a tract distributor was cheered one day by a woman relating to her the effect a few words of one of the tracts had upon her mind. She had prepared, and was ready to start, to pay a visit on the Sabbath to a relative who lived a few miles distant. Before going she opened the tract, and was struck by a passage which caught her eye. "Are you going to glorify God to-day?" She felt convicted, gave up the journey, and determined never to violate the Sabbath day again. This lady has found good done by distributing with the tracts old copies of the *Mothers' Friend*; they are much liked by the tract readers, and in some instances have been, she believes, the mean

of inducing mothers to attend a Maternal Meeting. Would it not be a good plan for mothers to engage their children in this work? It is surprising how even a child of two years old is delighted by going round a district with her mother, to take little books which tell about Jesus—children like to be useful. Why should they not thus early be taught to be useful for Christ? EMMA.

LIGHT AND SHADOW.

“Is every cloud lined with silver, mother?” “My child, silver is a metal, and could not float in the blue ether! It is a pretty expression, intended to show that though clouds, and sometimes dark clouds, obstruct the sun from our vision, yet the side from us receives the light; therefore, all that looks dark to us is not really so, only on the point within our view.” From this simple question, let us learn that there is a “need be” for our being in heaviness through manifold temptations. These are the clouds in our moral atmosphere, which oftentimes prevent the ray of the Sun of Righteousness from reaching our trembling hearts. We look at these, instead of by faith piercing the veil and seeing the Lord our Righteousness on the mediatorial throne, who still bears the marks of His humiliation as well as our names on the palms of His hands. E. T.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Modern Accomplishments. By Miss SINCLAIR. London: Simpkin & Co.

An amusing tale, blended with many useful hints.

Strength in Weakness. London: Simpkin & Co.

A touching little memoir of a dear child.

The True End of Life. By Rev. J. LÖRD. London: Nisbet & Co.

A beautiful and useful lecture for young men. Mothers will do well to present it to their sons.

Piety and Usefulness a Hundred Years Ago. London: Hamilton. Birmingham: Showell.

A very interesting memoir of an excellent woman, with introduction and reflections by the Rev. John Angell James. A little work calculated to stimulate us to go forward amidst difficulties.

OUR DEAR ONES IN HEAVEN.

"I look to recognise again, through the beautiful mask of their perfection."

The dear familiar faces I have some while loved on earth.

I long to talk with grateful tongue of storm and perils past,
And praise the Mighty Pilot that hath steered us through the rapids;
He shall be the focus of it all, the very heart of gladness—
Prophet, Priest, and King—the Sacrifice, the Substitute, the Saviour!
Come tread the golden streets, and join the glorious throng,
The happy ones of heaven and earth, ten thousand times ten
thousand.

Hark! they sing that song, and cast their crowns before Him;
Their souls alight with love, glory, and praise and immortality!—
Veil thine eyes—no son of time may see that holy vision,
And even the seraph at thy side hath covered his face with wings."

Who has not lost some precious one from earth, yet hoping and believing they are safe in the better land, where no clouds, no shadows come? How often in the twilight do we try to imagine what they are, and how employed, till the heart longs to hear some tidings of them from the unseen angel-band hovering about our world and about our path!

Look at that mother of the sailor-lad, sitting in her evening chair, smoothing in her hand a glossy curl—thinking, weeping, perhaps praying, for him who has embarked for a distant port—he has reached a far country—ask her what tidings she would like to hear from her son? Listen. "Oh, tell me," she cries, "that he is *alive*—tell me that he is *well*—tell me that he is *happy*—and tell me that mine eyes shall behold him once more!" And what does the mother say whose only son has spoken his last farewell on earth to her? "Does he live still? Is he happy? Shall I see his face again?" What can we answer her? Let us tell her what God says—"I will that those whom thou hast given me be with me where I am."—"Absent from the body present with the Lord."—

But the weeping mother says, "Oh, my precious ones have been dead so long!" Not so—they have been alive all the time; they are alive now—they always will be alive. They cannot die; immortal life is theirs. You are no more alive on earth, mother, than those who are washed in the blood of Jesus are alive in heaven. Nay, not so much; for you bear about with you a body of death—but they are free from it. Your neighbour lives, though in another house; your friend lives, though in another city or country; your child—your husband—your mother lives, though in another world; aye, and they are "*well*," too, infinitely better than you ever saw them on earth in their best day; for they live among the inhabitants of that genial sphere in which the words are never uttered, "I am sick."

"No chilling words, or poisonous breath,
Can reach that healthful shore;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and feared no more!"

Do you ask, are they happy? Yes, far more happy than you ever saw them on earth. They are unspeakably happy. All that you hope for, they have secured. However great their tribulation here, they have escaped from all now—"they have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb; therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve Him day and night in His temple; and He that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them. They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat; for the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them to living fountains of waters, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes." Let us comfort one another with these words, and press on towards the celestial city, where so many dear ones are gathering.

WHY THIS CUP?

"The cup which my Father hath given me shall I not drink it?"

MUSING of all my Father's love,

(How sweet it is!)

Methought I heard a gentle voice

"Child, here's a cup—

I've mixed it—drink it up."

My heart did sink—I could no more rejoice.

"O Father, dost thou love thy child?"

Then why this cup?"

"One day, my child, I said to thee,

'Here is a flower,

Plucked from a beauteous bower.'

Did you complain? or take it thankfully?

"One day I gave thee pleasant fruit,

From a choice tree;

How pleased, how grateful seem,

You said, 'I love Thee;

Faithful may I prove!'

Your heart was full, with joy your eyes did beam.

"That flower was mine—that fruit was mine—

This cup is mine,

And all that's in it comes from me."

"Father, I'm still;

Forgive my naughty will;

But what's the cup? May I look in and see?"

"You see, my child? You must not see;

Christ only saw

His destined cup of bitter gall;

No, child! Believe—

Meekly the cup receive,

And know that love and wisdom mixed it all."

"O Father, must it be?"

"Yes, child, it must."

"Then give the needed medicine,

Be by my side,

Only Thy face don't hide,

I'll drink it all—it must be good—'tis thined!

THE SHADOW OF A LIFE.—No. IV.

"If ye are blessed with children, ye have a few, but pleasure, a deeper care and a higher joy, and the range of your existence is widened; So thou art a landmark on a hill; thy little ones copy thee in all things; Let, then, thy religion be perfect, so that thou be honoured in thy house."

Months and years passed on—two lovely children were given to Lucy's care, and devotedly did she attend to all her maternal duties; but a great shadow had fallen on poor Lucy's path. She not only felt that she and her husband were very unsuitable, but she felt, too, that she was an unloved wife—linked to one who did not understand her; and one, too, who did not love her God. She often felt a dread lest her warm love for him would abate; earnestly, therefore, did she plead with Heaven, that while life remained, her warm love to Maurice might remain also. Her prayer was answered—she loved on as ardently as when she first gave her youthful affections to him; yet her cheek grew pale, and her step less elastic, day by day, as she feared to put the dreaded question to him, "Do you love me?"

One day, Lucy thought her husband was more kind than usual, and she ventured to whisper, "Maurice, do you really love me?" In a moment, the contour of his face became changed, as he replied, in a stern voice, "No; and, what is more, I never did, and never shall." "Ah, then," said Lucy, meekly, "I see I must die, to make you more happy."

The arrow sank deep into Lucy's soul; she felt that Heaven alone could now keep her from being miserable while life lasted. It has been truly said that there is no loneliness in all the waste or peopled deserts of the world bearing the slightest comparison with that of an unloved

wife! She stands amidst her family like a living statue amongst the marble memorials of the dead—insistent with life, yet paralyzed with death—the burning tide of natural feeling circling round her heart—the thousand channels frozen through which that feeling ought to flow—such a desolate being stood poor Lucy amidst her household. A mother's love was deep and strong in her heart; and often, while her little ones were playing round her, would the tears of agony burst forth, as the artless creatures questioned, "why papa did not live at home in the evening like other papas?" Lucy ever made some excuse for him, cheering on her little ones with the hope of a home where all the family should live together in perfected love.

One bright ray of sunshine had burst through the cloud shadowing her life, in seeing the faithful teaching she had bestowed on old Susan made useful in bringing her to the Saviour's feet; and she had seen her pass from earth, blessing God for a friend—even for Lucy—who had been sent, as she said, "to warn her of her danger, and lead her to a safe refuge."

As a mother, Lucy was most exemplary. In the earliest days, she led her children to the Saviour; and ere they knew the language of earth, they had learned that of heaven. She taught them, in their daily comforts and their daily walks, to recognize the Divine Gift of all that is good—all that is beautiful; and often she refreshed herself while she taught them of God's providence and love. We will give an example. One day she was leading her little group to the abode of poverty and sorrow—the walk was long, and the way hard and difficult. Often Lucy heard the question, "Ma, where can you be taking us? Ma, won't you lose your way?" At length she asked them, "Dear children, can you not trust me?" "Oh, yes, we shall be safe; we are sure you are leading us right—you know the way, ma; only we don't." Oh,

what a lesson Lucy was taught by her boy! How often had she walked in a dark path, leaning on her Father, yet half afraid to trust Him, lest He should lead her wrong! These thoughts led her to talk to her little charge of God's dealings with His children; telling them that sorrows, disappointments and trials would be the dark part of life's path, but that if they really loved and obeyed the gentle Jesus, He would always be near to lead and keep them in the right way, and at length He would lead them to a resting place in the heavenly home.

A STREAK OF LIGHT ACROSS THE GRAVE.

No. V.

PERHAPS there is no man living who has not, at some time or other, thought of death with fear and dread. It is a journey which all the children of Adam have taken, up to the present time, with only two solitary exceptions; and not one of this mighty multitude has returned to give us the slightest idea of the nature of the way. And what vast numbers have departed under circumstances so peculiarly exciting, that, had it been possible, they would certainly have come back, in order to relieve the distress their departure had occasioned! But would not this interfere with the mission of the Holy Spirit, whose own prerogative it is to bind up the broken heart, and speak peace to the troubled soul? It is true, indeed, the sad mourners often revel in the pleasing thought, that the departed spirit looks down with pity upon them, and watches with a kind of tender solicitude. The state of their mind and their progress, bear onward; but as the Scriptures are silent upon the subject, we should indulge such thoughts very sparingly and very humbly.

We must die alone—our friends can only accompany us to the border; their tender care, their anxious solicitude,

avail only so long as we are in this time-state. The moment the pulse ceases to beat, that moment we are alone; the spirit is gone, but no one saw it go; and, whilst weeping friends are gazing upon the mortal remains, unconscious whether the spirit is there or not, it is standing all alone before the Judge of all, and become conscious of its future state of happiness or woe. O awful moment! this is indeed the turning-point of life, the moment for which all others were given; from this time they are to be happy or miserable for ever.

The free-thinker may try to encourage himself, by the labours of reason and a certain hardiness of spirit, not to tremble at the thought of death; for it may be there is no hereafter, or it may perchance be a happy one. He leaps the awful chasm from one world to another, and only discovers his mistake when it is, alas! too late to rectify it. It is Jesus Christ alone who brought life and immortality to light by His glorious Gospel. He dwelt long in heaven before He came into the world, and went back as our forerunner, and taught His followers to rejoice in the prospect of death, seeing it is but an entrance to the enjoyment of those blessings which await all the faithful. Oh! how unspeakable is the privilege of those who belong to Christ! If we are His, then death is gain. Christ is the only-begotten Son, and He inherits all things; and it may be said of believers, "Ye are all sons of God, by faith in Christ Jesus; ye are overcomers, and shall inherit all things."

Let us then awake to the great and solemn truth, that as all mankind have gone down to the dust, so must we; let us learn from the frailty of our natures "so to number our days as to apply our hearts unto wisdom," and be awakened to an active and immediate preparation for the day of our death.

LITTLE COMFORTERS.

To the Editor of "The Mothers' Friend."

DEAR MADAM,—Would it not be well if all mothers would encourage their little ones to read and commit to memory the sacred Word of God? All Christian mothers desire that this should be the lamp that shall guide their little ones whilst journeying through this vale of tears; and has not the Christian mother, who endeavours to store the minds of her little ones with these sacred truths, often been cheered by finding her labour has not been in vain? An instance of this kind came under the notice of the writer, a few days since. A mother had, with her dear husband, suffered greatly from the loss of earthly goods. Her little boy, about eight years of age, seeing his mother weeping, and judging the cause of her sorrow, brought the Bible, and told her to read the fourth Psalm, especially the seventh verse. Oh! how was that mother comforted, and led at once to peruse for a time that book of counsel and comfort for herself, and derive consolation therefrom. A short time after this, his little sister said, "Do not grieve, dear mother; with a pitcher of water, a crust of bread, a thatched roof, and love, with Christ," she added, "we can be happy."

R. B. S.

THE BETTER LAND.

FOUND IN THE PORTFOLIO OF A DECEASED YOUNG LADY.

THEY are singing in the church of God—O! hear them! I wonder if the angels are singing in heaven now. I wonder if that little fair-haired sister, who died many, many years ago, is tuning her golden harp on this blessed Sabbath day? Is she not happy now—our dearest, loveliest one—she so spiritually beautiful, that we ever deemed her some stray child of light—some wandering babe of paradise? Ah! there is no sorrow there—no night in heaven. Jesus, the holy Saviour, will keep her tenderly in His bosom, for He has said, "Suffer little children to come unto me; for of such is the kingdom of heaven." I have

many friends to-day, I trust, who are wandering over the green fields, by the clear streams, in the better land. Young and fair they left us; fairer now and purer they join in the new song of the redeemed. The holy men of olden times are there—prophets and kings—he who wrote the Psalms, and all the loved disciples for whom Jesus prayed so beautifully when upon earth. They are all with Him now—they are gathered home—home with the Father. I have many friends on earth; some of them have turned their steps, and are going back from their long wanderings—there are little golden strings fastened upon their hearts, which draw them onward and upward toward heaven. God grant that we may all meet there—the sinful, the erring, and the forgiven—that we may have our robes washed clean in the blood of the Lamb, and all together live with the blessed in heaven. I believe there is a real heaven; it may be in one of the stars,—it may be the great central sun round which all this boundless universe revolves. We cannot tell; mortals may never know.

LINES SUGGESTED BY THE PAPER FOUND IN THE PORTFOLIO OF A DECEASED YOUNG LADY.

Slowly it sailed on the open sea,
A bark with a frail girl, silently,
For the oar had drooped from the weary hand,
That was pointing away to the "better land."

But oft on the wave, with its foamy track,
To the homes of earth her eye went back;
While voices sweet, from the lessening shore,
Far out on the sea the low winds bore.

And then, as her light oar listless hung,
A murmur came from her trembling tongue,
"I hear them sing on my own loved strand,
Are they singing now in the better land?"

"Is she there—our babe who has strayed so long?
Does she tune her harp with the angel-throng?
Is she wandering now by the waters bright?
Shall I meet her there, sweet child of light?"

"She is happy now; for I see the gleam
Of her waving hair by yon swelling stream;
And she calls me up with her infant hand,
To a home with her in the 'better land.'"

"And those who have left us young and fair,
In the pastures green, are ye gathered there?
Oh! say are ye roaming hand in hand,
By the far-off streams of the 'better land?'"

"I know they are there—the men of old,
For the word of God of them has told;
And my Saviour looks with loving eyes
From the radiant hills of Paradise."

"But say, will the loved ones surely come?
Will they meet us there in our Father's home?"
And back once more, on the heaving wave,
A lingering glance to earth she gave;

While farther and farther out from shore
The boat rocked on, and was seen no more;
For it floated away to a heavenly strand,
She had moored her bark in the "better land."

MOTHER, TEACH YOUR BOY FROM THE BIBLE.

AN infidel lawyer stated his prejudices against the moral law to a Christian friend, who persuaded him to read the Scriptures. The infidel read them. His friend found him one day lost in thought, and inquired what he now thought of the law. The infidel replied, "I have been looking into the nature of that law. I have been trying to see if I can add anything to it, or take anything from it, so as to make it better. Sir, I cannot,—it is perfect!"

“The first command directs us to make the Creator the supreme object of our love and reverence; that is right. If He be our Creator, Preserver, and supreme Benefactor, we ought to treat Him, and none other, as such.

“The second forbids idolatry; that is certainly right.

“The third forbids profaneness; that is right.

“The fourth fixes a time for religious worship; if there be a God, He ought surely to be worshipped; it is suitable that there should be an outward homage, significant of our inward regard. If God is to be worshipped, it is proper that some time should be set apart for that purpose, when all may worship Him harmoniously, and without interruption. One day in seven is certainly not too much.

“The fifth commandment defines the peculiar duties arising from family relations. Injuries to our neighbour are then classified by the moral law. They are divided into offences against life, chastity, property, and character, and,” said he, applying a legal idea with legal acuteness, “I notice that the greatest offence in each case is expressly forbidden. Thus, the greatest injury to life is murder; to chastity, adultery; to property, theft; and to character, perjury. Now the greatest offence must include the less of the same kind; murder must include every injury to life; adultery every injury to chastity and purity; and so of the rest. And the moral code is closed and perfected by a command forbidding every improper desire in regard to our neighbours.

“I have been thinking,” he proceeded, “where did Moses get that law? I have read history. The Egyptians and neighbouring nations were idolaters, so were the Greeks and Romans, and the wisest and best of the Greeks and Romans never gave a code of morals like this. Where did Moses, then, get that law which surpasses the wisdom and philosophy of the most enlightened ages? He lived at a period comparatively barbarous, but he has given a law

in which all the learning and sagacity of subsequent ages have failed to detect a flaw.^b *Where did he get it?* He could not have soared so far above his age as to have devised it himself. I am satisfied where he obtained it. It came down from heaven. I am convinced of the truth of the religion of the Bible."

From this time until his death, which took place about three years afterwards, he continued a firm believer in the truth of Christianity, his views gradually expanding and growing more correct.—*Mrs. Colin Mackenzie.*

INDUSTRY.—No. II.

THERE is no surer way to make a child respect himself, and have a regard to his character, than to let him feel that he is of some use; and nothing so effectually keeps children out of mischief as the habit of having something to do. Young people should not only be usefully occupied in a general way, but they should early be taught some regular employment, by which they may be able to obtain a livelihood, if circumstances should render it necessary. An old divine used to say of children, "Give them a Bible and a calling, and God be with them." Such a motto, mother, placed over your chimney-piece, where it can be read every day, may prove useful to you and to your children.

"I wish," says a sensible mother, "among all the branches of a polite education which I would endeavour to give my children, each of them, the daughters as well as the sons, to become acquainted with some useful pursuit—whether it be painting, or the law, or medicine, or any other employment to which their inclination may lead them—so that they may be able to obtain for themselves a comfortable subsistence, if in the providence of God they should be brought into destitute circumstances." Why should they not be thus instructed, as well as Paul the

tent-maker? Children of the highest rank may one day bless parents who made such a provision for them. The Jews, however rich, always acted on this plan; and they have a saying on the subject, worthy of consideration: "Whoever teaches not his son some trade or business, does in reality teach him to be a thief!"

In order to form this good habit of industry, mothers must begin early, and they will find that great attention and patience are requisite on their part, in giving their young charge little things to do, which they may feel and see is "helping mother." Children will not generally of their own accord set about any useful employment, but need to be bidden, and even then they may be unwilling to obey; but the mother must not shrink from requiring what she thinks right—she will feel abundantly rewarded, not only in the sense of having performed a duty, but by the happiness the children will enjoy. We have known several mothers who have taught their little boys to sew and knit, and net, and when they have been tired with the book, or the top, they were delighted to "sit by mother's side to help her."

An excellent missionary, the Rev. Robert Moffatt, tells us, that he had reason to feel very thankful that he was taught to sew, and to smooth a shirt! Hear him for himself. "My dear old mother," he says, "to keep me out of mischief in the long winter evenings, taught me both to sew and knit; and when I would tell her I intended being a man, she would reply, 'Lad! ye dinna ken whar your lot will be cast.' She was right, for I have often had occasion to use my needle since. I remember once she showed me how a shirt might be smoothed by folding it properly, and hammering it with a piece of wood. The old woman who washed my linen in Africa," he continues, "sometimes with soap, but oftener without, was wont to make one shirt into a bag, and stuff the others into it, and I just took them out as they were. Resolving one day to have a nice shirt for the Sabbath. I folded up one as my mother

had taught me, and having prepared a suitable block, I laid it on, and hammered away in good earnest ! But, alas ! on holding it up, I found it riddled with holes, some as large as the point of my finger ! When I left," he adds, "I had but half a dozen shirts with two sleeves each !"

This gives us some idea of a missionary's life ; but who would have thought, had we looked in upon this Scotch mother and her laddie stitching by her side, that this same boy should one day have nations sitting at his feet to learn wisdom, and should give laws to kings ! But so it really has been. Mothers, "Ye dinna ken whar your lad's lot may be cast." There is, perhaps, scarcely a subject to which maternal influence should be more unceasingly directed, than the early formation of habits of industry ; and these habits, we repeat, should be commenced at a very early period, long before the efforts of the dear children can be very profitable to themselves or the household.

A DEAD MOTHER'S INFLUENCE.

"Mothers work for eternity."

IN encouraging the young mothers to begin their work early, and to do it *well*, we often present to them the fact of remembered words and early lessons taught at a mother's knee, and sometimes at a mother's death-bed. We have lately met with an interesting circumstance, which may, we hope, serve as a stimulus in their arduous and most important work. A mother, who had been a sad sufferer from a husband who destroyed himself by drinking ardent spirits, lay on her dying bed—calling her beloved and only son to her side, and placing her emaciated hand upon his head, she said, "Johnny, my dear boy, I am going to leave you. You well know what disgrace and misery your father brought on us before his death, and I want you to promise me, before I die, that you will not taste the poison

that killed your father. Promise me this, Johnny, and be a good boy; then I shall die happy." The scalding tears trickled down John's cheeks as he promised to remember his dying mother's words. . .

The grave received the mother's remains, and the orphan lad repaired to a distant city to seek employment. Alone and friendless, he soon fell into bad company, and forgot the promise he had made to his mother. John had good natural abilities, and had received a pretty good education, as well as early training in the right way,—so far as a mother *could* train a son, with the bad example of a father constantly before his eyes. In looking over the papers one day, he remarked that a merchant wanted a lad of his age in his office. "Walk in, my lad," said the man of business. But as he took a seat near him, he observed a cigar in his hat. This was enough. "My boy," said he, "I want a smart, honest, faithful lad; but I see that you, smoke cigars, and in my experience of many years I have ever found cigar-smoking lads to be connected with various other evil habits; and if I am not mistaken, your breath is an evidence that you are not an exception. You can leave—you will not suit me."

John held down his head, and sought the door. As he walked along the street, the counsel of his poor mother came forcibly to his mind, and he wept aloud. People gazed at him as he passed along, and several boys, railed at him. He went to his lodgings, and throwing himself upon the bed, he wept in anguish. But John had moral courage, energy, and determination, and before an hour had passed, he made up his mind to give up for ever liquors and cigars. He then hastened back to the merchant, saying, "Sir, you very properly sent me away this morning, for habits that I have been guilty of; but, Sir, I have neither father nor mother, and though I have occasionally done what I ought not, and have not followed the good advice of my dear mother, on her death-bed, nor

done as I promised her I would do, yet I have now made a solemn vow never to drink another drop of liquor, nor smoke another cigar; and if you, Sir, will only try me, it is all I ask." The merchant was struck with the decision and energy of the boy, and at once employed him. At the expiration of five years John was a partner in the business, and is now a rich man. He has faithfully kept his promise, and still remembers his dying mother's last words.

Mothers! in the morning sow the good seed, asking God to water it, and it shall bring forth fruit some day—it may be, indeed, over your grave—but it will surely grow; and what ye sow that shall ye reap, in time or eternity.

YOUR MOTHER.

"MOTHER!" holy and gentle name!

Blush, young man, blush! weep and pray for pardon, if ever thou hast wronged thy *mother*. It was a sin of saddest kind!

Little knowest thou about a mother's heart, its unfathomable love, its tender yearnings, its warm life-cells, its holy solicitudes.

To thee it is a sacred mystery, and ever will remain. Cause it not to shrink and tremble; impose no painful weight upon it; but make it glad by thy filial reverence and unostentatious piety.

A mother's love! how sweet the name!

What is a mother's love?

so The noblest, purest, tenderest flame

he That kindles from above,

leave y Within a heart of earthly mould,

father As much of heaven as heart can hold,

promise Nor through eternity grow cold;

This is a mother's love!

Selected by A. A. C.

A TRUE STORY FOR OUR YOUNG FRIENDS.

No. VI.

GENTLE JOHN, THE HAPPY YOUNG VILLAGER.

"I BELIEVE," said Mrs. Ormsby, resuming her paper, "we had just got to the new school with John?" "Yes, mamma," said James. "Well," continued Mrs. Ormsby, "here John soon outstripped many of the other boys; not from a desire of superiority over the other boys, but from a pure love of knowledge. And there was one feature in the character of gentle John that I should like to see you imitate, my boys," said Mrs. Ormsby, addressing herself to Robert and James; "he always liked to go through with a book after he had commenced it; and he tried to understand the author's meaning as he went on. He did not begin a book in the middle, or at the end, as some boys do, nor did he throw down one book half read to begin another, but got all the information he could from the book in hand."

Robert and James looked at each other, and their mother proceeded:—"Amiable, clever, and pious, gentle as a lamb and happy as a lark, John was a general favourite, both with the masters of the school and the boys. About this time a friend of John's saw the proprietor of the establishment, and asked him if he thought John would readily learn Latin and Greek? 'Learn them, Sir,' he replied, 'he would eat them with as much pleasure as other boys eat food.' Soon after this, John returned home, and commenced the study of the classics with the friend just mentioned, and he made great progress in a very short time. As he was very fond of writing the sermons he heard, another friend taught him short-hand; and in one week he was quite master of the system. In the Bible class, John's piety and talent shone forth, and some thoughts which he wrote on various texts, selected by his

pastor, were very beautiful. John was now of an age to be placed from home, and great was the trial, both to him and to his parents, when he bade farewell to the home of his childhood, to reside in a distant city; but where duty commanded him he was willing to go. As John had been a dutiful son, so now he faithfully served his master, who being a very excellent and kind-hearted man, soon won young John's affections."

CHAPTERS IN FAMILY HISTORY.

GREAT joy was experienced in a household when an infant was given to them. But, alas! how suddenly all their hopes were dashed to the ground! The cup of bliss which they had put to their lips was bitter to the taste. *Their boy was blind!* This heavy blow fell upon their hearts with fearful weight. Must the fond mother ever look in vain into those eyes for the love-light reflected from her own? Was the loveliness of the green earth for ever veiled to him? Was he to be shrouded in darkness as in a garment? Would he never see his mother's smile, never look upon his father's face? Was he only to know,

"The sunshine by the heat,
The river's silver flowing
By murmurs at his feet?
The foliage by its coolness,
The roses by their smell,
And all creation's fulness
By love invisible?"

The mother, in the bitterness of her grief, exclaimed, "Oh, God, would that he had never been born!" For a time poor John was speechless with grief. The suddenness and violence of the shock stunned him; but Mary's sobs recalled him to himself, and clasping her closely to his heart, he said, in a voice so changed that it startled her,

"The cup that our Father has given us shall we not drink it? Oh, help us to say, 'Thy will be done.'"

It was long before the afflicted parents could think calmly of their great sorrow. Mary's overburdened heart was somewhat relieved by sharing her grief with John; and their love for each other, and for the little one who was the innocent cause of so many tears, strengthened them to bear the burden which was laid upon them. For many long weeks they passed through the agonizing alternations of hope and fear; for hope does not easily die out of the heart, and often it seizes for nourishment on trifles light as air, by which it is again and again doomed to disappointment. Little Willie grew in knowledge and in stature. He gave indications of a very high degree of intelligence, and of a nature singularly loving and susceptible. He early displayed the love for music so often characteristic of the blind, and would lie quietly in his mother's arms, hour after hour, while she sang to him hymns and cradle-songs. Almost before he could speak, he, too, began to sing; and it was touching to hear the little fellow, in his utter darkness, pouring forth music as sweet and simple as the bird-matins.

The tendrils of his parents' hearts wound round and round their stricken one. To convey to him knowledge through the enclosed avenues of his senses—to make him happy—became the great object of both their lives. Mary would take him out in the sunny days, when he was old enough to understand her, and describe to him the beautiful objects around him—the birds, and trees, and flowers. He was charmed with all delicate perfumes, and quickly chose his favourites among the flowers. He loved to sit with a bunch of tri-coloured violets in his hand; and every little while, with a touch light as a fairy's, he would pass his delicate fingers over their velvet petals, while a smile of pleasure broke like sunlight over his face. He seemed to love every sound made by the happy living

things that people the atmosphere. The hum of the beetle—the buzzing of the bees—the chirping of the crickets—the hum of the tiny insects, and the warbling of birds, filled him with delight. It seemed as if every sweet sound took a sweet odour by the hand, and thus walked through the open door of the child's heart, and held a joyous nuptial dance therein.

More of Willie next month.

FRAGMENTS FOR SPARE MOMENTS.

THE RIGHTEOUS AND THE WICKED.

A VENERABLE divine once remarked, "Both the godly and the wicked are in the twilight of life, with this difference:—The wicked are in the twilight of evening—the day is far spent, the night is at hand—and, oh, what a night will that be for them! The Christian is in the twilight of morning; the night is just gone, the day is at hand—a day of sunshine, of glory, and immortality. You may sleep all the way to hell, but you cannot sleep in the way to heaven."

LOOK BEYOND.

Men often forget that many a privation has a hidden joy, as the flower blooms under the leaf. Shadow is sometimes shelter.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

My Eye to the Ball! By the late Rev. JO MACDONALD, M.B.A. :
Sherrin & Co.

London: Sherrin & Co.

London: Sherrin & Co.

THE SHADOW OF A LIFE—No. V.

"Lay I in the sunshine, friends, nor sorrow that a Christian hath departed."

How full of dread, how full of hope loometh inevitable death!

Of dread, for all have sinned; of hope, for One hath saved:

The dread is drowned in joy, the hope is filled with immortality.

Pass along, pilgrim of life; go to thy grave untearing;

The terrors are but shadows now that haunt the Vale of Death!"

As years passed on, no change came over the hard heart of Maurice Ward; business and pleasure, far from the spot where he might have found a happy home, divided his time; while Lucy, devoted to his comfort and to his children's well-being, went on her isolated path with the great shadow of her life encircling her ever. At length a voice was heard—"Call her up hither," and straightway was Lucy laid upon the bed of languishing. Patient and uncomplaining she lay day by day, cheered by the presence of her minister, her children, and their faithful nurse, who had been under Lucy's good training some years, and who had early given her young heart to the Saviour. Now and then Maurice contrived to run up and ask her how she did, but he was always in a hurry and could not sit down; besides, he said he did not like sick rooms, and he was never born to be a nurse; he left that for women, who were intended by nature for the office.

At the bidding of Maurice, by a hasty letter, Mrs. Angus came to Lucy's sick bed. Standing by her, soon after she arrived, Lucy spoke to her mother of the happiness she felt in the prospect of being at home in her Father's house. Mrs. Angus replied, "Everybody else, Lucy, is miserable enough in this melancholy house. But I set how it is; your home has not been a happy one, and I feel I have much to blame myself for in the matter." Lucy was silent for a few moments; then, gathering up all her remaining strength, she took her mother's hand, and, looking into her face with her bright glassy eyes, she

said, "Try to believe, my dear mother, that God orders all things well,—nothing happens by chance. If all my path had been unclouded sunshine in this world, perhaps I might have forgotten the home of the blessed, where I shall soon—very soon—rest! I hope you and dear Maurice, and our faithful Martha, will often remind my precious children that they have a mother in heaven; and charge them from me, as they live and grow up, to love and serve the blessed Jesus, and meet me there. Oh! my mother, may I hope that we shall *all* meet there?"

"Why, Lucy, I hope we shall; of course, we all expect to get there at last." Fixing an earnest gaze on her mother, she said, in a firm but low voice, "'If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him.'"

'Those holy gates for ever bar
Pollution, sin, and shame;
None shall obtain admittance there
But followers of the Lamb.'

If we would dwell in the kingdom of heaven, my dear mother, we must be born again. This great truth I learned at my cousin's death-bed long ago, and I shall soon be able to tell her the influence it has had upon my whole life since.

'Upon that green and flowery mount
Our happy souls shall meet,
And with transporting joy recount
The labours of our feet.'"

Lucy sank back exhausted. Just then her little Lucy, a sweet child of five years, stepped lightly into the room, and taking the thin cold hand of her sick mother she said, "Ma, do let me go to heaven with you. Pa's crying down stairs, and says you are going to be an angel in heaven. Do let me be an angel too, Ma!" I cannot stay here; if you go away, do let me go! do take me, dear Ma,—do!" Saying this the dear child hid her face in the counterpane, and wept aloud.

THE TWO DEAD SONS.

SOMETIMES, when we cast the dust on the sunny brow of beautiful infancy, we say the sorrow is very deep, and almost feel inclined to charge God foolishly; but the Christian mother will rest in the love of Him who doeth all things well, and who sees the future as well as the past and present.

In a darkened room sat a young mother weeping in agony, now and then crying in bitterness, "My babe!—my precious one!—my darling boy!—Gone, gone for ever! Oh, shall I see his sweet face no more?" A friend stepped gently into the room of death. A little grey and silvered coffin contained the beautiful form of the young mother's dead boy. He lay with meekly-folded hands on his placid breast; rosebuds were in his little chubby fingers, and lilies lay around him. A full lace cap surrounded his handsome face, over which, as yet, death seemed to have lightly passed with his icy breath. The long eyelashes rested on the fair cheek, and the expression of the whole face seemed to whisper of perfect happiness.

"How beautiful!" said the friend. "Yes!—but he is gone!" rejoined the sorrowful mother; "and I shall see his face no more!" "Yes!—yes, you will!—he lives still, though in a better and a happier clime." "Oh! but he was my only one!—full of intelligence and interest to me—just beginning to listen to the tales in the Bible—the dove and the ark—the babe in the manger! Oh, how he delighted to listen! but he will hear my voice no more! How he followed me everywhere; and when his papa returned home to dinner, he was in an ecstasy of joy, dancing and singing over the house. Oh! what has the spoiler done in one short night!" "Did you pray for him while he lived?" "Of course I did." "What did you ask?" "All blessings for him and for eternity." "Ah, and that he might be happy *here* and *there*?" "Yes."

truly." "Did you *wish* what you asked?" "Most ardently." "Did you tell God *how* He should bless him?—how and where your dear one should live and die?" "Of course I left that to Him." "Just so, my dear friend; and this is God's way of answering your prayers. Your beautiful boy is happy now for ever,—no storms, no temptations, no disappointed hopes, no infirmities of age with grey hairs and tottering steps can ever distress him, ever young and beautiful and happy. Though you are full of sorrow, no tears can dim his bright eyes, no pain mar his radiant countenance. He sings while you weep; he lives in perfect happiness, while you would have held him down in a land of dangers and enemies; while you can only take a glance of heaven through a glass darkly, he enjoys a full gaze of the Lamb slain in the midst of the throne."

"Yes, yes," cried the mother; "I know all that, but I miss my boy!" "Well, now, allow me to lead you, my dear friend, in imagination, to another home of sorrow. There sits a mother in fearful bitterness of heart; at her feet plays a little fatherless and motherless boy. She receives no pleasure from his merry gambols, for she knows a black shadow has fallen on his young life—her son, the boy's father, is just gone to his grave. She did not see him die—oh no! she could not administer any comfort as you did to your son. She has something more to remember of him than love and happiness. Her son is cut off in the midst of his days, while full of health and vigour. He is laid in a disonoured grave. Oh, how deep her anguish compared to yours! how painful her recollections compared to yours! You think yours a bitter cup,—so it is; but oh, how many more bitter ingredients are mingled in that mother's cup than in yours! And are you quite sure your son would never have caused you to exclaim with anguish, 'Would thou hadst died when an infant!' if he had lived to be thirty or forty years? The

future you know not. Your beautiful boy is taken from the evil to come. It is our duty not only to submit, but to acquiesce in the will of our heavenly Father."

"Yes, yes," said the young mother, while she wiped the tears from her cheek. "I see—I see—I must not rebel or charge God foolishly. He doeth all things well. Pray for me, my dear friend, that I may indeed acquiesce, and kiss the hand that deals the blow! While I weep I would also acquiesce."

INDUSTRY.—No. III.

WHILE we urge mothers, as they value the happiness of their children, to teach and encourage them to be industrious, we would that they should bear in mind, that in this respect, as well as in every other good thing, they must set the example themselves, and be all they desire their children should be, remembering the motto,—“they will walk in the way of the mother.” We may with as much propriety expect to gather apples from a thorn-bush as to find an industrious child in the home of an indolent mother. Let us take a peep at one of these mothers by her own fireside. There she sits, with folded arms, the very picture of sloth and idleness—before her door we have to step over a group of her poor neglected little ones, covered with torn pinafores, that have never had a stitch put in them since they were put on fresh and new from the Working Society. Oh, no; she does not believe in a stitch in time saving nine.

On entering the unsidy apartment, one feels inclined to take off the bonnet, and set matters in order, for the chairs and tables are covered with half-washed clothes and ragged garments. On a small bed, which looks little better than a heap of rags, lies a poor little suffering infant, very pale, and very dirty—it looks, indeed, as if it never had known the luxury of a good wash since its eyes

opened on this world of ours—it is fretting sadly, with a dirty crust in its still more dirty hands. When the husband returns from his hard work at the close of day, he seldom finds anything ready for him—an unswept hearth, parings of potatoes, faded leaves of cabbages, are mixed with the children's rags under his feet. There is no home comfort for him, poor man!—what marvel that he goes to a cleaner and more comfortable room up at the “Bell?” What marvel that the group of little children grow up idle, dirty, disreputable—men and women; indeed, the wonder would be if they were anything else. Depend upon it, if we would have our children industrious and cleanly, tidy and respectable, *mothers must be all this THEMSELVES.*

Perhaps you will say, there are other mothers who are indolent and careless, besides *poor* mothers. Yes, to be sure there are;—we could take you to mansions richly furnished, where the mother, who is in full health, reclines on the downy cushions of a silken sofa, leaving strangers to perform all the duties that her children demand from herself; the persons whom she has delegated to take her place may be faithful or not—she is too indolent to care. She will find, too late, perhaps, that neglected duties hang heavily on her soul, when she hears the Judge declare, “Ye knew your duty, but ye did it not.” Where will indolent and careless mothers be found, when we shall hear the sound of the Archangel's trumpet declare that time shall be no more?

“DOEST THOU WELL TO BE ANGRY?”

Whose voice is this I hear? Who is it thus tenderly remonstrates? None other than the eternal God, reasoning with His rebellious prophet. The prophet was in a bad spirit—he was out of temper with himself and displeased with his God, and this was the tender rebuke of a

wise and loving Father, anxious to correct the errors of His child—his guilt was great, and called for punishment, yet nothing is heard from the Father but this mild question, to express His disapprobation of Jonah's bad frame of mind. If the prophet is soon angry, God is slow to wrath, because He delighteth in mercy.

O poor sinner! if you did but rightly know God, you would surely love Him. Perhaps you are in trouble—now we would not have you insensible to, or despise His chastenings, but call upon you to bear the rod, and know who has appointed it. The prophet Jeremiah once said, “Is there any sorrow like unto my sorrow?” And poor Job wept on the dunghill. If God deprives us of our temporal enjoyments, it becomes us to inquire why He has done it, for He does not grieve the children of men for His own pleasure. Perhaps we may have abused our mercies, misapplied them, been injured by them, or proved ungrateful to the Giver; but how often, when trouble and misfortune come upon us, we get angry, and quarrel with our heavenly Father—how wonderful, under such circumstances, that the offended Majesty of Heaven should condescend to reason with His rebellious child, and ask the tender question, “Doest thou well to be angry?” Is it right? Have you any just cause? Now what is your complaint, poor child of God? “Oh, I have lost my only son, and must go down to the grave sorrowing.” Why so? The Lord will be better to thee than many sons—He has only taken him away from the evil to come. Hadst thou seen that terrible storm and tempest which would have assuredly beaten upon his head, thou wouldst rather have rejoiced than been sorry, and is it nothing to see him with your own eyes safe in glory?

“But I,” says another, “have lost the guide of my youth; the father of my children, he on whom I was wont to lean with all a woman's confidence is taken away, and a cold unfeeling world looks shy upon us.” Ah!

doubtless thy sorrow is great, poor lonely widow—none can rightly sympathise with thee but those who have trodden the same path; yet hear what the prophet saith, “Thy Maker is thine husband, the Lord of hosts is His name.” And another, “Leave thy fatherless children, and I will preserve them alive, and let thy widows trust in me.” Surely here is consolation for thee;—turn it over and over again; leave it not till He enables you to take the comfort, and say, “Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him.”

M. B.

THE PRICE OF SELF-WILL.

YOUNG LINNA’S state of mind in her last days was a sad contrast to that of the young lady whose portfolio we have peeped into. Linna had been educated at home during her early years, but was sent to finish at a school where she lost much of her simplicity and truthfulness. Soon after her return from school, she was going out for a morning’s shopping, when her mother asked—“Linna, did you put on your overshoes?”—“I shall ride most of the way,” she replied, “and shall not need them.” Then, to divert the attention of her mother, she talked of the purchases she intended to make; but the careful mother was not to be turned aside—“You must wear them, Linna,” she continued, “it rained last night, and the walks are still damp.”

At this command the young lady began to pout, and returned to her room with an ill grace, saying, “Great, clumsy things!” After taking leave of her mother, she stooped as she was passing through the hall, and, in a twinkling, twisted off the elastic shoes, and hid them, while a laugh was on her lip as she said—“That’s the way I did at school—why not here?”

Linna was soon too occupied with passing objects to observe that at each crossing her delicate shoe was freshly

wet, and at length became so saturated that the full print of her little foot was left behind on the pavement. A chilly discomfort at length warned her,—she remembered her mother's advice, but only with the regret that her shoes were stretched and spoiled; and vexed at this, turned homeward.

A serious cold resulted from the exposure. She concealed its severity as much as possible from her mother, and continued to attend various parties, till illness was too visible in her countenance to be denied. At length a costly entertainment was to be given by a friend, and Linna was resolved to display there an elegant dress she had prepared. "I will go," said she, with resolute disobedience.

Pained at the utter disregard of filial duty Linna now so often manifested, her mother warned her of the consumptive disease which might ensue from her folly. "Not consumption, mother!" laughed Linna. "See how broad my chest is! my form is not drooping or delicate.—See how strong and solid I am!" Then she sprang to the centre of the room, and, rising on tip-toe, brought down her whole weight with a force that shook the room; the mother and daughter laughed; this was all Linna desired—to laugh away her mother's anxiety and gain her point. She attended the *soirée*—but it was the last. Days and weeks of weakness passed over the young and gay Linna. Her mother's anxious heart sought to direct her mind to the things of heaven, but she would reply—"Oh, I am not going to die,—I feel better every day." When some friend attempted to read the Bible in her presence, she replied, "Take it away—it makes me gloomy." Any approach to the subject of death so agitated her that it was finally forbidden,—and her way down to the dark valley was rendered as diverting as possible.

"My child, do you fear death?" asked her agonised and weeping mother, when the unmistakable shadow had fallen upon her beloved features. "No," she replied,

faintly and sadly, and added, "forgive me for all my unkindness." Thus, the young and gay Linna passed from earth into the presence of a holy and righteous God. Her mother clings to the slight hope that her child "made her peace with God;" but often weeps and trembles lest she ruined the soul of her daughter for the applause of the world and of fashion.

Dear young friends, with whom would you rather be found in the last dread day—with the gay and foolish Linna, or with the amiable young lady from whose portfolio we have given you a page? What will it profit you, if you gain the applause and riches of the whole world, when the soul is required to appear in judgment.

BE YOURSELVES ALL YOU WISH YOUR CHILDREN TO BE.

EXAMPLE is better than precept. Those mothers who would have good sons and daughters, must themselves be good women, which will not only each day endear them more and more to their children, but they will cherish a sacred respect for the principles the life so beautifully illustrates. What a contrast is that mother, who at the expense of ridicule will dare to tell the whole truth, to that one who bribes her child "not to tell father when he comes home." The one instils principles which will make her children honourable and trustworthy, wherever they go; the other is training them to become artful, intriguing, disreputable men and women. "If we had more wise and good mothers, what a revolution would be effected in our moral world! What young people we should have behind our counters, in our counting-houses, workshops, workrooms, and in our kitchens too!

The anxiety of a mother in a son or daughter exchanging home influence for the house of business, is naturally very

great, but if her conscience can give her good testimony that her child leaves the parental roof with good moral training enforced by her own example, what a mitigation is it to her under such a trial; and her hope is sanguine that her child, followed by earnest faithful prayer, will be preserved from sin-enslaving influences, and become not only a good tradesman or woman, but through the agency of God's Holy Spirit, enlightening their understanding, and the application of the blood of Jesus Christ, become ornaments to the Church and examples to their fellow Christians of that consistent and devoted piety, which attracts even the world, which expects more than profession of such things.

How much depends upon the mother! Christian mother! see to it that your minutest duties are fulfilled in consistency with your Christianity; then may your influence tend to bring about the climax of your wishes for your children. Godless mother! you wish your children happiness, whilst you are neglecting yourself the only way of true happiness. What will be the consequence of your influence and example? Perhaps *The Mothers' Friend* has awakened within you a desire to know what you must do to be saved. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." Seek in His strength to live in accordance with His commands; let your light shine before your children and the world; may you with your precious charges at last be an unbroken family at the right hand of your Father in heaven

A TRUE STORY FOR OUR YOUNG FRIENDS.

No. VII.

GENTLE JOHN, THE HAPPY YOUNG WILLAGER.

"DURING John's first residence from home," continued Mrs. Ormsby, "it was still his great desire to be useful to

others. He became a teacher in the Sabbath school, and now and then addressed the children in public, pressing upon them the necessity of seeking the Saviour in their early days; and as he stood forth, earnestly entreating the young ones to be reconciled to God, everybody thought he was himself a lovely example of early piety.

"When John had been absent from home a few months, he felt very anxious about his eternal interests, and although he had long before given his youthful heart to the Lord, he now began to fear he had been deceiving himself with a name to live, while he was dead in sin. His mother hearing of his sorrow, wrote to him on the subject, and in the letter which she received in reply, the following passage occurs:—'It is true I have been cast down, for I was afraid I had no love to Jesus, and no part nor lot in the matter; but on reading some passages in Isaiah I was enabled to commit the keeping of my soul to the Saviour, trusting to Him to save me, and to work in me every grace of the Holy Spirit, and now I feel a peace such as the world can neither give nor take away, for I am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed to him until that day.'

"Was he not a happy youth, my children," asked Mrs. Ormsby, as she looked around upon her little group, "to be thus meetened for life or death? You perceive, John did not expect to go to heaven simply because he had pious friends, and had enjoyed a religious education; he felt he must have piety in his own heart, and he began to examine if he had really believed in Jesus Christ and had been born again." "He was not like the little boy you told me about, mamma," said James. "Who was that?" asked Robert. "I did not hear the tale." "I was talking to your brother one day on this subject," replied Mrs. Ormsby, "and I told him of a little boy whose mother asked him where he expected to go at death. Willie answered, 'To heaven, mother.' But how do you expect

to get there?' she again asked. 'I dianna ken, mother; but I am sure you will get into heaven, and I will hold a fast grip of you and get in that way, as I am sure God will not put me out when I once get in.' His mother looked very sorrowful to hear he had no better hope of heaven than he had expressed, and she told him that although he got into the *kirk* by keeping hold of her; yet he could not get into heaven by such means, that he must trust in the Saviour and serve Him, for he could be saved in no other way; and this, my dear children, I say to you, every one must have the love of God in his own heart, or he will surely stand on the left hand of the Judge on the last day. Thus gentle John felt, and the thought made him anxious to know if he had really been born again."

A FOOLISH MOTHER AND A BOY BADLY TRAINED.

"GIVE me some of that," said a peevish-looking little boy to his mother. The mother had some nice bit in her hand. "Hold your tongue, Peter," replied his mother; "you won't get it." "I want *that*," again demanded the boy, with increased earnestness. "I tell you," said the mother, looking at him, "you shall not get it—is not that enough for you—go and play, and be a good boy." "But I want *that*," reiterated the child, beginning to sulk and look displeased. "What a laddie!" exclaimed the mother; "have I not told you twenty times never to ask for a thing when I say that you are not to get it!" "I want *that*," cried Peter more violently than ever, bursting into tears. "Here?" said the mother, "take it and be quiet. I am sure I never in all my life saw such a bad boy." Alas! the boy had more reason to complain of his mother! Does she not see that she made him just the "bad boy" he is? This same "bad boy" will grow up in all human probability a self-willed and selfish young man—

his mother will see it and suffer from it, and then wonder how such a temper should show itself in *her* son; and she will very likely console herself with the thought, that whatever is the cause of so mysterious a dispensation, it could not have come from any fault of hers—nor from want of telling! How many talk thus over ruined sons, when everybody who knew the *training* of those mothers' children, can tell how easily they made their mothers their slaves. Mothers, your *teaching* will do little good without good TRAINING.

CHAPTERS IN FAMILY HISTORY.—No. II.

WILLIE's little heart was full of love for every living thing. Sometimes he made his mother sad by the questions he would put to her. "Mother, why can't I see the pretty birds and flowers?" he one day asked. "Alas! my darling, you are blind!" "I don't know what is blind. How came I blind?" "God made you so, dearest—the good God who made the pretty flowers for you to smell, and the birds to sing to you." "What for did he make me blind?" "Even so, Father, for so it seemed good in thy sight," murmured the poor mother with tearful eyes. "Is God blind?" pursued the little questioner. "No, darling, God can see everything." "Then, why didn't He let me see too? Won't He *ever* let me see?" "Yes, one day, my precious one, when He takes you to His home." "Oh! mother, let me go to God's home now." "Not now, not yet," sobbed poor Mary, clasping her treasure to her bosom, while a presentiment that she could not keep him long shot like an arrow through her heart. It was not long; *that very night* he sickened, and before a week had passed, little Willie had his wish—he had gone to "God's home." About an hour before his sufferings ended, he exclaimed, "Mother, I can see now. Darkness is all gone! Day is

come." But the death-dew gathered on his forehead, the darkened eyes grew fixed and glassy, and, in a little while he was indeed in "God's home," nestling in the bosom of his Saviour.

"Look up, O mournful mother,
Thy blind boy walks in light;
We wait for one another,
Before God's infinite!
But, thou art now the darkest,
Thou mother left below;
Thou, the sole blind—thou waitest,
Content that it be so."

Another mother was addressed by a dear afflicted child thus:—"Mother, shall I see in heaven?" "Yes, dear," and her eyes filled with tears, and her voice choked with emotion; "we shall all see in heaven; there will be no darkness there." As the words of the young girl fell upon my ear, my heart responded, "Yes, we shall see in heaven;" and my mind reverted to the past with its lights and shadows, and penetrated into the future, even to the time when darkness shall be made light, and hidden things be revealed; and my soul rejoiced in the blessed anticipation, until the trials of earth dwindled into insignificance, and the words, "We shall see in heaven," seemed as a sort of talisman to cheer me amid earth's cares and sorrows.

Christian pilgrim, art thou bearing within thy breast a heart well-nigh bursting with grief at the loss of some cherished one? Does the hand of the Lord seem heavy upon thee? Is thick darkness round about thee, so that thou canst not see the way wherein He is leading thee? Yet a little longer, a few more trials, and thou wilt not only see but rejoice with joy unspeakable. "Do friends forsake, and foes prevail?" Has the worldly substance for which thou hast spent many an anxious thought melted away like dew before the sun? Thou canst not see now. Walk straight forward as He leads. Thou shalt see in heaven.

The grass waves over the grave of the fair blind girl; but when assailed by trials from without, or temptations from within, I seem to hear her voice saying, "Shall we see in heaven?" and to my troubled heart comes the sweet response, "We shall see in heaven; there will be no darkness there." Mother! looking on your beautiful, perfect boy, did you ever thank God that he was not born deaf, or dumb, or blind? Did you? Oh! if you never have, render your thanks now.

THE SERENADE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF LUDWIG UHLAND.

'What gentle sounds salute my ear,
And wake me with delight?
Oh mother! tell me who is near,
At this lone hour of night?"

'I nothing hear! I nothing see!
Thy fancy is beguiled!
Man brings no serenade for thee,
My poor, my dying child!"

'It is not earthly music charms
Thy poor child with its spell!
But angels call me to their arms!
Dear mother! Fare thee well!"

T. M.

THE HOUSEHOLD, "GOOD NIGHT."

"Good night!" A loud clear voice from the stairs said that it was Tommy's. "Good night!" murmurs a little something from the trundle bed; a little something we call Jenny, that filled a large place in the centre of one or two pretty large hearts. "Good night!" lisps a little fellow in a plaid rifle dress, who was christened Willie, about six years ago.

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep.
If I should die before—I wa—"

and the small bundle in the trundle bed has dropped off to sleep; but the broken prayer may go up sooner than many long petitions that set out a great while before it. And it was "good night!" all around the homestead; and very sweet music it made, too, in the twilight, and very pleasant melody it is now, as we think of it; for it was not yesterday, nor the day before, but a long time ago; so long that Tommy is Thomas Somebody, Esq., and has almost forgotten that he ever was a boy, and wore what the bravest and richest of us can never wear but once, if we try—the first pair of boots. And so it was, "Good night!" all around the house; and the children had gone through the ivory gate, always left a little ajar for them, into the land of dreams.

DIRTY CHRISTIANS.

A DIRTY Christian! What a contradiction! The union of purity with pollution—what frightful discord! "Doth a fountain send forth at the same place, sweet water and bitter?" Yet there are dirty Christians—individuals whose piety we dare not question,—whose prayers are earnest, and who, we doubt not, will one day enter into the pure mansions of heaven, but whose earthly dwellings are scenes of confusion and disorder. Still more grievous is the fact, that such persons are sometimes guilty of accusing those who are more cleanly and orderly than themselves, with making cleanliness an idol. There are two or three passages of Scripture which might be wrested to favour this accusation, especially our Lord's rebuke of the over-careful Martha, and of the Pharisees who refused to eat with unwashed hands. Let us see if something may not be found to prove that these instances of rebuke were never intended to produce a disparage of

cleanliness and order, either in reference to our persons or dwellings. Our Lord once said, "When thou fastest, anoint thine head and wash thy face, that thou appear not unto men to fast." Cleanliness and attention to personal comfort is here approved and enforced AS A HABIT, because, if not a habit, the washing and anointing would still have been a ceremonial indication of some especial religious observance.

We find the same lips which rebuked Martha for "much serving" also rebuked Simon for lack of those attentions to the customary etiquette of eastern hospitality in which Martha was too much absorbed. We may therefore conclude that her error was AN EXCESS, AN INTEMPERANCE in her domestic cares, an *over-much serving*, which left no time for spiritual duties, and prevented her availing herself of that holy conversation with her Lord, compared with which all else was worthless. But could we expect such a rebuke to fall on the woman described in the 31st chapter of Proverbs, whose diligent attention to the temporal ^{and} comforts of her house is so fully set forth?

THE MEDICINE GOD PRESCRIBES.

"WHEN I was in service," said the shopkeeper's wife, as she weighed out the articles I had ordered, "I knew a young minister, who said to me, 'If either I, or any of my brothers and sisters, should be found among the enemies of Christ at his appearing, I should say my parents were to blame; and that nothing could be laid to God's charge. The word says, "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." My parents,' said he, 'were godly persons, and instructed us in the things of God; but if I should find those instructions of no avail, I should certainly think that my parents made a mistake as to the manner or matter of their training, if not their teaching.'"

"I don't hold, for my own part," continued the shop-keeper, "with those who are always keeping their children so strict; I never saw any good come of whipping them; you may do much more by kindness than by severity." "True," I replied, "it is only a sense of duty that could induce a fond mother to use correction to her child; and she feels the punishment much more than he does. But you were just now quoting what the Lord promises by Solomon to those who bring up their children as He directs. We are not at liberty to take the promises of God's word literally, and explain away the commands. The same book of Proverbs, which promises success to godly discipline, says, 'Chasten thy son while there is hope, and let not thy soul spare for his crying.'" "That is true," said she, "it is the Lord's way with us,—'Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth; and scourgeth every one whom He receiveth.' But I have seen children of pious parents brought up with great strictness and severity, and yet turn out very badly." "Of course you have," I replied, "a parent who over-indulges his children does not bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord; but he who is stern and severe is quite as wide of the mark. Neither of these is God's way."

FRAGMENTS FOR SPARE MOMENTS.

BE TRUE TO YOURSELF.

~~That~~ is a fine saying of old Polonius to his son, with which he closes his sundry pieces of advice,—

"This above all : To thine own self be true,
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man."

Good; very good that. Self-respect—the practical result, too, of what that teaches, your being thoroughly just and

true to yourselves—will of course prevent you from being false to others, because that would be to do yourselves dishonour.—*Rev. T. Binney.*

WHAT IS MUSIC?

I would fain know what music is. I seek it as a man seeks eternal wisdom. I walked late in the moonlight in the beautiful avenue of lime trees on the banks of the Rhine, and I heard a tapping noise and sweet singing. At the door of a cottage, under the blossoming lime tree, sat a mother with her twin babes: the one lay at her breast, the other in a cradle, which she rocked with her foot, keeping time to her singing. In the very germ, then, when the first trace of life scarce begins to stir, music is the nurse of the soul; it murmurs in the ear, and the child sleeps; the tones are the companions of his dreams; they are the world in which he lives. He has nothing; the babe, although cradled in his mother's arms, is alone in the spirit; but tones find entrance into this half-unconscious soul, and nourish it as earth nourishes the life of plants.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Manual of Bible History: Gradation Third. By CHARLES BAKER. London: Varty & Co.

A delightful book for mothers and Sunday-school teachers.

Family Religion. By the Rev. WM. SCAMP, Portsea. London: Maxon.

A cheap little work, full of good and wise counsels for fathers and mothers.

The Sabbath. A Tract in Rhyme for the Million. London: Houlston & Co.

Truthful and amusing.

The Sabbath-school Expōitor. By the Rev. J. CAMPBELL, D.D. London: J. Snow.

A very valuable work for Sunday-school teachers and families—very cheap. Coming out in weekly and monthly parts.

LAST LESSONS.

THE PARTING AND THE MEETING.

"ARE you nearly ready to depart, my son?" asked Mrs. Gordane. "Yes, mother, I am ready, but I feel as I never felt before; I hope I shall find the family agreeable and pleasant people." "I trust you will, my son; but you will never find your home but where it is, dear; and the path you are about to take seems the one pointed out to us by Him who condescends to our mean affairs, therefore we have reason to hope all will be well." "I shall miss you, mother, very much; I never expected to feel as I do now at leaving my home; I wonder if they have family worship in Mr. Arnold's house?" "Yes, my boy, they have, I know, for your father ascertained this fact before he made the final arrangements for your apprenticeship." "Well, mother, you *will* write to me every week, will you not? The penny post is such a good thing! I never thought so much of it before as I have these last few weeks." "Never forget, my dear boy, that a time is coming when the penny post will not reach your mother; but there is One who will always remain near to you, if you wish for His guidance and seek His friendship; and remember, too, Edwin, my dear child, that we shall be sure to meet at the judgment-seat of Christ." "Oh, mother, we shall meet again before that." "I hope so, love; but you are going forth into the world now, and life is very uncertain; but never forget there will be one great meeting-place on that day that reveals secrets. Now let us ask together a parting blessing."

Saying this, the good mother led the way to the same spot where, from Edwin's earliest days, he had been accustomed to kneel with her to implore daily favours from the King of Heaven; and from the place where the first prayer ascended, the last petitions were offered by mother

and son. Thus they parted ; Edwin to a distant city, his mother to pour out in private the tears she had with difficulty held back at this trying hour.

For a long time young Edwin remembered, in his new home, the affectionate counsel of his pious parents, notwithstanding all the inducements held out to him to depart from the good habits learned in his childhood's home.

In the shop with Edwin was a young man who had been very differently trained, and after he had failed to draw him by persuasion into his own forbidden paths he tried what ridicule would do—laughing at him for being a “saint,” and advising him to “go home for his mother’s bonnet to shield his eyes from everything gay and beautiful.” This also failed ; but poor Edwin was sadly out of temper when his beloved mother’s name was used thus lightly, and associated with anything ridiculous. That meeting-place of which she had spoken when he left home was often in his thoughts, and the remembrance of the teaching and example of his early days for a long time kept Edwin proof against temptation. But young Lewis—like the master he served—now began to employ deep-laid schemes to ensnare the artless Edwin. He professed a strong attachment to him ; helped him in his work ; spoke words of kindness to him when he was cast down ; hinted to him the waste of time he suffered by writing home so often ; offered to ask the “Governor” to allow him “to visit some nice quiet friends” of his, where he could hear some music ; of which Edwin was passionately fond.

The simple-hearted youth lent a listening ear to the soft, smooth words of the destroyer, and soon made excuses for neglecting his home letters, from “pressing engagements,” and “very interesting friends, who claimed his attention more than usual.” Edwin saw not the snare that was laid for him, and before another year had passed he not only walked in the way of sinners, but sat in the seat of the scornful. Alas ! poor Edwin !

THE SHADOW OF A LIFE.—No. VI.

“O grandest gift of the Creator! O largess worthy of a God!
 Who shall grasp that thrilling thought, life and joy for ever?
 I look to recognise again, through the beautiful mask of their perfection,
 The dear familiar faces I have somewhere loved on earth.
 I long to talk with grateful tongues of storms and perils past,
 And praise the mighty Pilot that hath steered us through the rapids.
 And lo, the heavenly Jerusalem, with all its gates one pearl,
 That pearl of countless price—the door by which we entered.
 Come, tread the golden streets, and join that glorious throng,
 The happy ones of heaven and earth, ten thousand times ten thousand.
 Hark! they sing that song, and cast their crowns before Him.”

ONE day the faithful young nurse, Martha, was deploring the sufferings of her good mistress, when she raised her head, and with a placid look replied, “Oh, Martha, it is all right; one moment in heaven will cause me to forget all. I am very happy, even in suffering.”

“Though painful at present,
 ’Twill cease before long,
 And then, oh how pleasant
 The conqueror’s song.”

“Well, ma’am,” continued the affectionate girl, “you will be enjoying your reward while we are weeping over your loss.” “Oh, Martha, it is not by works of righteousness that we have done, but through the blood of the atonement we shall get to heaven.

“Nothing in my hands I bring
 Simply to thy cross I cling.”

Here, and here alone is the sinner’s resting-place; always remember this, Martha, and teach this great truth to my dear children.”

The springs of life were now well-nigh down, when Maurice one morning entered the sick room. He sank on the first chair near the door, and looked on a scene such as an angel might rejoice to behold. One dear little child held his mother’s hand, while another stood on the bed,

supported by the weeping nurse. Looking earnestly and lovingly upon her dear children, Lucy said, in a low, gentle voice, "Love gentle Jesus; love dear papa, and do all you can to make him happy; talk to him sometimes about mamma in heaven. Little children, love one another—love one another always." Then she added, in a sweet singing tone,—

"May you live to know and fear Him,
Love and serve Him all your days;
Then, come dwell for ever near Him,
See His face and sing His praise."

Perceiving her husband, who now stood rivetted to the spot, she beckoned for him to draw near. The strong, hard man trembled as she took his hand, saying, "Dearest husband, farewell; I am going to exchange earth for heaven; meet—me—there—farewell." Then, gently pressing his hand, Lucy passed to her mansion in the celestial city. Long, very long did Maurice imagine he felt that last pressure of love on his hand, and the remembrance of that touching scene was never forgotten by Maurice Ward.

As Maurice was walking to his office some days after the funeral, a friend, who joined him, mentioned his departed wife. "Sir," said he, in a firm voice, "I always thought I had a good wife, but I find out too late that my Lucy was an angel."

After Lucy had gone to her rest some months Maurice ventured to open her desk, intending to make it ready as a present to his daughter. On opening the upper part he was greatly surprised to find a letter addressed to himself in the well-known writing of his Lucy; it had a black border, and was sealed with black wax. For some time he sat gazing at the mysterious thing like one in a dream, and a violent trembling came over him, so that he was obliged to grasp the table on which the desk stood. "Ah," he said, at last, "this is to reproach me for all my heartlessness

towards her while here; I am now to read, no doubt, the history of my selfish life." He turned it again and again, scarcely daring to open it; he read the address, "To my own dear Maurice." "Ah, could I be always dear? wretch that I am, I will see the worst." He broke the seal—he read:—

"MY BELOVED HUSBAND.—When you read these lines the hand that now traces them will be mouldering under the clods of the valley, and the heart that dictates will, I trust, be praising Him who for me has ever done all things well. Lest you should ever doubt my ardent love for you, I write this, assuring you that the very same love which filled my heart when you first called me your bride continued to these my last, my fading days. I leave you a precious charge, my Maurice. Oh! allow me to entreat you to help them onward to the kingdom of heaven. I trust they are on the way; but oh, dearest, let me meet you ALL there. I shall long to be reunited to you in a pure and perfect home of love. Martha is a faithful and kind nurse to our dear children, and, I believe, has an interest in redeeming love; keep her, if you can, to help you train our precious ones for heaven. Farewell, dearest—best beloved on earth—farewell till we meet on the shores of eternity.

"Your faithful and loving

"LUCY."

Long and deeply did Maurice ponder over this touching letter from the dead to the living. Much he wept, and, at length, resolved to pray for help to fulfil all its requirements. His fair little Lucy was early laid in her mother's grave. Scarlet fever was sent to carry the little lamb to the great Shepherd's arms, and this proved another attraction to the heavenly world. The recollection of the last few years of his life caused Maurice Ward many a sleepless night. "Could his departed Lucy but return to hear his repentance, and tell him of her love again," he used to say, "he should once more be happy;" but it was too late. Often has he been heard to warn a particular friend of his to avoid everything that may cause regret, when the dear ones in the home circle are gone into eternity.

INDUSTRY.—No. IV.

ALL who have observed with attention the habits of little children must be aware of the impossibility of getting them to sit still for any length of time, unless they have something given them to do that will amuse them. As far as our own observation goes, we think boys are more restless than girls.

How often have we heard the request—"My boy, do sit down, and be quiet, mamma has a headache." The loving little fellow will at once sympathise with mamma, and stroke her face, and *intend* to sit by her on the stool very quietly; but the ever-active spirit soon forgets mamma's headache, and, unless you give him something to do, in a few minutes, he will invent something for himself, and, perhaps, do you a piece of service that you will not approve. If you are writing, perhaps he will try his skill at the same employment, or even mend a pen for you, if your knife is at hand. If you are working, he will wish to see what is *inside* your pincushion, or displace the contents of your work-box to examine all the "pretty things" there; and if your scissors should happen to be near, you will soon find some grotesque figures presented to your view, cut, perhaps, from a valuable note or memorandum against your will.

"What does all this tell us? Some say "love of my chief," but we do not agree with them; we do not think little children are such "mischievous little mortals" as some people imagine, but that they like to be employed, and to be told just what to do. *Something* they will do, they cannot be "still," and if you will not give them some employment they will soon find it for themselves; to be without some occupation is exceedingly irksome to them. Many a mother never thinks of taking any special pains to teach her children what they *may* do, and every now and then she is aroused by a crash or a scream, when we hear

her angrily tell her little one, "There never was such a mischievous child before." If the mother had given the dear child a bill with large letters, and a round-top pair of scissors to cut them out, or a soft pincushion and a bit of paper laid on it with a large pin to "prick holes," or a rag doll to talk to and nurse, she would have had no trouble.

Great unkindness and injustice are often done to little children by treating them as "mischievous," when the truth is, the little creatures are either weary for want of employment, or else the love of knowledge or curiosity has induced them to examine the *inside* of something they ought not to have meddled with; find them something to occupy them—work such as they can do, or some innocent amusement—and you and they will be more happy.

A father tells us he was one day working in his garden; his little son was very desirous to "help;" the hoe, shovel, and rake were each in turn put into requisition, and, as might have been expected, he did more harm than good, and the father was under the necessity of arresting him several times, by saying, "Little boy, you must not do that; you must not do so." At length, the little fellow said, "Well, pa, what MAY I do?" Now, if you have gardens, we think it a wise plan to allow the children a little piece which they may call *their own*; give them some tools, and let them dig and plant, and plant and dig again, it will be very healthful, and keep them out of mischief, and will give them a taste for working in your garden. We have often seen a very smiling face bringing in a plate of "something nice," saying, "See, ma, this is for you, from *my own garden*!"

LOVE.

• "He will *not always* chide, neither will He keep His anger *for ever*."—Psalm ciii. 9.

• WHAT a contrast there is between Him, who keepeth not His anger for ever, and those parents who take every

opportunity to find fault with their children. He deals with His children mercifully, chastens them in love, and rebukes them with pity; for He knoweth their frame, and considereth that they are but dust. But, surely, do not earthly parents know their children's frame and nature?—have not they themselves trod life's rugged path, on which their offspring are just beginning to totter?—and when they stumble, or fall, shall not their infantine frame be considered by those who gave them birth? Do not they revert to the time when they were guided by the leading-strings of childhood, and were weak in knowledge and wisdom? Our Heavenly Father never was anything but what he now is—infinite ever in wisdom and goodness, and (blessed be God) infinite also in knowledge, for He knoweth our frame and considereth that we are but dust; and ought not earthly parents, whose children have partaken more fully of their own nature, (for the child is often the second nature of its parents,) ought not *they* to pity them when they fall, and help them to rise; and not be always chiding them, but consider of whose nature they more particularly partake? If our Father were to deal with us as we deal with our children, oh! Christian mothers! where should we be? Not, surely, partaking daily of His rich mercy, if He kept His anger for ever.

Do let us think more of these things; and when our children offend or displease us, let us not deal with them according to their sins, but be like our Father who is in heaven, slow to anger and pienteous in mercy. Keep also in mind, that ere many years have passed you must be numbered with the dead. And your children—~~how~~ shall they mourn their departed parent? Shall it only be a semblance of mourning—rich and plentiful clothing of that nature?—or shall it be in the language of a sorely-smitten heart, earnestly breathing our Saviour's prayer, "Father! thy will not mine be done!" still looking forward with faith's sure eye to that blessed meeting

between parent and child in the world beyond the grave, where God shall wipe away the tears from all eyes, and where there is no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying?

"Mothers! think of these things."

MARIA.

THE JEWISH MOTHER:

How many mothers are there in our own beloved country who would look at us with a very cloudy brow, if we told them we doubted their Christianity, who nevertheless neglect to teach their dear children to lisp the name of Jesus, and the duty of praying to Him for the blessings they need? Such mothers send their dear children forth to battle with the world's storms and sorrows, without shield or helmet, rudder, ballast, shelter, or comfort, or any early and holy remembrance that may act as a talisman in the rough voyage of life. How little do such mothers really care for their children's present or future weal! The Jewish mother may teach them a lesson they will do well to remember—for as soon as her infant is capable of uttering words, the first sentence it is taught to pronounce is *one from Scripture*—as, for instance, "Hear, O Israel, the Lord our God is one;"—or, "The law which Moses commanded us is an inheritance of the assembly of Jacob;"—or, "Hear, my son, the instruction of thy father, and forsake not the doctrine of thy mother." These are taught to the young charge, who repeat them word for word; and they are said together with some short appropriate prayer for the morning devotion, which is recited immediately after awaking from sleep, and before breakfast.

Alas! how many children, of mothers who are called CHRISTIANS, are no more taught to revere, worship, or thank the blessed Saviour, who died to redeem them, and gives them life and food and raiment, than the brute that

perishes at their doors! Mother!—British mother!—Cottage mother!—living on the bounty of heaven, and may be called to see the great and holy God face to face at any moment, shall it be so any longer?

A TRUE STORY FOR OUR YOUNG FRIENDS.— No. VIII.

GENTLE JOHN, THE HAPPY YOUNG VILLAGER.

“I WILL now read on,” said Mrs. Ormsby. “It was now evident that John’s fine mind inhabited a very frail body, and he was obliged to return to his native village for rest and change of air. He was like one of those beautiful flowers we sometimes see in our gardens, faded as soon as blown;—one of those interesting beings who perish like the creatures of a dream. Every day had brought him new stores of thought and feeling, and now his deep piety was blended with the anticipation of an early death. Being thus shut out from all active bodily exercise, prayer was to him a source of deep enjoyment. On one occasion he proposed to his early friend and schoolfellow, who now resided with his family, to hold a little prayer-meeting after all the rest of the family had retired; and he desired that their prayers might embrace themselves, their parents, the cause of God, their pastor to whom he was devotedly attached, and various other things, which older people very often forget.

“After some weeks he was somewhat recovered, and returned to his business; but again and again his health failed, and he was obliged to revisit his home to be nursed by his kind mother; and it was soon apparent to everybody that he was in a very weakly state. He was exceedingly tall, very thin and very pale, with a bright full eye, now and then lighted up most brilliantly by the fatal hectic flush. However, he recovered sufficiently from time to

time to finish his apprenticeship and make an engagement in another house of business ; and, after paying a visit to his beloved home, he left it, for a still more distant part of the country, where, as in every other place where he had resided, he speedily gained the esteem of all who knew him by his devotedness to the service of God." .

THE DEAD AND THE LIVING WORKING TOGETHER.

To the Editor of "The Mother's Friend."

DEAR MADAM,—As I travelled by rail towards the South-west Coast recently, I became interested by the conversation of a lady, a fellow-traveller, as beautifully illustrative of the Scripture assurance—"In due time ye shall reap, if ye faint not."

"I am going," she remarked, "to the Channel Islands, to watch the last hours of a dear brother. He is apparently on the borders of the grave—in the last stage of consumption. It is our happiness to feel assured he is departing to his Father's house above. Oh! Sir," she said, with affectionate earnestness, "his is a case that speaks loudly and graciously the faithfulness of our blessed Lord, that prayer shall be sooner or later fully answered. He has been the child of many prayers. Twelve years ago his beloved mother died, and almost with her last breath expressed a confident hope that he would not die till he had seen and believed on Jesus. Since her death, we his sisters have ceased not, day and night, to supplicate on his behalf. He became ill, and yet no sign. Many a month we pleaded on—till at last, when least expected, the darkness of his mind began to break away—his heart softened—penitence was excited—he was led to Jesus,—and now, Sir," she said, with overflowing eyes, "now he is rejoicing in hope of the glory of God. It is delightful to be with him. Jesus Christ and Him crucified is his constant theme; if occasionally objects connected with the world are the subject of conversation, he will say, 'Cease to talk of earth, talk of Jesus; let me hear of His great and finished work. He is all in all to me.' We do not think," said his devoted sister, "he can be long with us; nor

can we now wish it; God has converted his soul, and therefore the change must be to him a happy one."

You have, dear madam, mothers many, and sisters many, who read your interesting "*Friend*." Let this precious statement cheer and encourage them,—“In due season they shall reap, if they faint not.”

DIRTY CHRISTIANS.

(*Concluded from p. 158.*)

GREAT is the fulfilment of prophecy, but surely we may gather even something more from the record that “His garment was without seam, woven from the top throughout.” The material might have been poor, but this does not look like indifference to becoming neatness. No; never let it be supposed that, either from the precept or example of our Lord, any excuse can be found for neglect of that habitual cleanliness and order, both in person and in dwelling, without which no house can be a “home of peace and love.”

God placed Adam in the garden of Eden, not to neglect it, but “to dress it, and to keep it.” He has given you, Christian mother, a dwelling to dress and to keep, not to idolize,—that is the forbidden fruit of your garden; but to cleanse and adorn it according to the means and the taste which God has given, that it may be the earthly paradise of your family. Is there not a charm in the word “home?” But can that be a home which is a continual scene of muddle and confusion? How often is God’s gift thus perverted, so that instead of having a sweet influence to draw man from the temptations of the world, it becomes a source of discontent and vexation.

If you gave a book to a friend whom you loved, and you afterwards saw it very dirty, the leaves tumbled and dog-eared, and the covers hanging loose, would you think the person valued your gift?—would you give another to the same person? Surely, then, if God gives us the shelter of

a home, the least we can do is to keep it clean and neat, and thus show that we really do appreciate and love the gift. This is *not* making a god of the house; it is simply fulfilling the duty of *making the best of God's mercies*. If, on the other hand, you saw that the book you had given had been kept scrupulously clean, though worn by frequent reading, and was now re-bound; while the name you had written years ago was carefully preserved, what pleasurable feelings would it kindle in your mind! What a proof would it be that not only was the gift valued, but the memory of the giver! And does not our heavenly Father see His gifts in this light? If we value them, cherish them, preserve them, love them, are we not likely to receive more; but if we use them listlessly, and sluggishly, can we wonder if He should take them from us? •

Mothers, we ask you earnestly and solemnly, if your house is a scene of neglect and disorder, of dirty and broken furniture, dusty books, and accumulations of useless lumber, with scarcely a fixed and decided place for anything, and consequently few things in their places, what will be the effect of these daily scenes on your children? Will they not grow up shiftless and slatternly in their habits, making careless husbands and helpless wives? And do not such slovenly homes engender much irritability of temper? Oh, we could scarcely believe that these things had any part or lot with Christians, if daily experience had not shown that it is, alas, a common evil. And how do these scenes of discomfort disturb family devotion! How often, through the lack of order and domestic cleanliness, does the hurried and comfortless meal leave no time for calm and peaceful communion with God—that privilege of all others most precious. Again we refer you to that beautiful portrait in Proverbs xxxi. Make that character your daily model, seeking Divine help and guidance, and, we doubt not, your reward will be a peaceful and a happy home.

A.

LITTLE CHILDREN.

"IN the days of my sadness," said a father, "when I knew no joy on earth, and scarcely hoped for any joy in heaven, I yet shared in one affection of Christ, for I loved little children and derived happiness from being near them. But how weak was this love, compared with that which I felt when seated at my window with my own dear child on my knee! My heart throbbed with happiness as I listened to the delicate intonations of her voice murmuring her mother's name and mine. How strong was the charm which bound me to that infant existence! How majestic does the name of God sound when pronounced by the lips of a child! If there be joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, must there not also be joy when she who was born in sin is attracted towards God from the beginning? Sometimes, as I gazed upon her opening features, I trembled to think that I had made myself answerable for the destiny of a human soul. Little do we reflect how mighty a task we undertake when we invite a whole family of immortal spirits to take up their residence with us and call us parents."

Would that all parents reflected thus on their responsibility, and their great work in training as well as teaching the children committed to their trust; we should not then see so many little wayward creatures ruined by over-indulgence as they tread the first few steps of life's journey. The Bible lays down four great rules, involving the four great elements of the successful training of children, *prayer—instruction—example*, and *RESTRAINT*; and it is very doubtful if a solitary case can be found, in which all these have been united and carried out, where the child has not followed in the footsteps of the pious parents; while, on the other hand, if but only one of the four has been neglected, it may have been the ruin of the child.

Parents who spoil their children by indulgence often

refuse them in a way that leaves the child to infer that he may gain his point if he makes a little trial of his skill. "Mother," said little Jack, "I want your knife." "Do you, my boy?—better go away and play." "No, mother, I want your knife." "No, no, my boy, you will cut yourself." "No, I sha'n't, mother—give it me." "Go away, Jack, and play." "No, mother, I want your knife." "Tiresome boy!—there—now, if you cut yourself, I will flog you." Master Jack *did* cut himself, and the mother and boy were both made very unhappy by this circumstance. How much better would it have been for both if the mother had firmly refused the little one the dangerous plaything, and directed his attention to something that would have been equally agreeable and without danger.

Mothers need not be harsh, cross, or unkind in such matters;—let them only be *firm*, and let the little ones feel quite sure they *mean* what they say. "Remember," said a good and wise father, "there is but one mode of family government; from both my observation and experience, I know, a maple-sugar government will never answer. Beware how you let the first act of disobedience in your children go unnoticed, and, unless evidence of repentance be manifest, unpunished."

We must always bear in mind that it is not enough to pray for or even with our children, if we do not also instruct them; and it will be in vain for mothers to instruct the dear children, if their own example contradicts the teaching: and in vain will be the prayer, the instruction, the example, if, like Eli, when their children do wrong, they "restrain them not;"—but let all be found united, and mothers and fathers found faithful to their duty, then may they believe that God will fulfil His promises, and that their children will grow up to serve Him, and to bless them for their fidelity to their highest interests.

BE SURE YOUR SIN WILL FIND YOU OUT.

SIN leads "as naturally to suffering as extravagance leads to poverty, or fatal disease tends to death. Sufferings are fruits that grow out of sin. "When sin is finished, it bringeth forth death." Death is both the wages and the produce of sin,—“Thy sin shall find thee out, and thine own wickedness correct thee.” They who try to seek pleasure out of sin, drink in at the same time the poison of it, and the poison will produce maladies which lead to death and destruction;—he that committeth sin makes a rod for his own back.

The wicked are sometimes suffered to drink in iniquity like water, without correction, till iniquity becomes their ruin. The Lord saith of them, “Let them alone, they will not receive correction,—they are bastards, and not sons.” But God will not lose nor spoil his own children by indulgence. “If folly is bound up in the heart of a child, the rod of correction shall drive it far from him.” While the children are not cured of offending, the Father will not cease from correcting; so long as they say, “We have loved idols and after them we will go,” so long the Lord saith, “I will visit their iniquities with a rod, and their sin with scourges.”

Some are more determined than others upon having their own will and their own way; and these the God of their salvation is more determined to chastise and afflict; and if slight afflictions do not prevail, prepare for storms and tempests—for when “God contends he will overcome.” “But hear, O heavens, and rejoice, O earth, in the midst of judgment God remembers mercy;—He will not keep His anger for ever, because he delighteth in mercy.” The Lord knoweth our frailty, and therefore saith,—“I will not contend for ever, neither will I be always wroth; for the spirit should fail before me, and the souls which I have made.”

M. B.

THE SAILOR'S MOTHER.

ONE morning (raw it was and wet,
 A foggy day in winter time),
 A woman on the road I met,
 Not old, though something past her prime,
 Majestic in her person, tall and straight;
 And like a Roman matron's was her mien and gait.

The ancient spirit is not dead,
 Old times, thought I, are breathing there,
 Proud was I that my country bred
 Such strength, a dignity so fair;
 She begged an alms like one in poor estate,
 I looked at her again, nor did my pride abate.

When from these lofty thoughts I woke,
 "What treasure," said I, "do you bear,
 Beneath the covert of your cloak,
 Protected from the cold damp air?"
 She answered, soon as she the question heard,
 "A simple burden, Sir, a little singing bird."

And thus continuing she said,
 "I had a son, who many a day
 Sailed on the seas, but he is dead—
 In Denmark he was cast away,
 And I have travelled weary miles to see
 If aught which he had owned might still remain for me.

"The bird and cage they were both his,—
 'Twas my son's bird, and neat and trim
 He kept it; many voyages
 This singing bird had gone with him.
 When last he sailed, he left the bird behind,
 From bodings, as might be, that hung upon his mind.

"He to a fellow-lodger's care
 Had left it to be watched and fed,
 And pipe its song in safety. There
 I found it when my son was dead.
 And now, God help me, for my little wit;
 I hear it with me, Sir, he took so much delight in it."

WORDSWORTH.

HAVE YOU A FAMILY ALTAR?

CHRISTIAN fathers and mothers, do you bend with your little ones around the family altar? If you do, I rejoice with you. But oh! I fancy I hear some mother say, "Really, we have no time to spare for family prayer. Father is off so early in the morning to work, and then there are the children to get ready for school, and I have so much to do, to keep my house in order, and to prepare everything for my husband and children, that I can't conduct it myself."

Then I fancy I hear some father say, "It is no use thinking about family worship, for I have so much business to attend to, and I am off so early to my work, and then I am home late, and tired." But I fancy I hear another mother say, "Oh! how I enjoy our family worship—husband is off to work early, it is true, but we manage to have family devotion, for I try to fulfil the old proverb, 'Early to bed and early to rise.' I get the children up and breakfast ready, and then husband reads and offers up a prayer to our heavenly Father for His protection through the day; and if husband is deprived of the privilege, then I conduct it myself, and I am sure I feel all the better for it. How nice it is to feel that God is watching over one in the busy cares and trials of this life."

Much has been said, dear friends, of family prayer, and I can assure you it is a great blessing where it is enjoyed, and your children think of it in after life, and they can say, with pleasure, "My parents used to pray with their children;" when, on the other hand, they will say, "Well, it is very strange, although my parents were professors of religion, they never had family prayer." I know a young person who said once, "If I could hear my dear father's voice engaged in prayer, only once, I think I could say, Lord, now lettest thou thy child depart in peace, for my ears have heard their desire," (and that father was a professor.)

Dear Christian parents, do erect a family altar if you have not one, and you may depend upon it, it will prove a great blessing—there will be no excuse to be made when the Great Judge of all shall call you to give an account. Do, then, dear fathers and mothers, erect a family altar, and you will be blest. A WELLWISHER.

FAITH IN A STORM.

A NAVAL officer being at sea in a dreadful storm, his wife, who was sitting in the cabin near him, and was filled with alarm for the safety of the vessel, was so surprised at his serenity and composure that she cried out,—“My dear, are you not afraid? How is it possible you can be so calm in such a dreadful storm?” He rose from his chair—dashed it to the deck—drew his sword, and, pointing it at the breast of his wife, exclaimed—“Are you not afraid?” She immediately answered, “No.” “Why?” said the officer. “Because,” rejoined the wife, “I know this sword is in the hands of my husband, and he loves me too well to hurt me.” “Then,” said he, “I know in whom I believe; and that He who holds the winds in His fist, and the waters in the hollow of His Hand, is my Father.”

FRAGMENTS FOR SPARE MOMENTS. .

MAXIMS FOR CHILDREN.

CHILDREN, do not obey your fathers only, but your mothers also.—Some children will obey their fathers, because they are afraid of being beaten, but will mock at their mothers.—God’s word says, “Honour thy father and thy mother;” and “The eye that mocketh at his father, and despiseth to obey his mother, the ravens of the valley shall pick it out, and the young eagles shall eat it.”—Children, do not obey your father and mother from fear only, but from love and respect, and because the

Bible commands you to do so.—Never grumble at what you are told to do.—Obey cheerfully; obey quickly.—When you are sent to school, do not let wicked boys or girls tempt you to go and idle about with them. Recollect this verse, “When sinners entice thee, consent thou not.”—Remember, if your father and mother won’t know, and don’t see you, God knows and sees all you do.—Children, pray to God every morning as well as night.—Pray to Him to forgive your sins, and to make you hate sins which He hates.—Pray to Him for His Holy Spirit, to make you love Jesus Christ, who loved you and died for you.—Pray to Him to make you subject to your parents, as Jesus Christ was to His

Dear children, these maxims are written for you by a lady who loves you. She could tell you many a sad tale of the misery and vice of children who would have their own way, and many a one of the happiness and goodness of children who early learned to obey their parents, and fear the Lord.—J. G. C.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Adonijah. By JANE STRICKLAND. London: Simpkin & Co.

A very interesting tale of the Jewish dispersion.

Cottage Homes. London: Jarrold & Co.

A very useful little book for mothers.

My First Place. London: Jarrold & Co.

A nice little book to present to a young girl going to service.

Fear Not. London: J. Groom.

A touching account of one who died in the faith, after severe conflicts and many fears.

Christ the Only Refuge—So Many Calls—The Bible Alphabet—Show Me Myself—Little Emma—The Willing Captive—Only One Life—A Story of a Little Boy—The Scales Adjusted—Bob, the Cabin Boy—Alphabet of Animals—The Sea Boy’s Grave—The Blessed Virgin Mary—The Child’s Poetry Book—Only Three Hours to Live—The Teacher’s Dream—Thoughts by the Way—The First Gospel in Europe—Excelsior—The Folded Lamb. London: J. Groom.

A packet of useful, entertaining, and nicely-written cheap little books.

A MOTHER'S LOVE AND INFLUENCE.

It has been truly said, "The first being that rushes to the recollection of a soldier or a sailor, in his heart's difficulties, is his mother." She clings to his memory and affection in the midst of all the forgetfulness and hardihood induced by a roving life—the last message he leaves is for her—his last whisper breathes her name.

The mother, as she instils the lessons of piety and filial obligation into the heart of her infant son, should always feel that her work will be seen when she sleeps in the grave—her influence will work on—her love will melt hearts—the bow is broken, but the arrow is gone to do its office! Where shall we find pure disinterested love like that which burns in a mother's heart? No marvel that its daily outburstings in the home circle should be remembered ever. A gifted mother, whose heart had been blighted by coldness, and whose soul longed to soar away to the bright spirit-land, has said,—

"There is none,
In all this cold and hollow world, no fount,
Of deep, strong, deathless love, like that within
A mother's heart! It is but *pride* wherewith
To his fair son the *father's* eye doth turn,
Watch'ng his growth; aye, on the boy he looks—
The bright glad creature springing in his path—
But as the heir of his great name, the young
And stately tree—whose rising strength ere long
Shall bear his trophies well. And this is love!
This is *man's* love! What marvel? You ne'er m
Your breast the pillow of his infancy,
While to the fulness of your glad heart's heavings
His fair cheek rose and fell, and his bright hair
Waved softly to your breath! You ne'er kept wa
Beside him till the last pale star had set,
And morn all dazzling as in triumph broke
On *your* dim weary eye—not *yours* the face
Which early faded through fond care for him,

Hung o'er his sleep, and duly as heaven's light
 Was there to greet his waking! You ne'er smoothed
 His couch—ne'er sung him to his rosy rest,
 Caught his least whisper, when his voice from yours
 Had learned soft utterance—pressed your lip to his,
 When fever parched it—hushed his wayward cries,
 With patient, vigilant, never-wearied love—
 No; these are *woman's* tasks! In these, her youth,
 Her bloom of cheek and buoyancy of heart
 Steal from her all unmarked—My boys! my boys!
 Why were ye given to me?"

Thus ends this mournful mother. But, surely, *we* are at no loss to know "*why?*" with the Bible in our hands, our boys are given! Why? to train for usefulness on earth, and joy above the cloudy, starry sky—to guide, direct, as with an angel's hand, along the narrow shining upper path, where thou and they within the pearly gates may bask together 'neath eternal sunshine, and in the crystal sea behold mirrored back thine own and their unfading crowns of gold, and then go cast them at the feet of Him who once was wrapt in human form, and lay a helpless infant in His mother's arms!

And deathless, alike is a mother's influence as a mother's love. Who does not feel this? Who that has ever had a mother? Who can look back on life's pathway without discerning in the dim distant past, looming up before us, the abiding monuments of the silent yet irresistible influence of a mother? From these monuments may be traced the causes, direct and indirect, which have stamped upon us all that now characterises us as men and women.

Speaking of this influence, a gentleman says,—“I know a hardy son of the ocean; now somewhat advanced in life, the whole of whose mature life has been spent upon the bosom of the great deep. On one occasion, when he returned from a voyage, finding some unkind

feelings among Christians, he became much moved, and angry, and indulged in rather severe language against Christians in general. I asked him bluntly, 'Why do you not avoid their society, if you think them so unworthy?' The sailor fixed his eye upon the speaker, his whole countenance underwent a decided change, the fierceness of excited passion was gone in an instant—there was a compression of the lips, the nostrils dilated, and for a moment or two the breath came only at intervals, and then seemed long and laboured. His whole face was working. At last, tears, hot scalding tears forced themselves from his eyes, and streamed down his cheeks, as with suppressed voice and quick and hurried tones he exclaimed, 'Ah, Sir, my dear dead and gone mother was a Christian! I know I am wrong. She used to tell me so when she was alive; and I'll stick to the church and good people while I have breath—if they are not as good as they might be, they are better than I am; and, what's more, they are better than them as are not Christians! Who knows, I may yet be one of them, and meet my dear old mother in heaven!' As he said this, tears flowed afresh, and though a very large and strong man, he seemed to lean on me for support. He still fills his seat in the sanctuary when at home. Sometimes I discover that he weeps under preaching, and I am not without hope that the memory of his good mother will yet be made useful to this son of the ocean. One thing is certain, there is yet *one avenue* to that man's heart, opened long years since by a mother's love and influence, and kept open since by her memory, and it is, to all human appearance, *the only avenue left!*"

The pious mother may be encouraged here. It may be long years after you are in your graves that the impressions you are now making upon your children's hearts will reveal themselves, as the last and only hope of those who may then be labouring for their salvation.

LAST LESSONS.

THE PARTING AND THE MEETING.—NO. II.

"CAN you tell me, Sir, is Mrs. Gordane, of High-street, still alive?" asked a young man who had just left the railway station. "That's more than I can say," replied the working man addressed, who was holding a discussion on the merits of the war. "I heard say," he added, "that the end was well-nigh come last night—did you know her?" he continued; "she was a kind-hearted, good Christian."

The young man became deadly pale, and asked in a low voice, "Would you mind walking to the corner of the street, to oblige a stranger, just to observe if the blinds are drawn down?" "Well, I don't mind doing it, certainly. I suppose you know the family." Quickly the man went and returned, saying, "No, Sir, the blinds are not down—so the poor woman still lives; and they tell me she is wonderfully troubled about a wild young son of hers, who lives a smart distance off."

As the rough son of toil made this remark, the young man staggered against the door by which they stood. "Bless me!" said the man, "why you take on sadly, youngster—sure, you ben't her son, be-ye? If so, you had better be quick in your movements, for love nor money won't bribe death."

In a dark curtained room lay Mrs. Gordane, panting away her life. As the hour of the train's arrival drew near, the feeble sufferer whispered, "Is the train in?—has the postman been?" Oh, I fear he will be too late—too late. I am treading the verge of Jordan—I shall soon be landed on the other side. My Father! still smile upon my spirit, and help me to say, 'Thy will be done.'—If I may not see his face again on earth, O grant that I may meet him at thy right hand, washed in thy blood and

dressed in thy 'righteousness.' The dying mother seemed to listen, then called, "Nurse!—nurse!—I hear a low tap at the door—quick!—quick!—he is come—he is come!"

It was even so. Edwin had come. He threw himself on a couch in the parlour, and was in an agony of weeping and trembling from head to foot. The nurse approached him, and requested he would attend his mother's dying bed. "What shall I do, nurse?" he exclaimed; "how can I meet that dear mother! I have been rebellious and ungrateful, and my repentance is come too late!" "No, no, young master—do not take on so—there is mercy yet, as mistress says. Come, cheer up, Sir; there is no time to be lost—the doctor does not think poor mistress will see another rising sun in this world; but she is going, as she says, where 'tis all sunshine. Shall I tell her you are come, Sir?" "Yes—no—stop—yes, I must hear her speak to me once more. Stop, nurse—tell me, have you heard her talk about me?—do you think I have hastened her end?" "Oh, yes, I have indeed heard her talk about you, both when she wakes and when she sleeps." "I have you! What did she say?" "I cannot remember half—sometimes she talks of the day you left home—sometimes of your letters—sometimes in her sleep she fancies you a little boy again." "Does she talk of my silence too? Does she blame me greatly?" "Not in my hearing, Sir. She prays for you, and I think she cries about you."

Edwin groaned and wept afresh. At length he ventured to approach his dying mother's bed. Her quick ear caught a sound, and he heard her ask in a faint voice, "Is he come?—my boy, is he come?" Gently, Edwin drew back the curtain, and looked upon the face of his mother—that kind, loving, beaming face, overshadowed now by the dark-winged angel. "Edwin! my precious child! stoop down, and kiss my cheek. I have asked to behold you once more—I thank thee, O my Father!"

The effort was too much—the dying mother fainted, but still held firm hold of her son's hand. Edwin thought her dead, and ordered the nurse to call his father from the office in haste, exclaiming, in bitterness of soul, "My mother!—oh, my dear, dear mother!"

When the fit was over, and a little reviving medicine had been given to the dying mother, she fixed her eyes lovingly on her son, saying, in a faint voice, "He willeth not the death of a sinner." "Mother! my mother! tell me, can you forgive me?" asked the heart-broken youth, with streaming eyes. Mrs. Gordane grasped the hand of her son, saying, in broken accents, "Oh yes, I can. Ask God, my dear boy—ask God! He waiteth to be gracious—I am going to my better home—meet me there. You will soon be motherless. Oh, my son, give up your evil companions—turn to the Lord, with purpose of heart—think of me as being happy in the land of light and love—perfect love—in the cloudless clime of the blessed, washed in my Redeemer's blood—

'Nothing in my hands I bring—
Simply to thy cross I cling.'

She paused, then added, "My eyes are growing dim—death's shadow is falling on them—put my hand upon your head, dear boy. Let me have one of your hands in the other of mine—there—there. Now, oh, my Saviour, bless, oh, bless my dear son. If sinners entice him, let him not listen, but allow him to become a disciple of thine. Now—now—oh, grant him thy Holy Spirit—meet him for being useful in life, and happy in death. Grant, O my Father, that we may be re-united in thy mansion, to which I am going. Help him ever to remember that without holiness no man shall see the Lord."

The mother's work was done; she had given her boy the last lesson. While grasping her son's hand, and gazing earnestly, as only dying mothers can gaze, into her

son's face, she went up to join the assembly of the just. Sad days passed over young Edwin. The excitement of his mother's death and funeral brought on a fever, from which he did not recover for many months.

Edwin now lives to speak of the danger of yielding to the first whisper of the tempter, and of the good effects of a pious mother's last lesson.

.
 "I HAVE BEEN GIVING MY MOTHER A GOOD
 . . . SCOLDING." . . .

Oh! what a confession to proceed from the lips of any child, and what a degrading position for a mother to place herself in, to be obliged to receive words of reproof and severity from the lips of her whom she had nursed and cherished from her infancy. Oh! when I look at my own little ones, and listen to the endearing name of mother, so sweetly and lovingly lisped from their truthful lips, I think it hardly possible that I could so profane the sacred trusts of a mother's charge as to allow my children such an ascendancy over me as to give them cause to admonish and reprimand me. God forbid that I should ever be anything to them but a faithful, judicious, and wise mother. *My mother!* Oh! how sweet to breathe that name. Whose ears can ever so open to listen to my joys and sorrows as thine, *my mother?* Whose heart is so secret to deposit my griefs and troubles in as thine, *my mother?* Whose tears flow so faithfully for my woes as thine, *my mother?* And whose prayers are poured out so fervently for thy child as thine, *my mother?* Oh sweet, endearing name! no wonder Jesus said, "Behold thy mother;" her love was mixed up in His dying thoughts.

"I have been obliged to give my mother a good scolding." Children, take heed how you let such words of reproof proceed from your lips; remember how sweet the tie that binds the mother to the child, and remember that

when once that knot is severed, how hardly possible it is to join that link together again unless you become a mother yourself, and then you will know the trials, cares, and troubles of a mother's life. You will then imagine the throbbing heart, the broken nights, the falling tears and the earnest prayers that were all spent upon you. But, daughter, should it never be your sacred privilege to become a mother, let me give you one word of caution. You may be placed where there are children, take heed how you speak of your mother before them; a word dropped from your lips against your mother, may make an unfavourable impression upon their minds for life, and render the precious name of mother no longer sacred in their eyes.

A HINT BY THE WAY.

LAUGHING AT OTHER PEOPLE'S REAL OR SUPPOSED FAULTS.

"The sneer of a man's own comrades trieth the muscles of courage,
And to be derided in his home is as a viper in the nest.
The laugh of a hooting world hath in it a notion of sublimity,
But the tittering private circle stingeth as a hive of wasps.
Ridicule is a weak weapon when levelled at a strong mind,
But common men are cowards, and dread an empty laugh.
Betray mean terror of ridicule, thou shalt find fools enough to
mock thee;
But answer thou their laughter with contempt, and the scoffers will
lick thy feet."

"MR. CANE," asked Miss Ward, "will you call with me on Mrs. Alder, this morning?" Mrs. Cane looked sorrowfully upon her young friend, and replied, "No, dear, I really cannot; for the young people in that family are always prepared to laugh at the friends of their parents." How sad that such a reason should ever be given for avoiding the society of any family. Yet are there too many of whom the same disagreeable truth must be told. We have many of us observed how very wise some people seem to think themselves, who are for ever laugh-

ing at the friends they profess to esteem ! How despicable do such persons always appear to those who are silently observing the progress of such conduct in their own minds. As this sort of thing seems very common in our day, a page or two in *The Mothers' Friend* may, we hope, prove useful, if not always acceptable.

It is certainly most desirable to check the very first inclination in children to laugh at the real or supposed defects in the characters or persons whom they may meet, and earnestly to contend for sincerity of heart in all places and under all circumstances. Alas ! how often does the sarcastic laugh pass round a circle of young people as the father's friend enters the room ; and although they hush it up while they rise and express what they do not feel, it is soon easy to read in the eye, the motion of the hand, or the foot, as the insincere group look at or touch each other during the interview, that they consider themselves the wise people, and that wisdom will die with them ! One turns away disgusted with their society, feeling it impossible to believe they mean any of the kind things they say to ourselves ; indeed, the thought always comes to one's mind that as soon as we have taken leave of them we shall be their next object of ridicule.

It has been observed, that the most censorious are generally the least judicious—who, having nothing to recommend themselves, will be finding fault with others. No person envies the merit of another who has any of his own. Why is it that we so often see this hateful conduct as we pass along life's rugged path ? Doubtless, because children witness so little sincerity in the home circle, and receive so little counsel on the subject in early life ; indeed, it is sometimes very painful to observe the pleasure parents manifest when little children exhibit a propensity to mock and laugh at the infirmities of those with whom they meet in life's first years. Instead of rowning upon the cruel practice, and thus checking it, the germ-

the little children are led, by the approbation they receive, to believe they are exceedingly clever for holding up to ridicule those whom they ought to revere and love.

Mothers! allow us to urge this subject on your attention—if you wish your children to grow up amiable, loving, and beloved, check the very first indication of this mocking, hateful propensity. Never let them see anything in your *example* to encourage it, or your *words* will do little towards it. How grievous it is to observe ignorant children and young people cheered on by their elder friends to laugh and mock at the manner or matter of the man of God, from whose lips they have just heard the gospel of peace; perhaps, when he has been earnestly pleading with them to yield their young hearts to the Saviour, they are encouraged, as soon as they assemble in the home circle, to hold him up to ridicule! Too often we see whole families thus trained, growing up to believe the Word of God a fable, and holiness of life and conduct a matter of no moment. Where will such families meet, when they pass from their time of probation? The day that reveals secrets will decide.

It is strange that persons should ever like to indulge in ridicule, while almost every one acknowledges that in passing the rough and dusty highways of life, it is of all things the most difficult to bear. We have often seen young people writhing under it, and yet before the sound of the disagreeable voice has ceased, we have seen these very young people try the same hateful cruelty on others! Such is the perversity of human nature. Now and then, indeed, we see a noble, brave spirit stand up with great dignity against ridicule. With a consciousness of doing and feeling what is right, a person may be enabled by Divine aid to follow the example of Him who bore the contradiction of sinners against himself. We will give our young friends an admirable instance of a brave spirit standing up with dignity against ridicule.

NOT ASHAMED OF RIDICULE.

"One morning," said a youth, "as we were on our way to school, we observed Hartly, who was a new scholar and little known to us, driving a cow towards a field. One of the boys with us, who was in the habit of turning things into ridicule, called out, 'I say, what is the price of milk? What do you fodder on? What will you take for all the gold on her horns? Boys, if you want to see the Paris style, look at his boots!' Hartly waved his hand with a pleasant smile, and went on with the cow. As soon as he had placed her safely in the field he came to the school—in the afternoon he let her out again and drove her off, none of us knew where; every day, for two or three weeks, he went through the same task." Hartly often had to bear the sneers and jeers of one of the boys, particularly, who one day refused to sit by him, on the plea that he did "not like the odour of the barn;"—occasionally this boy inquired after the health of the cow, pronouncing the word "ke-ow."—With admirable good nature did Hartly bear all these silly attempts to wound and annoy him, and was never betrayed into a look or word of angry retaliation. "I suppose, Hartly," said Jemson one day, "your lady means to make a milkman of you?" "Why not?" asked Hartly. "Oh, nothing; only don't leave much water in the cans after you rinse them—that's all!" The boys all laughed, and Hartly replied, "Never fear; if ever I should rise to be a milkman, I will give good measure and good milk." The day after this conversation there was a public exhibition, and a number of persons from other cities were present. Prizes were awarded, and both Hartly and Jemson received a creditable number. After the ceremony of distribution, the Principal remarked that there was one prize, consisting of a medal, which was rarely awarded, as the instances were rare that rendered its bestowal proper. It was the prize for heroism—the last boy who received it

rescued a blind girl from drowning. The Principal then said, with the permission of the company, he would relate a tale.

THE PRINCIPAL'S STORY.

Not long since, some scholars were flying a kite just as a poor boy on horseback rode by, on his way to the mill; the horse took fright, threw the boy, and injured him so much, that he was confined to his bed for some weeks. Only one scholar, who had witnessed the scene from a distance, stayed to render help. The scholar learned that the wounded boy was the grandson of a poor widow, whose sole support consisted in selling the milk of a cow, of which she was the owner. She was old and lame—what could she do? “Never mind, good woman,” said the scholar, “I can drive the cow to her pasture.” With blessings the old woman accepted the offer; but money was wanting to pay for the articles needed from the apothecary. “I have money,” said the lad, “that my mother sent me to buy a pair of boots with; but I can do without them for a while.” “O no,” said the old woman, “I can’t consent to that, but here is a pair of rough boots that I bought for Harry, who can’t wear them; if you would buy them, we could get along nicely.” The scholar bought the boots, clumsy as they were, and has worn them up to this time.

Well, when it was discovered that this scholar was in the habit of driving a cow, he was assailed with laughter and ridicule by all the other boys of the academy—his boots, in particular, were made matter of mirth. But he kept on cheerfully and bravely, day after day, never shunning observation, and driving the widow’s cow, and wearing his thick boots, contented in the thought that he was doing right; caring not for all the jeers and sneers that could be uttered. He never undertook to explain why he drove a cow, for he did not wish to make a vaunt of charitable motives, and he had no sympathy with the false pride that

could look with ridicule on any useful employment. It was by mere accident that his course of kindness and self-denial was yesterday discovered. And now, I appeal to this company, was not this true heroism? Come forth—come forth, Master Edward James Hartly, and let us see your honest face. Hartly made his appearance with blushing cheeks, amidst a burst of applause, and the medal was bestowed on him with general acclamation.

Young friends! cultivate the spirit and temper that will enable you to withstand ridicule when pursuing duty.

Mothers! frown upon the very first sarcastic smile in your children, and the first word of ridicule.

INDUSTRY.—No. V.

It has been said that the mind of a child is as active as that of a statesman. This must be acknowledged; for a child learns more in the first two years of its life than in any six subsequent ones. And only think what the little creatures have to acquire! They have to learn a *language*—almost *two*, if we take into account the unintelligible jargon that some persons use when talking to infant children. Then they have to learn the use of everything around them, and the various characters of the persons they meet with. They have opened their eyes in a world where everything is perfectly strange and new to them.

And not only is the *mind* active, but the physical frame requires twice the exercise of a full-grown man. A child ought not to be expected to sit in a moping or quiet way long at a time, and a wise mother will furnish it with something suitable to its age. It is by no means a difficult matter to make the little ones both peat and industrious. Mothers must not grudge a little thought and pains, to find occupation in work or play for their children; they will be doing something, and in all their doings they will find change. “John,” said a father, “have you nothing

to do?" "No, Sir." "Well, do something; pick up chips in one place, and put them down in another—do *something*." Do you wish your daughter to be industrious? Let her be by your side in all your various employments, and let her take part in them as far as her feeble hand is capable. Let her see how you perform your domestic duties, and impress upon her mind that this will be her province when she becomes a woman; inspire her with a desire to make all round her as comfortable and happy as she can; teach her that the good of a household, and *not* selfish gratification, should be woman's aim. There will always be much comfort resulting from the apostle's precept, "Let all things be done decently and in order;" "a place for everything, and everything in its place." Mistresses often find this a most difficult thing to make young servants believe; they are so often brought up in the midst of *disorder* that it takes them many years to unlearn their early lessons, and they will very likely think a clean, neat, orderly family "*by far too particular*." A clean orderly mother will generally have neat orderly children, and she will have less care and less trouble if she thus trains them, than the careless busy, fussing matron.

We have taken a peep into the home of an indolent mother; let us look in upon the home of an everlastingly busy mother. There she is,—bustle, bustle, bustle, all day long! no rest has she the live-long day! One is inclined to think that she has at last discovered the perpetual motion. The husband comes home fatigued and wearied by his profession or business; he longs to hear an affectionate voice bidding him welcome, but there is no music in the well-known footfall to that wife; she is too busy even to look at him; she is absorbed in some trifling matter relating to her children or her household affairs, nor is she aroused till the damp cloak is thrown over her double-polished chair, and she exclaims, "How could you do so, Mr. A—?" The trouble those chairs have cost

me, to make them look as they do!" And then she sees that the poor weary feet have damp shoes on too. Are his slippers by the fire warming? Oh no! The wife rings a bell, saying—*not* "I fear you may take cold"—but "My nice carpet will be ruined!" How much more kind would it have been had she met him at the door, given him a warm greeting, taken his damp cloak from him, and pointed to a pair of warm slippers before the fire.

By-and-by Mr. A. asks his wife to sit down by his side, to talk over some matters of mutual interest. What is the reply? "Oh, I cannot sit down to talk with you now—I cannot indeed!—there still remain many little things for me to attend to!" "What, at this time of the evening, dear? Then I really wish you would arrange matters so as to spare an hour or two when I return home." "Oh, I never shall!" is the reply; "I never can—my work is never done!" The disappointed husband folds his arms, leans back in his chair, cogitating upon his plans and prospects in silence. Alas! by degrees he ceases to wish to consult his wife on any matters. She is always too busy to attend to him, and he soon learns to forego her society. Are there not some *husbands* who are always too busy to care about a wife? We think so. There is a wide difference between indolent people and those who are over-busy. Is not the middle path the best?

HOME.

THE happiness of home is love. Shelter from the heat of summer and the cold of winter, beautiful scenery without and elegance within, do these constitute the home a happy one? No; these cannot satisfy the heart which yearns for affection and sympathy. A loveless home! It is one of the saddest sights this sin-blighted world presents. How frequently do petty contentions and cold indifference dim the light of home, and shed their baneful influence on

the children. How frequently do concealed sorrows prey upon the spirits, sorrows concealed because the evidences of kindness and sympathy are not strong enough to induce the burdened heart to reveal its load. How frequently are the affections chilled by a harsh expression, a hasty reproof, a bustling worldly spirit.

But may there not be an under-current of love, where the surface indications are very slight? It may be so; but why is it hidden? why is it not allowed to flow freely, refreshing the drooping spirit, sweeping away the reserve of the sorrowful, stimulating in the discharge of daily duties? How cheering and delightful is the atmosphere of a loving home, where husband and wife are affectionate, confiding, forbearing, candid; where parents are kind and accessible, and children give well-merited gratitude and trust; maturer ears listening with condescending interest to childhood's plans, and joys, and sorrows. How the heart expands in such an atmosphere! How favourable the soil for the growth of every virtue! How will the remembrance of home help to counteract the delusive allurements of the world and sin! Mothers, have your children such a home? Does the law of kindness reign in your hearts, dwell upon your tongue, and blend with all your doings? Does its genial influence produce happy smiles, joyous laughs, and free expressions of thought and feeling?

Heart-sick mourner, look heavenward. There friendship will be perfect. A Father's love will be the life and joy of that spacious home; the light of love will beam from every eye; there you will not feel the chilling influence of failings in the beloved, nor have to contend with selfishness, jealousy, or distrust in yourself. There you will not be pained by discovering faults, in one your fond imaginings had pictured perfect. There you will not have to resign your heart's treasure to the cold embrace of death.

ELLEN.

. THE LOST SON.

THE following lines were sent from a young man's dying room to his parents, who had not trained him up in the fear of the Lord. At the top of the lines were these words, "ALAS! NO MAN CARED FOR MY SOUL!"

Weep, father, weep with shame and ruin,
Weep for thy dying child's undoing;
For the days when I was young,
And no prayer was taught my tongue,
Nor the record from on high
Of the life that cannot die;
The deceits of world and men,
Or warnings from the sacred pen.
Thou didst set before my gaze
Human profit, earthly praise,
As the beacon-stars of life,
As the meed of toil and strife.
I ran this world's race, alas! too well
And find that my reward is Hell!

Weep, mother, weep, yet know
'Twill not shorten endless woe!
Nor thy tears unbind my chain,
Nor thy repentance shorten pain,
Nor the life-blood of thy frame
For one moment quench the flame.
Weep not then beside my tomb,
That is gentle, painless gloom.
You saw me busied with the toys
Of a world of shadowy joys,
Oh! had a look; a sign, a breath,
But whispered then to me of death!
Weep, weep my spirit's fate;
Yet know thy tears are now too late!
Oh! had they sooner fallen, well!
Thou mightst have saved my soul from Hell! ..

HOW ARE SAINTS EMPLOYED IN HEAVEN?—

No. I.

As our love of God is imperfect, how much so is all our devotion and worship! While we are in this world, sin mingles with all our religious duties; we come before God with our prayers and our songs, but our thoughts wander from Him in the midst of our worship, and we are gone on a sudden to the ends of the earth. We go up to His temple, and we try to ~~serve~~ ^{serve} Him there an hour or two, then we return to the world, and we soon forget the delights of the sanctuary and the God we have seen and enjoyed there. "But the spirits of the just made perfect are before the throne of God, and serve him day and night in his temple above," and though they may not be literally engaged in one everlasting act of worship, yet they are ever busy in some glorious service for him. If they should be sent on any message to other worlds, yet they never wander from the sight of their God; for if the guardian angels of children always behold the face of our heavenly Father, even when they are employed on their divine errands to our world, much more may we suppose the spirits of just men made perfect never lose the blissful vision. Whatsoever their employments may be, they are perfect in zeal and pure from all sinful admixture; their very natures are like the angels'. They are so many flames of unpolled fire, the ministers of God that do His pleasure, and then hide their faces behind their wings, and when they have done all for God they fall down and confess they are nothing; they behold their Lord without a veil, and are changed into the same image from glory to glory.

M. B.

THE LITTLE CHILD AND ITS MOTHER.

"Hold thou me up and I shall be safe."

A DEAR little child was seated on its mother's knee, and very quiet and happy it appeared to be, until the mother

suddenly removed her arm which was supporting her infant. Then the little one trembled, and looked up beseechingly into its mother's face, as if to say, "Hold me up, mother;" and when the fond mother's arm was again round her babe, it was happy. Mothers! have you not need to look up to your heavenly Father and cry, "Hold thou me up, and I shall be safe?" and many mothers have felt how delightful it is to have underneath them the everlasting arms. When they cannot feel them they have cause, like the little child, to tremble; but when they are conscious of divine support, how peaceful and happy they are while they sing in the language of the poet,

"Let cares like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall."

Their precious little ones may be drooping and dying, and they themselves may be brought to the gates of the grave, yet they feel happy when underneath them are laid the everlasting arms.

FRAGMENTS FOR SPARE MOMENTS.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS OF LITTLE CHILDREN.

I TOLD THAT LIE.

Soon after my father moved into the country, one of us children once told a lie. My mother could not ascertain the culprit. "Well," said she, "you may escape now, but I will know, some day, which of you has told a lie." One night a tremendous wind arose, and blew off the entire roof of the house. My mother ran up and cried, "Children, are you all there?" "Yes, mother," piped a small and terrified voice, "we are all here; and if the day of judgment has come, it was me that told that lie."

A CHILD'S REPROOF.

The Saviour says, "Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected praise." Matt. xxi. 16. The following account makes us think of the above words. A lady one evening feeling poorly, and very much fatigued, thought she would omit hearing her little baby of two years old repeat her little hymn and prayer before she went to bed, thinking she was too young to know that she had not said it. So, after tucking her up and giving her the parting kist, she was about to leave the room, when the little darling jumped up and said, "Oh, mamma, I have not said

'Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,

Look upon a little child.'"

She knelt by the side of the crib, and folding her hands, repeated her little hymn, and then said, "Now, good night, mamma, now tuck me up." The reproof will never be forgotten.

MAKING SATAN TREMBLE.

A dear little girl of five years, after playing in the room, came and said, "Mamma, I am going to make *Satan tremble*." "Oh! my dear, what do you mean?" "Why, mamma, I am going to pray, and you know Mr. Newton says that

'Satan trembles when he sees

The *weakest* saint upon his knees.'"

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Friendly Words to Young Mothers, by one of the Maternity. London: Wertheim & Co.

Useful hints to mothers as to the importance of their presence in the nursery—on the choice of a monthly nurse, and nurses in general. A cheap little book, with many thoughts in it worth treasuring.

EAST LESSONS.—No. III.

How important do we find it, in our experience among mothers, that when called to an early tomb, they should leave a lovely character behind, worthy the imitation of their motherless children, when that character is either remembered or described to them. An excellent man, when speaking of the influence his mother's character had over him, says, "I was only *two months* old when my mother died. I always cherished a hope, from what I heard of my mother's piety and prayers, that I should be a Christian—the thought of my mother would often come to me while rebellious, stupid, and impenitent. No sermon, no instruction, no warning—nothing ever impressed me so pungently with my duty to become a Christian, as the thought of having had a pious mother—though dead, she has spoken in sweet and tender—in persuasive and hallowed associations to the hearts of her children. Above all my earthly blessings, I thank God for giving me a pious mother!"

What a bright countenance, just about to join the angels of light, must have beamed upon that baby-face, as soon as his eyes opened upon our world! And, feeling perhaps that her days were numbered, how often was that mother on her knees, pleading with God for her infant boy! What a heavenly expression of countenance beamed on that boy, calling forth the first look of intelligence—it was a ray of brightness borrowed from the Sun of Righteousness, and a pledge of the light of life shining upon his future path.

Hear another instance of the influence of a mother on her boy, and receive it as an encouragement to maternal duties. "I was only *five years old*," he says, "when my mother died, but her image is as distinct in my recollection now as it was at the time of her death. I remember

her as a pale, beautiful, gentle being, with a sweet smile, and a voice soft and gentle, when I cried, as when she praised me. I was a wild, thoughtless child; but when I did wrong, there was a trembling mildness about her voice that always went to my heart. Then she was so kind, so patient—methinks I can now see her large blue eyes moist with sorrow, because of my childish waywardness, and hear her repeat, ‘My child! how can you grieve me so?’ I recollect, for a long time she had been pale and feeble, and that sometimes there would come a bright spot on her cheek, which made her look so lovely I thought she must be well; but then she sometimes spoke of dying, and pressed me to her bosom, and told me to be good when she was gone, and to love my father a great deal, and be kind to him, for he would have no one else to love. I recollect she was very sick all day, and my hobby-horse and whip were laid aside, and I tried to be very quiet. I did not see her for the whole day, and it seemed very long. At night they told me that my mother was too sick to kiss me—as she always used to do before I went to bed—and I must go without it. But I could not. I stole into her room, and, laying my lips close to hers, whispered, ‘Mother! mother—do you kiss me?’ Her lips were very cold, and when she put her arms around me, laid my head upon her bosom and one hand upon my cheek, I felt a cold shuddering creep all over me. My father carried me from the room, but he could not speak. After they put me in bed I lay a long time thinking. I feared my mother would indeed die, for her cheek felt as cold as my little sister’s when she died, and they laid her in the ground—but the impressions of mortality are always indistinct in childhood, and I soon fell asleep.

“In the morning I hastened to my mother’s room. A white napkin covered her face—I removed it—it was just as I feared—her eyes were closed, her cheek was cold and hard, and only the lovely expression that always

rested upon her lips remained... In an instant, all the little faults for which she had so often reproved me rushed to my mind. I longed to tell her how good I always would be, if she would remain with me. She was buried, but my remembrance of the funeral is indistinct. I only retain the impression which her precepts and example left upon my mind. I was a passionate and headstrong boy, but I never yielded to this turn of my disposition without fancying I saw her mild tearful eye fixed upon me, just as she used to do in life—and when I had succeeded in overcoming it, her sweet smile of approbation beamed upon me, and I was happy. My whole character underwent a change, even from the moment of her death. Her spirit was for ever with me, strengthening my good resolutions, and weakening my propensity to evil. I felt that it would grieve her gentle spirit to see me err; and I could not, and would not do it. I was the child of her affection. I knew she had prayed and wept over me, and even on the threshold of eternity her affection for me had caused her spirit to linger, that she might pray for me once more. I resolved to become all that she could desire. This resolution I have never forgotten—it helped me to subdue the waywardness of childhood, protected me through the temptations of youth, and will comfort and support me through the busier scenes of manhood. Whatever there is that is estimable in my character I owe to the impressions of goodness made upon my mind by the exemplary conduct and faithful instructions of my excellent mother."

What a rich reward is this testimony to the rightly performed duties and lovely character of the dead mother! May we ever live in the remembrance of our dear ones, as did this good mother, helping them to avoid evil, and follow on to the home of the blessed, where they sing together of victory through the blood of the Lamb.

SPOILED CHILDREN.

FEW sights are so awfully significant as what is familiarly termed, "a spoiled child;"—"spoiled" for its present work of gratefully serving its Creator,—“spoiled” for a future living and loving life,—“spoiled” for the purposes of a blessed eternity. Most of the mothers who thus act, start back shocked and indignant at the idea of the effects being permanent. By some strange process of self-delusion, they allow themselves to believe that a mysterious change will take place,—that the ill-tempered and wilful girl will become the gentle and unselfish woman; and that the idle and lawless boy will be a useful worker in his future day. Such changes have been, and may be again, in God’s mercy; but, even if so, His immediate design has been frustrated by those to whom He lent the treasure. The *little child*, whom Jesus would fain have loved, is practically detained from Him—the kingdom of heaven is robbed of part of its essential element. It has been well said, “that excessive indulgence to others, especially to children, is only self-indulgence under an *alibi*.” Oh, then, self-indulgent mothers, cease from your selfishness! There is sorrow enough in store for your children; do not assist in laying up for them more than they can bear. Do not, while God is willing to guide them early heavenward, be yourselves the means of leading them, even for a time, in the direction of hell. Do not so train them that they cannot do the work which is already given them to do, and which God will require at your hands as well as at theirs.

Others there are whose dearest wish is to have their little ones consecrated to God. They pray and labour in faith, looking forward to the time when their children will become workers in their Master’s vineyard; but even they may forget that a mother’s work is not only one of faith, but may be also one of sight; that it is as easy for the

Saviour to change the heart of the little child, whom He has taken in His arms and blessed, as to renew it after years of folly and alienation. When the seed is sown, how often is there a sad and weary, though at last a successful watch, through many an untimely season! It cannot be God's fault that there are so few converted children, for He loves to give a speedy answer, He loves to give a timely harvest;—but there are many mighty works which He cannot do because of unbelief. Mothers! it is well that ye should hope, and watch, and teach—it is well that ye should pray, and that your children should see you pray. See to it, that ye also believe and expect,—see to it, that ye look for great things now, for the infancy of your children may be, and ought to be, their accepted time, and the day of their salvation.

God's highest motive for your children being saved, is not that they may be safe, but that they may be His own lovely and loving servants.—*Miss Brewster.*

INDUSTRY.—No. VI.

WE will take one more glance into the home of another over-busy mother: What is going on, I wonder, in that neat little cottage over the way? Let us see. There is the matron, "as neat as a new pin," and her house so clean you might "eat off the boards;" but she looks care-worn, and restless and unhappy. Not a sprinkle of dust is to be seen upon the tables or chairs, not a fly is allowed to have a game of frisking on her window-pane. This is all well, but then this wife is the slave of her house; all the joy life seems to have for her is comprised in scrubbing and brooming. She is "cleaning up" from morning to night, and has no time, she says, to sit down to read a verse or a line! She is *always* busy. Her children are sent to the village school early in the morning, with some bread

and cheese in their bags for dinner, to be "out of mother's way;" and, as soon almost as the poor little mortals return, they are popped off to bed out of the everlasting bustle.

But here comes the husband, weary in body and mind from his hard day's work. Let us for once break good rules, and "listen" to the greeting. "Well, wife, is your work pretty nearly done?" "Done!—no, 'tis never done! There now, John, do go back to the grass to rub your shoes! I have been slaving all day to get a clean house, and your dirty shoes will make it as bad as ever. Stop! stop! don't put your hat down on that bright chair; it has cost me a good half-hour's scrubbing. I dare say your hat is wet." "Well, wife, maybe 'tis, for it is late, and I am tired." "Where are you going now, John? I never did see such untidy beings as you men folks are." "Why, wife, Squire Allen gave me a shilling for helping his groom a bit after work, and I was just going up stairs to put it into the box with the rent money." "Well, do take off your shoes—I may be always cleaning here—don't you see the stairs are hardly dry since I washed them?" "Well, well, wife, where is my in-door jacket?" "Why, on the copper; but stop—don't put *that* jacket on the clean quilt—nor on the clean table—nor on the bright chair!" "Bless me, Polly! shall I keep both on my back?"

Poor John! he had a clean cottage and a neat cottage, to be sure, but there seemed no place in it for *his* use. We fear he may sometimes wish he had a less tidy wife. But no, no, John; there may be great neatness, and withal great comfort, only let everything be done "decently and in order," finding a *time* for everything, "a place for everything, and everything in its place." Surely the industrious wife might have been ready for him, with his clean old shoes and "in-door jacket" near at hand, for he was later than usual; then her smiling countenance might have

welcomed him to the home of his happiness by his own fireside.

Now, we do not expect that such characters as these two over-busy mothers will train up their children to be particularly industrious, for they are always too busy to teach them anything. Far be it from us to underrate a strict attention to all the minute details of domestic duty on the part of the mother, from the drawing-room to the kitchen and pantry; the comforts of a well-regulated household are very great, and the misery of a neglected home must act as a blight on all the family; the difference between sunshine and storms out of doors is not greater than that between order and disorder within, and it has often happened in a well-conducted household that a trifling neglect causes days of sorrow.

A wife, remarkable for the tidiness and regularity of her habits, on one occasion neglected to have the beds made till the day was far advanced. She had an uncomfortable feeling about it, for it had not occurred for years before, but being engaged she had allowed one duty to take the place of another. A loud rap at the door announced that some one urgently wished to be admitted,—the husband was brought home with his leg broken. She was obliged to have him placed in an *unmade* bed, from which he could not for a long time be removed; and this operated as a constant reproach to his wife, who endured as much uneasiness from this one instance of neglect as all the comfort she had derived from her accustomed regularity. Thus the neglect of one hour's duty in its right time may cause days and weeks of regret. But while we are anxious to attend to all our home duties, there is need of caution against yielding them an all-engrossing devotion—the devotion of the heart and time—interest and attention, to the exclusion of other duties.

A MELANCHOLY SIGHT.

To the Editor of "*The Mothers' Friend*."

DEAR MADAM,—You are a mother's friend. Look at the scene, as I endeavour to sketch it before you, and tell me if it is not dreadful.

Yours faithfully,

ALSO A MOTHER'S FRIEND.

PLACE—*A Magistrate's Board Room.*

PRISONER—*A Girl of Eighteen.*

Magistrate.—You are convicted of robbing your master, and are sentenced to six months' imprisonment, with hard labour.

Prosecutor (rising).—May I be permitted to say a word respecting this unfortunate girl? I would gladly plead with you for a mitigation of her sentence, if I consulted only my own feelings. She is the victim of a wretched mother's vile training, and is to be truly pitied; but, knowing as I do that her departure from prison will place her again beneath the control of her mother, I feel it to be the kindest course on my part to keep her to the full extent of her term in prison.

Magistrate.—Your observations are creditable to your feelings, Sir. But where is this mother?

Officer.—In the court, your honour.

Magistrate.—Bring her forward.

[*A woman stands forth, evidently flushed with drink, and presenting a front of stolid carelessness.*]

"Woman," said the worthy magistrate, "do you see that forlorn, unhappy young creature standing there? She is your daughter, I hear, and has been engaged for some time, and to a shocking extent, in plundering her master's house. The evidence, so conclusive against her, is equally convincing—morally—that you were fully aware of her sad practices; but it is not legally sufficient to place you where you deserve to be, by her side. I find you are well known in your village for a debauched and drunken woman; that you were far gone in intemperance when the officer searched your house; and even now, to your shame be it spoken, you are evidently near intoxication. Are you not ashamed of your position? You—a mother!—charged with the training of a girl, and abusing that trust so fearfully

that it is charity to keep your child in prison that she may be away from your pestiferous example! No, you are not ashamed! With an unblushing face you brave it out; but beware! the eyes of Justice are on you, and if you will pursue such vile courses, ere long its arm may reach you too. 'Tis really the most disgusting case I have seen for many a day. Go, woman, and see if you cannot alter your course, and become a decent member of society."

The woman retired, and at a late hour in the evening, when the poor girl was fast locked in her prison-abode, she reeled to her miserable home in a state of helpless drunkenness.

"Is it not dreadful? Can no appeal reach such fearful states of mind? Your useful "Friend" circulates in the village where she dwells, and where, alas! she is not alone in this miserable sin. May God kindly help you to say something that may arrest attention, and do, if only to one amongst them, some aniritual good."

GRANDMOTHER WINDWARD.

It is useful sometimes to observe character, in order to imitate the holy and happy, and to avoid the conduct of those who take not the Bible as a daily guide. We have given our friends several characters of excellent grandmothers. One yet remains.

Grandmother Windward is not exactly a cross old lady, but what some people would call "an ill-natured person." She does not like to see people happy, for she is never happy herself; nor does she ever hear another spoken highly of with a good grace: She is blind to moral worth, but her eyes see double if there is any scandal abroad! There she sits, in her comfortable little parlour, but she has nobody to talk to of the faults of her neighbours, so she is packing up her knitting, to get a gossip in a distant part of the village.

• Now you may imagine her trudging along, with a firm step and head erect, on her way to take tea with Mrs. Gentle, calling, however, as she passes, on Mrs. Sykes. "I am just come to say 'How d'ye do?.' I cannot pass

your door without inquiring for you, Mrs. Sykes."

"Thank you, we are all pretty well, but a little tired. We have been rather busy, helping a friend with her needle-work." "Oh indeed! that is very kind of you. Pray is it anybody I know?" "No, I believe not; at least, you do not visit them." "Well," replied Grandma Windward, "there are always secrets going on in these villages. I do hate secrets; indeed they will come out now and then. I heard last night of a great break-up in the West Gate, between that girl Jane, who tosses her head so high, and her lover. I understand the match is all broken off."

Mrs. Sykes put down a white satin bag she was finishing, and looked at Mrs. Windward in utter astonishment. "All off!" she echoed; "why the marriage is to take place to-morrow morning, and my Mary is to be one of the bridesmaids!" "Dear me!" exclaimed the spiteful old lady, looking anything but happy; "well, I dare say *you* know. But don't you think some people can very easily give away their daughters? But I must go." So, taking up her muff, she bid Mrs. Sykes "Good bye."

A long and loud rap at Mrs. Gentle's door soon announced that an important personage sought admittance, and Grandma Windward was soon seated by a cheerful fire in Mrs. Gentle's drawing-room. When the lady of the house entered, a little apology was made for coming to an early tea. "I was very dull at home," said the old lady, "and you told me to bring my work down when I felt inclined; but I fear you are engaged to-day?" "Oh dear no, I am not indeed; but our dinner is later than usual to-day; my husband brought home a friend with him, and we have been chatting over our meal."

The knitting was soon arranged, and the young ladies got into a conversation,—but, alas! persons, not things, were sure to be the subject of the chat where this ancient lady was found:—"Have you heard the report about the Hills?" she asked. "Report! what report?" "Oh, have you

heard nothing? Why, I am informed that there has been a grand fuss there, and I am not sure that Mr. Hill has not run off! I hear they are very unhappy.” Mrs. Gentle smiled; but before she could reply, Mr. Gentle and Mr. Hill entered the room. Grandma Windward looked over her spectacles in amazement, and Mrs. Gentle presented a book to her attention that she had been reading. “Oh dear, I have made a sad mistake in my stitches,” said Mrs. Windward, and she drew nearer to the candle. “Who is the book written by?” she asked, without looking at it. “Miss K——; she is a nice writer,” replied Mrs. Gentle. “Oh indeed! Another of hers, eh? I do not like her; I hear she is an odd person, and very proud!” “I think you are under a mistake, madam,” said Mr. Hill; “Miss K—— is a friend of mine; and she is a very humble-minded person, greatly desiring to do good.” Poor Mrs. Windward made some more false stitches, and Mr. Hill arose, saying, “I fear Mrs. Hill will be uncomfortable about me, as I did not intend to remain so long from home.”

“I am sorry,” said Mr. Gentle, as he took up the book, “that you do not like Miss K——’s works, Mrs. Windward.” “No, I do not; I have heard so many reports about her.” “Well,” continued Mr. Hill, “it is quite true that no reports are more readily believed than those which disparage genius and sooth the envy of conscious mediocrity; and our village has been famous, of late, for reports; I think we must have a ‘listener’ living among us, though certainly rather a different personage from Miss Fry!” Mrs. Windward drew up her head, and at an early hour begged to be excused, as she did not feel quite well. She returned to her home, out of sorts with herself and all the world besides; and having only the “form of godliness,” without its power, she retired with a heart ill at ease, with little joy in prospect as it regarded this world, and no “good hope” for the world to come. Who would like to belong to the same class of grandmothers as Mrs. Windward?

FOR OUR FRIENDS WHO CONDUCT MATERNAL MEETINGS.

ENCOURAGEMENT FOR THE DISCOURAGED.

Extracted from "Memoirs of Mrs. Winslow, by her Son."

"And so you are discouraged? Trials and difficulties many—faith tried, and only three met! Did you expect to undertake a work for Christ and get on smoothly, while there is within and without everything to oppose it? Did you expect faith would not be tried in this matter? Faith takes hold of the strength and power of God, and looks alone to Him. You were looking to your little feeble band of three, although you were within the number Christ has promised to bless.

"In a country place in America, a few Christian females engaged to meet to pray for a blessing on their families; but after a while it declined, and continued to do so, until only two came. 'Shall we give up?' was the question; they thought of God's faithfulness to His promises, of His power and goodness, and resolved to go on. They met—THESE TWO ONLY. Again and again they pleaded the promise, and encouraged each other by their prayers. At last the answer came. God tried their faith; Jesus interceded; and it had not failed. Some who had left them returned—others followed—the place of prayer was soon filled. The Lord poured out His Spirit on them, and they prayed in earnest until the blessing was given. The Church felt the holy influence; their children at home began to inquire what they must do to be saved; the mothers directed them to Jesus, and prayed on. God in very deed bowed the heavens, and came down in their midst and blessed them. Many of their unconverted children and husbands were led to submit to Christ; and the whole Church shared in this remarkable revival.

"Dear sister, take courage and look up. God loves to hear your prayers. Did the mothers in ——— but see their children standing on the edge of an awful precipice, and know that none but God could prevent their destruction, would they not cry day and night to Him? But what can be compared to the eternal death that awaits them if they die unconverted? And will they not meet together for united prayer that their children

may escape from the wrath to come? 'Again I say unto you, if two of you shall agree on earth as touching any thing that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of my Father which is in heaven.'—Matt. xviii. 19th. This is a promise worth millions of gold and silver; and this promise you have to plead. May God help us to give full credence to His word, and deal with Him as one who cannot but do all He has promised, *because He is God.*

"In proportion as we feel the infinite value of the immortal soul, we shall feel anxious for its salvation. Now, beloved, expect difficulties—expect opposition—even from your own heart; but you have the Lord on your side; Jesus is waiting to be gracious; the Holy Spirit is waiting to do all that He is engaged to do; and angels are waiting to rejoice over unconverted sinners in answer to your prayers. We shall never fully know, until we get to heaven, the mighty power of importunate prayer with God.

"If I knew your time of convening, I would unite my poor prayers with yours. I am earnest on this subject, knowing the great blessings that have attended such efforts. Go forward in the strength and power of Jehovah. Jesus and God must and will bless you.

"Your affectionate Sister in Christ,

"MARY WINSLOW."

HOW ARE SAINTS EMPLOYED IN HEAVEN?—

110. 22.

WE try to love our fellow-creatures and fellow-Christians here on earth, but we have so many corrupt passions of our own, and there are so many imperfections and infirmities belonging to our neighbours also, that mutual love is very imperfect. "Love is the fulfilling of the law." In heaven there is no inhabitant without the flame of sacred love, no single spirit unlovely or unbeloved. In those happy mansions there is no envy raised by the perfections or the honour of our neighbour's spirit; no detracting thought is known there; no reproachful word is heard in that country; and, perhaps, no word of reproach is to be

found in the whole heavenly language. Malice and slander, and the very names of infamy, are unknown in those regions, and wrath and strife are eternal strangers; no divided opinions, no party quarrels, no seeds of discord, are sown in heaven. Our little angry jars and contentions have no place there; and the noise of controversy and war ceases for ever. There are no offences given, and none are taken in that world of love; neither resentment nor injury are ever known or practised there,—those bitter and fatal springs of revenge and blood. Universal benevolence runs through the whole kingdom—each spirit wishes as well to his neighbour as to himself. In that holy world dwells God himself, who is original love; there resides our Lord Jesus Christ, who is love incarnate; and from that sacred head flows an eternal stream of love through every member, and blesteth all the inhabitants of that land with its divine refreshment. Holiness is perfect among the spirits of the just, because love is perfect there.

M. B.

A NOTE OF ENCOURAGEMENT TO MOTHERS.

To the Editor of "The Mothers' Friend."

DEAR FRIEND,—If you have amongst your readers any mother who feels discouraged from praying with and for her children, tell her to read the brief narratives of some of our brave soldiers who fell in the Crimea. They are published in a cheap form—only one penny each—"Hedley Vickers," "Harry Anstruther," "Isidore Bricke," and several others. There is another lesson, too, that mothers may learn—the enduring character of the instructions given in childhood; how they return, perhaps after years of forgetfulness, to the heart and memory. On the battle-field—in the trenches—on the dreary night-watch—on the sick-bed, we see the soldier's mind goes back to her who gave him not only birth, but his first lessons of good or evil. "There were," says one of the narrators, "500 praying men in the British army." Mothers! who can tell how many more there might have been, had every soldier had a praying, believing mother?

L. S. T.

A TRUE STORY FOR OUR YOUNG FRIENDS.—

No. IX.

GENTLE JOHN, THE HAPPY YOUNG VILLAGER.

"WHEN John had been at his first situation six months," resumed Mrs. Ormsby, "the following thoughts occur in a letter to his mother:—'I have now been here nearly six months; the time has seemed to pass very quickly, and I am six months nearer eternity—a long for ever of joy or woe! I was considering to-day what good I had ever done—what soul I had been the means of saving; and I felt deeply, and trembled when that solemn text came into my mind, "Cast ye the unprofitable servant into outer darkness, where shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth." Now is the time for exertion; the malignant foe is at work, sinners are being dragged to fiercer flames below, and we dare not witness such a scene without raising the cry to apprise them of their danger, and to point them to the refuge. Oh! that Christians were awake to act and pray, to pray and act! I am persuaded that no one can solemnly and seriously consider these three important questions for five minutes without trembling—What am I? What am I doing? Whither am I going? If we want to learn to pray, let us think on these things; if we want to be converted, let us pray; and if we wish to go to heaven, we must be converted.'

"Such were this dear youth's pious breathings," said Mrs. Ormsby, "as he thought of the things of eternity, and such were his desires to be useful while he lived; these desires continued to his dying day, for after his death a letter was found in his pocket, partly written to a young friend, urging him to seek God's favour early." "Did he live long, mamma, after he wrote that nice letter to his mother?" asked James. "No, my boy. 'Soon a last time came,' (continued Mrs. Ormsby, reading) 'for John to

leave business. Pale and emaciated he retired to his native home, in the hope that the pure country air, and the tender nursing of an affectionate mother, would again restore him; and many who had watched his opening mind, and seen him drink in knowledge and store up wisdom, expected, in their short-sighted and vain imaginings, to see him called forth as an ambassador for Christ, which it had long been his desire to be, in a heathen land; and for such work his heart was devoted and his mind qualified in no ordinary degree."

PARENTAL LOVE.

It is sad to see a parent without warm affection. Not only does he miss one of the sweetest enjoyments of time, but its effect on the child must be injurious. One fancies the child growing to maturity with its heart slumbering—a comparatively soul-less being—its discharge of duty a cold, dead service. Or one fancies it awakening to the "strong necessity of loving," and, in the heart-poverty of home, expending its sympathies on forbidden or unsatisfying objects, or in foolish passion. Or one fancies its nature saddened, its energies impaired, and its interest in the active duties of life almost destroyed by its unsatisfied yearnings.

It is folly to talk about a parent's discharge of duty without a parent's feelings. The main-spring of a parent's duty is a tender, benevolent desire to make happy the existence he has given. The child has a threefold nature to be satisfied—heart—mind—body; and can he satisfy the chief of these without giving it love? The child, as it matures, is capable of rich enjoyment in the exercise of its affections, but will he call these into happy exercise without letting it feel the warmth of his own love?

But if love spring not spontaneous, may it be cultivated? It may. Our thoughts influence our feelings.

Think. You have given a never-ending being—would you not like to make that being happy? That frail body contains a precious soul—would you not like to do your part in aiding the development of its various powers? As it matures, it will be capable of bestowing the riches of love, gratitude, and trust; would you not like to be the receiver of these treasures?

If the babe's powerless submission and helpless dependence have sometimes a charm for you now, will it not delight you much more to get, in maturer years, its intelligent submission and affectionate confidence, founded on a knowledge of your character?

If, then, you see any beauty in a child's love—if you think its affection will gladden you as you advance in life—if you wish your child's obedience to be the result of right feeling—love, and let your love be felt and seen.

ELLEN.

LINES FOR A BIRTH-DAY.

My years roll on—in silent course,
Impelled by a resistless force;
Awake, my soul, awake and sing
How good thy God, how great thy King.

My years roll on—then let me know
The great design for which they flow;
And as the ship floats o'er the wave,
Thy vessel, Lord, in mercy save.

My years roll on—the tide of time
Bears me through many a changing clime,
I've summers, winters, heat and cold,
Winds, calms, and tempests, ten times told.

My years roll on—but here's my hope,
And this my everlasting prop,—
Though seasons change, and I change too
My God's the same, for ever true.

My years roll on—and as they roll,
 Oh ! may they wash my ransomed soul
 Safe o'er life's ocean to yon shore,
 Where sins and sorrows grieve no more.

My years roll on—and with them flows
 That mercy which no limit knows ;
 'Tis mercy's current makes me glide
 In hope and safety down the tide.

My years roll on—my soul, be still !
 Guided by love, thy course fulfil ;
 And when my anxious journey's past,
 My refuge be with Christ at last !

Brighton.

W. S. G. D.

LITTLE CHILDREN.

I AM fond of little children—I think them the poetry of the world—the fresh flowers of our hearths and homes—little conjurors, with their “ natural magic ” evoking by their spells what delights and enriches all ranks, and equalises the different classes of society. Often as they bring with them anxieties and cares, and live to occasion sorrow and grief, we should get on very badly without them. Only think, if there was never anything anywhere to be seen but great grown-up men and women, how we should long for the sight of a little child !

Every infant comes into the world like a delegated prophet, the harbinger and herald of good tidings, whose office it is “ to turn the hearts of the fathers to the children,” and to draw “ the disobedient to the wisdom of the just.” A child softens and purifies the heart, warming and melting it by its gentle presence. It enriches the soul by new feelings, and awakens within it what is favourable to virtue. It is a beam of light—a fountain of love—a teacher whose lessons few can resist. Infants recall us from much that engenders and encourages selfishness, that freezes affections, roughens the manners, indurates,

the heart. They brighten the home—deepen love—invigorate exertion—infuse courage, and vivify and sustain the charities of life. It would be a terrible world, I do think, if it was not embellished by little children.—*Rev. T. Binney.*

FRAGMENTS FOR SPARE MOMENTS.

BENEVOLENCE.

THERE cannot be a more glorious object in creation than a human being replete with benevolence, meditating in what manner he might render himself most acceptable to his Creator, by doing most good to His creatures.

GOOD ADVICE.

Be not offended at a jest. If one throw salt at thee, thou wilt receive no harm unless thou hast sore places.

ECONOMY.

Economy is the parent of integrity, of liberty, and of ease, and the sister of temperance, cheerfulness, and health; and profuseness is a cruel and crafty demon, that gradually involves her followers in dependence and debts—that is, fetters them with “irons that enter into their souls.”

LOOKING AT THE BEST SIDE.

Dr. Johnson used to say, that a habit of looking at the best side of every event is better than a thousand pounds a year. Bishop Hall quaintly remarks, “For every bad there might be a worse; and when a man breaks his leg, let him be thankful it was not his neck.” When Fenelon’s library was on fire, “God be praised,” he exclaimed, “that it is not the dwelling of some poor man!” This is the true spirit of submission—one of the most beautiful traits

that can possess the human heart. Resolve to see this world on the sunny side, and you have almost won the battle of life at the onset.

FORGIVE AND FORGET.

Hasty words often fankle the wound which injury gives; but soft words assuage, forgiving cures it, and forgetting takes away the scar.

THINGS NOT TO BE AND TO BE ASHAMED OF.

Let no man be too proud to work. Let no man be ashamed of a hard fist, or of a sunburnt countenance. Let him be ashamed only of ignorance and sloth. Let no man be ashamed of poverty. Let him only be ashamed of dishonesty and idleness.

LINES FOR THE BLANK LEAF OF A BIBLE.

The Bible is the lamp of truth;
The staff of age, the guide of youth;
The unerring map that God hath given
To lead the wanderer home to heaven.
Its pages read, believe, obey,
And you shall find the heavenly way.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Living Trees by Living Waters. By Rev. E. MELLOR. London: Book Society, 19, Paternoster Row.

A very excellent little book—good and cheap.

Country Hospitalities. By Miss SINCLAIR. London: Simpkin and Co.

Peeps at life among the aristocracy.

Modern Society. By Miss SINCLAIR. London: Simpkin & Co.
An interesting tale in high life.

A GLANCE OVER THE PAST.

• “The last! the last! the last!
 Oh! by that little word
 • How many thoughts are stirred
 • That whisper of the past!”

“Watch the hour-glass of Time with the eyes of an heir of immortality.”

• “How swiftly time flies,” we say to one another, as the year draws near its close. We stand for a moment, and look back on the bright or the cloudy hours which have marked the past year. The joys and the sorrows are flown, and we refrain to talk of them with smiles and tears—

“The past! ah say, what is the past?
 Time’s brief and fleeting hour,
 Visions too fair and bright to last,
 The sunshine and the shower:
 A dubious unconnected dream,
 To which we turn and sigh,
 And pause to statch from Lethe’s stream
 The spells of memory.”

Still we say, life is real in its joys. Our heavenly Father lavishes His blessings upon us—this beautifully constructed world presents its charms on every hand, and the smiles of those we love make for loving hearts a glorious sunshine over all its wonders—joy and gladness have been realised in some homes, and we have rejoiced with those who have been joyous—aye, but life is real in its sorrows too. Oh, what a mighty procession has been marching to the grave during the past year!—and how wet the pathway with human tears!—what a moving column of mothers, fathers, and children has passed over the border—land since last we took note of an expiring year—tramp—tramp—tramp—forward!—

• “Life is short, and time is fleeting,
 • And our hearts, though strong as
 • Still like muffled drums are beating
 • Funeral marches to the grave!”

How suddenly and unaccountably the mind sometimes goes back, and lives over again in perfect freshness a scene of its past being, not only for a year, but "a long while ago!" A little fleecy cloud—an odour wafted on the wind—a tone in the voice—a strain of music—a falling leaf—a title of a book—the glance of the eye—the song of a bird—a colour in the sky—may bring it all up at once, without an effort of the will, or a thought that seemed leading to it. How like a dream does the whole of life appear when looking back! Then, as we take a retrospective glance, we say, "time is short," and for a little we resolve to seize the precious moments as they glide along; but, alas! is it not true that we often live, and think, and act, as if Old Time rested on his sickle—at least, on our thresholds?

Sometimes we are made to ponder, and believe, by passing events, that life's golden dreams and bright visions of earthly bliss may at any moment be overshadowed for ever. How many of our friends have gone, during the year that is closing, to that country from whence none return to tell us of the journey, nor where they have found their eternal abode. To some, the call to enter the valley with the fearful King came at midnight, unlooked for and suddenly; to others, a very little warning of his approach was given; and to others he came as a friend, to open the gate for the weary traveller to enter home.

Dear children are weeping over the graves of mothers and fathers, and parents over those of beloved children, all of whom were well and happy when we greeted our friends on last New Year's Day. The last opportunity for doing good, or getting good, has passed with them. The active anxious mother and the little children are sleeping together, where no response is heard, and no sympathy felt—with hushed voice, and almost pulseless heart, some have gazed upon the pallid cheek, the quivering lip, and heaving bosom of the dying mother—while men have been busy in the ever-stirring struggle of life, Death has silently entered

their secret chambers, and caused their dear ones to pass from their sight as the shadow from the dial, and the music of the loved voices has become sad echoes in the distance of memory.

At night, in our dreams, we again behold the dear ones Death has taken—we hear their converse, and listen to the lay in the home circle, as we were wont to do; the dead are still bound to us—they have not ceased to be—there is that in us which is not all clay. That which belongs to earth must go back to earth, but the spirits we loved are far, far away. Up yonder there are those who once loved us, but whose fondly beaming eyes return the glances of our eyes no more. Up yonder are those who walked joyously and with firm steps beside us through the glory and beauty of life's morning, and then vanished from our way. Up yonder are those whose sweet voices had entrancing power—whose words always charmed away our sorrow—whose smiles shed light over our darkest hours—but their voices no longer make our music—their words beguile our hearts of no present sorrows, and their smiles may not cheer us here again; but their hearts, now made pure, are loving us still. Our parents, our children, our friends, who were washed in the blood of the Lamb, are there, and they await our coming.

“Green is the turf above the grave that holds the precious dust;

Kind Nature spreads her freshest robe o'er what we gave in trust;

But fresher still the memory lingers of the fond sleeper there,

It blooms o'er hearts, themselves like graves, the cheerless graves of care.”

But there is a voice from the tomb sweeter than song—there is a remembrance of the dead, to which we sometimes turn, even from the charms of the living. Yes, the fond mother turns from the merry voices around her, to ponder on the winning looks and ways of that little innocent face,

appearing so sublimely beautiful amid the old terrors of death—the mother will understand this. She—

“Who hath bent her o’er the dead,
Ere the first day of death is fled;
Before decay’s effacing fingers
Have swept the lines where beauty lingers;
And marked the mild angelic air,
The rapture of repose that’s there;
The fixed yet tender traits that streak
The languor of the placid cheek;
And, but for that sad shrouded eye,
That dree not, wins not, weeps not—aye,
But for that, and that alone,
Some moments—yes, one treacherous hour—
We still might doubt the tyrant’s power.
So fair, so calm, so softly scaled,
The first, last look by death revealed!
“So coldly sweet, so deadly fair,
We start, for soul is wanting there.”

Crimeless and fearless that little one passed under the shadow; no hatred—no hypocrisy—no suspicion—no care for the morrow—ever darkened that little face; death came lovingly upon it—there is nothing cruel or harsh in its victory. Mother! you may weep. Nature must have her way; it is good to weep for those we have loved, nor does religion forbid this natural sorrow. By-and-by, mother, as you pass through sufferings, cares, temptations, and disappointments, you will be able to say, “I thank thee, O my Father, that I have one lamb safely housed in thy bosom, free from all these.”

Dr. Payson one day entered a house of mourning, where an anxious mother was weeping over the departure of a where child. Taking a seat, the good man thus addressed hushed: “Suppose, now, some one was making a beautiful upon the you to wear, and you knew it was for you, and bosom of were to receive it and wear it as soon as it should the cover. Now, if the maker of it, were to come, and in

order to make the crown more beautiful and splendid were to take some of your jewels to put into it, should you be sorrowful and unhappy because they were taken away for a little while, when you knew they were gone to make you a crown?

It is by the dark season of the night, which is far spent, that we are prepared for the dazzling effulgence of the eternal day.

“One by one the sands are flowing,
One by one the moments fall;
Some are coming, some are going,
But the grave awaits us all.”

Thus is life. If you die to-day, mother, the sun will shine as brightly, and the birds will sing as sweetly, to-morrow. Business will not be suspended a moment, and the great mass will not bestow a thought upon your memory. “Is she dead?” will be the solemn inquiry of a few, as they pass to their work; few will miss, and in a short time they will forget us, and laugh as merrily as when we sat beside them—thus shall we all, now active in life, pass away. Our children crowd close behind us, and they will soon be gone. In a few years none will be able to say, “I remember that mother.” No, she acted life’s part with those who slumber with her in the tomb—this is life, but this is not all of life. Oh no; your influence, mother, will live when you are forgotten. You are and have been doing work in your home circle that shall last, and be looked upon again in the light of eternity.

A dying man once said, “Oh that my influence could be gathered up and buried with me!” It could not be. No; your influence, believe it, will survive you, and be working on for centuries to come. You may see and believe, when you are on a dying bed, how sad and deleterious that influence has been; but your dying hands cannot arrest it. You have put in motion an agency which will be active

when you are silent and still, stretched out in the grave. Mothers! believe it, when our bodies are shrouded and buried out of sight, the influence of the work we are now doing will live on and meet us in eternity.

THE PASS OF DEATH.

It was a narrow pass,
 Watered with human tears,
 For Death had kept the outer gate
 Almost six thousand years.
 And the ceaseless tread of a world's feet,
 Was ever in my ears—
 Thronging, jostling, hurrying by,
 As if they were only born to die.
 A stately king drew near,
 This narrow pass to tread,
 Around him hung a gorgeous robe,
 And a crown was on his head;
 But Death, with a look of withering scorn
 Arrested him and said,
 "In humbler dress must the king draw near,
 For the crown and the purple are useless here."
 Next came a man of wealth,
 And his eye was proud and bold;
 And he bore in his hand a lengthy scroll,
 Telling of sums untold;
 But Death, who careth not for rank,
 Careth as little for gold—
 "Here that scroll I cannot allow,"
 For the gold of the richest is powerless now."
 Another followed fast,
 And a book was in his hand;
 Filled with the flashes of burning thought
 That are known in many a land;
 But the child of genius quailed to hear
 Death's pitiless demand—
 "Here that book cannot enter with thee,"
 For the bright flash of genius is nothing to me."

Next came a maiden fair,
 With that eye so deeply bright,
 That stirs within you strange sweet care,
 Should you meet on a summer night.
 But Death, ere the gentle maid passed through,
 Snatched away its light—
 “Beauty is power in the world,” she saith,
 “But what can it do in the Pass of Death?”

A youth of sickly mien
 Followed in thoughtful mood
 Whose heart was filled with love
 And the earthly brotherhood;
 Death felt he could not quench the heart
 That lived for others’ good—
 “I own,” cried he, “the power of love,
 I must let it pass to the realms above!”

INDUSTRY.—No. VII.

SOME people say that a mother needs a double portion of wisdom in the discipline of sons,—but we believe they can be trained to habits of industry quite as easily as girls. We observe, indeed, that they are very different even in their babyhood; but we must ever keep in view the different spheres of action allotted to the sexes. What we may blame, perhaps, as obstinacy in a boy, may be but that firmness and fixedness of purpose which will hereafter be needed to overcome the obstacles of his adventurous course. The poet has well described the early unfolding characters of the sterner sex.

“ ——— Boys are driven
 To wild pursuits by mighty impulses
 Out of a mother’s hand they tear
 The leading-strings, and give the reins to nature
 Even as the sportive hoo of the young horse
 Raises the dust in clouds.”

But is a mother, therefore, to take less pains to mould the mind of her son? Certainly not. Her toil for his

weal must be early and late; and what she does she must do quickly. The sowing time will soon be over, and if the good seed has not been thrown into the boy's mind, sad days are in reserve for the careless mother. Habits of industry are of great importance to the young;—let them be reminded that time is a precious talent entrusted to them by God, for which an account must hereafter be rendered, — that sloth and sauntering away time are grievous sins and tend to ruin,—see that the children are engaged.

“In books of work, or healthful play.”

A slothful man cannot be a consistent Christian. The wicked and ruined servant, described in one of our Lord's parables, was not a profligate, but a *slothful* man. “When I see,” said a wise man, “a *poor idle* man, I always suspect him to be a *thief*.” An idle man, like other men, is subject to hunger and thirst; but as he does nothing towards his own relief, he is tempted to supply his wants with the earnings of the industrious. If, therefore, you would have your children grow up respectable members of society, and spare your own heart many sorrows, teach them to be industrious. These habits must be commenced in the morning of life, or there is danger they will never be successfully acquired.

No mother can be justified who does not communicate industrious habits to her children. He who at the first made labour the employment of mankind, and afterwards commanded to gather up the fragments that nothing might be lost, will admit of no excuse for the neglect of this duty, whether it respects ourselves or our children.

A divine of great experience, and who was trained by a good mother in his early days to be industrious, tells us, that among all those who within his knowledge had been really converted, there was only *one lazy man*,—and from the moment of his conversion he became *industrious*.

Mothers ! if you wish your children to be *happy*, to be *useful*, to be *holy*, teach them to depart from sloth and indolence ; for believe it true in regard to their temporal and eternal interests, that "the way of the slothful is a hedge of thorns, but the hand of the diligent maketh rich." Teach the dear children, therefore, both by *precept* and *example*, to be industrious.

"DON'T FORGET YOUR MOTHER!"

I SAID the above words to a young man. He stood on the wharf. A noble ship was just casting off her fastenings. He was to go in her, and in her to go through, if spared, a three or four years' voyage through many seas, along many coasts, and through ten thousand temptations. Suppose my injunction should chase him through every sea, whisper in every zephyr, sound aloud in every storm, and mid-day toil should not crush, nor the midnight watch fail of its re-echo ; and suppose this mother was an enlightened and devout Christian mother—

1. Will that young man be unsubmissive to authority ? "All hands on deck." "Another reef in that top-sail." Will such orders, or any other, fall on that young man's ears, and fail to start him to his feet ? Did not that mother break his childish will and teach him obedience ; and, remembering her, will he not obey ? Would not that mother's voice sanction every lawful order, and does it not seem to ring in his ears along with, and powerfully sustained by, the captain's voice ?

2. Will that young man be profane ? What ! And remember his godly mother ? No ! no ! She will see the lips and hear the voice that dares utter those dreadful words. So he thinks. Her eye will rest upon him ; now flashing rebuke ; now filled with tears of sadness. Profane ! that youth, and remember his mother ? No ; it cannot be.

3. Will he sympathise with the lewd and the vile? That mother is virtually on board that ship,—in that young man's heart. Keep her image before you, young man. With it in sight, all seductions to vileness will perish as the green leaf in the hot sirocco from the desert. Forget thy mother, and vile passions will lose one of the most powerful of all antagonists.

4. Will he be intemperate? Had he never heard that sweet and solemn voice bidding him abjure the intoxicating cup? Can he touch it without seeing a remembered mother's frown? Does he not know that one step that way would raise the sigh and start the tear of maternal love? You may follow drink, young man, but you must forget your mother first.

5. Will he not be an upright and virtuous young man? If he does not become truly religious,—and how strong the probability of this!—yet so far as a fair and lovely external morality is concerned, that certainly shall be found, if he will cherish the remembrance of his mother.

Therefore, we send the appeal after him, “Don't forget your mother!” We will write it on the cabin,—and nail it in the fore-castle. We beg the waves to roll it and the winds to waft it after him. We would inscribe it on the iceberg, and write it legibly on the mountain-top as the coast shall loom up before him. May he not for a day forget his mother; and if he will obey all the impulses of such faithful remembrance, when I next grasp his hand it shall be the hand of one safely returned from, and unharmed by, all the temptations of the sea.”

THE DRUNKARD'S HOME.

HOME, how sweetly it sounds in the ears of those whose social circle is blessed with the light and influence of the religion of Christ; it seems almost a desecration of the word to associate it with the dwelling-place of those who

are abandoned to the fearful sin indicated by the title of this piece; yet truth, and the hope of raising a beacon to warn, compel us now and then to raise the curtain and reveal a portion of what is ever open to the all-seeing eye of Almighty God. Conceive, then, the husband and wife separating of a morning with deep and bitter upbraidings, — the one professedly to seek work, the other to devise some means of gratifying the lust of drink. The day passes, evening draws on; the husband re-appears, — he passes through the room, — looks towards his wife, muttering the fearful intimation that he has swallowed poison; goes to his bed — throws himself on it, — sinks into insensibility, — and in a few hours breathes his last. The immortal spirit is gone — a self-convicted suicide — to the bar of God. The wife is frantic; the children mourn; the neighbours are roused; the village in confusion; what does it all mean? What! why a solemn illustration of the apostle's assertion, "The wages of sin is death!" The body has sunk beneath it, and is consigned to the silent tomb in dishonour and ignominy, amid the darkness of the night; but the thoughtful observer says, in the language of Job, "Where is he?" Guided by the inspired record, what shall we say? The tracing of his passage is fearful. "It is appointed unto all men once to die, and after death the judgment, where every man shall receive according to the deeds done in the body;" — "they that have done good to the resurrection of life, they that have done evil to the resurrection of damnation!" There we leave it; — God has awarded the final destiny.

But, survivors, pause and reflect; the course of iniquity is rapidly downward. Once abandoned to strong drink, what can stay your progress? 'Tis Satan's masterpiece — his strong weapon — that by which all crime is rendered easy; let him once bind you in its awful fetters, and his work is well-nigh done; few, alas! very few break away again. Poor unhappy drunkards! our

hearts bleed for you, victims of the devil, slaves to your sinful lusts! Oh that you could listen to the voice of conscience in sober moments, if such you have! The fearful scene at the head of this is no uncommon one,—it may soon be yours; time flies, death approaches, judgment waits; “they that do such things cannot inherit the kingdom of God.” But yet there is hope.

“Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, joined with power.”

“Flee” to “Him—repent, believe, and listen—“Him, that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out.”

HOW ARE SAINTS EMPLOYED IN HEAVEN?—

No. III.

As our knowledge, our love, and our holiness are imperfect on earth, our joys must be so also. The mistakes and the follies to which we are exposed from below, and the sin that is restless and ever working within us, will bring forth fruits of present sorrow. A saint in this world will groan under these burdens, and it is natural for him to cry out, “O wretched man, who shall deliver me from the body of this death!” But the spirits of the just made perfect are in peaceful and joyous circumstances; they know God, for they see His face; they know that they love Him, for they feel and enjoy it as the warmest and sweetest affection of their hearts; and they are sure God loves them too, for they taste His love every moment, and live upon it in all the rich varieties of its manifestation. And what unknown and endless satisfactions of mind arise from the full assurance of the love of God! What tongue can express, or what heart can conceive the sacred pleasure that fills every soul in heaven under the immediate impressions of Divine love, when the poor trembling, doubting

believer, that knows himself to be infinitely unworthy of the favour of God, or of the meanest place in His house, shall be acknowledged as a son in the midst of his Father's court, and amidst millions of congratulating angels; and through the length of all their immortality there will not be the least interruption of the sweet intercourse of love. The inhabitants of that city, of the heavenly Jerusalem, "shall no more say I am sick, for the people that shall dwell therein shall be forgiven their iniquities. No lion shall be there; nor any ravenous beast shall go up thereon; it shall not be found there, but the redeemed shall walk there, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away;" and God himself shall never be absent, and therefore they can never be unhappy.

THE YOUNG MOTHER'S REWARD.

"My mother's God is here."

MARY S. was the daughter of honest and industrious parents. At a very early age she showed great fondness for reading, especially Scripture history. When about ten years of age she became seriously impressed by reading the history of Hagar, who exclaimed, "Thou, God, seest me." This conviction took such fast hold of her mind as to influence all her future conduct. When about twenty-two years of age she became a mother. Often in the stillness of the night would she take her precious babe in her arms, and lift up her heart unto that God which seeth in secret, imploring wisdom and direction to train up her child. As the child grew older, not a leaf, an insect, or a flower attracted its observation without its mind being directed to the all-wise Creator. Every little incident of the day was improved by this pious mother to lead her tender offspring to see the hand of God. So gentle and so pleading were the instructions given to the little one, that the theme on which the mother loved to dwell became its

child's thought. When her little 'household' affairs were arranged, she made it a rule to retire with her loved one to her chamber, and there, lifting up its little hands, this anxious mother would seek the Divine blessing on the pious instructions she daily strove to bestow.

When this dear child was about eight years of age, she went to visit her mother's sister. Walking in the garden with her aunt, "My dear," said she, "you may gather some of this fruit, if you like." "I thank you, aunt," said the little child; "but my mother would not like me to do so." "But your mother is not here," replied the aunt, "and I am sure a little fruit would not hurt you." "But my mother's God is here!" said the child, "and I could not ask His blessing if I had disobeyed my mother, even though she were absent. Oh, aunt!" said the precious one, "do you not know that God is present everywhere, and that the eyes of the Lord are in every place beholding the evil and the good?"

With tears in her eyes the aunt embraced the child, and returned quickly to the house, where she retired to her chamber to seek that God who has ordained His praises should proceed out of the mouths of babes and sucklings. Oh! how must this pious mother have rejoiced when her sister related to her the happy means of her conversion. Mothers, strive to allure your precious ones to listen to the Divine presence. Let His truth, "Thou, God, seest me!" be engraven on your hearts, on your door-posts, and be the theme of your constant thanksgiving. God will reward you, as he did this mother, and cause the good seed to spring up and bear seed a hundredfold. M.

FRAGMENTS FOR SPARE MOMENTS.

A TOUCHING SCENE.

"I was called in the early morning," said a friend, "to the dying bed of a lovely young Christian. Fixing

her eyes on me with an expression I can never forget," she said with deep anxiety, "My father, I have lost my happy feelings!" By her side knelt her sister, in a state of anguish, with one hand supporting the sufferer, the other lifted to heaven, while she prayed earnestly. I spoke words of comfort to the tried young Christian, and ended by saying, "you will soon be above the tempter's power in glory." With a happy smile and sparkling eye she took up the words, "in glory!—in glory!"—and saying this she passed away."

The two sons of a pious father were engaged in a healthful game with many others. At the time the father expected them to return they did not appear. The thought occurred to him that perhaps they had been tempted to accompany some of the party to the inn. He walked to the spot and found it was even so. What did he do? Did he go in among the party, talk loud, and treat his sons as naughty little children? No. He walked quietly into the midst of the group, took his seat by them, and after sitting a short time he very gently walked out of the room. His two sons immediately followed; they were all soon united in the happy home-circle.

FOR EVER.

A grain of sand is a part of the earth; a drop of water is a part of the ocean; but a thousand years is no part of eternity.

Every day is a little life, and our whole life is but a day repeated.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Contentment. A Fact. By M. A. London: Wortham and Co.
A pleasing, instructive and cheap book for children.

